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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW:

OR,

ANNALS OF LITERATURE.

VOL. XVII.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW:

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LITERATURE.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVII. MAY, 1809. *No. I.*

ART. I.—*Gertrude of Wyoming; a Pennsylvanian Tale. And other Poems. By Thomas Campbell, Author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. 4to. pp.* 134. *Price* 1*l.* 5*s.* Longman. 1809.

THE expectations of the public have, we believe, been much excited by the repeated promise of this poem. It may be doubtful whether the length of time that has been suffered to elapse since it was first announced is a circumstance favourable or otherwise to the *general* impression concerning it. The many, who thirst only for novelty, are, it is to be feared, wearied out with the continual repetition, month after month, of the same advertisement, and at length dismiss the subject from their thoughts before they have entered upon it, almost as entirely as if they had already exhausted it. To some, however, it is possible that the delay itself may have suggested high ideas of the "limæ labor," the dissatisfied modesty of real genius, the care, anxiety, and timidity (so often talked of, but now, alas! so seldom to be met with) of authorship; and every succeeding month must have accordingly added to the propensity, at first experienced, to receive with favour an offspring so tenderly nursed, and sent into the world under such trembling apprehensions.

For ourselves, we confess that it would have pleased us better had 'Gertrude of Wyoming' made her appearance in life at an earlier period. At the time of publishing his "Pleasures of Hope," Mr. Campbell was understood to be a very young man; and that poem, however deficient in parts, and unequal in the whole, certainly held him forth as a young man of ardent genius and refined sensibility. It received accordingly an uncommonly gracious reception from a public by no means too prone to reward and encourage poetical merit; edition after edition was called for; and Bri-

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tain felicitated herself on still possessing one genuine son of song to strike the harp amidst the ruins of departed taste and genius.

How flattering and seductive all this must have been to the mind of a young poet, even the least poetical amongst us must easily imagine; and we should therefore readily pardon Mr. Campbell if, amidst all the acclamations bestowed upon him, he for a while forgot that men of sound taste and judgment rather praised him for what they believed he had shewn himself capable of one day performing than for what he had already atchieved; that he had hitherto thrown down only the pledge of future eminence; had only entered on his career of glory with some success, but not entitled himself to retire from the field with the honours of a veteran, and repose under the shade of laurels so newly planted. Nevertheless the poetical enthusiasm which could suffer such a delusion to prevail for years over every active impulse, and content itself in hearing the voice of praise grow day after day more faint and spiritless without being roused to new exertions, cannot have been very ardent. The rule of Horace is too cold and phlegmatic for the temper of a poet, a great deal too much so for that of a young poet; nor could it ever have been meant to apply to any but the more exalted or elaborate displays of genius. We should indeed be happy to see the day, though we cannot expect it, when an *epic poem* shall be considered as the work of a whole life, and remain in the work-shop of the author during as many years as it takes days in passing through the book manufactories of the present age. But that a simple tale of ninety stanzas, distinguished by no depth of thought or research, should actually lie on the author's shelf during nine annual revolutions of the sun, before it is committed to the public eye, was surely never dreamed of by the severest critic; and, therefore, the lapse of so much time between the appearance of two such works as "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming" argues a degree of lukewarmness which too often succeeds the poetical raptures of youth, but is almost a sure symptom of the decay of inspiration in the poet.

We have stated the reasons which made us open the present volume with expectations of delight far inferior to those which we believe the public in general to have conceived. Nor were our hopes much elevated on perceiving the exquisite art with which eight hundred lines of verse are spread out over an immense field of seventy-three large quarto pages, with which twenty-four more are covered by a handful of notes, easily compressible into one leaf of this Review,

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and, finally, with which the slender volume is swelled into its actual dimensions by the insertion of three or four smaller pieces of poetry which have already appeared in almost as many shapes and sizes as the press will admit. We have, indeed, by some means or other, imbibed a prejudice which not all the illustrious examples of the present age have sufficed to remove, that the free spirit of poetry who dwells in woods and forests, is utterly irreconcilable with the book-making gnomes of the Row, at the first sound of whose leaden footsteps the heaven born genius

'Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.'

But we are old men; and probably are mistaken, as well we may be, considering that our early impressions on these important topics were received at a period previous to the Scottish invasion of 1745.

We may be accused of having indulged the privilege of "talking old age" at the expence of our readers, in delaying so long to furnish them with some knowledge of the volume which it is our duty to examine. But this delay has been purposely made, because we are well aware, from the high name of Mr. Campbell, that we shall be expected to protract the present article to some respectable dimensions, and were we to confine ourselves to the materials which he has furnished, they are so very scanty, that, instead of giving extracts, we should be obliged to reprint the whole book, which might well be done without encroaching on a second sheet of our number. Having, therefore, so far successfully exercised one branch of the book-making art (formerly much prized, but neglected of late years since the invention of more easy and efficacious expedients) by composing a preface equal in extent to the body of our work, we now proceed to the *less essential* part of our labours, the performance of our duty.

The following short advertisement will open something of the design of the poem to such of our readers as are not well versed in American history.

'Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming in Pensylvania, which took place in 1778 by an incursion of the Indians. Though the scenery and incidents of the following poem, are connected with that event, I forbear to quote any of the historical pages which give a minute detail of it, because the circumstances narrated are disagreeable, and even horrible. It is sufficient for my purpose to state, that the testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxu-

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riant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. Isaac Weld informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.'

The *business* of the poem is then introduced by half a dozen stanzas, in the imagery or sentiment of which it must be confessed that there is very little of novelty, and in which the attraction of some pleasing natural pictures is (to us at least) very much diminished by the strained inversions of words and sentences, affected phraseology, and the no unfrequent recurrence of harsh and unmusical versification.

'On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall,
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.—
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude *in her bowers of yore*,
Whose beauty was the love of Pensylvania's shore!

'*It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune*
His autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,
Perchance along thy river calm at noon
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new;
And aye, those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.'

This last stanza requires some little observation as we pass. In the first place it is, we believe, very ill stopped—this, Mr. Campbell may allege, is the fault of his printer—but we must also say that, after vainly endeavouring for the space of a full hour to supply the defect by every variety of conjectural emendation, we are totally unable to restore the corrupted passages either to grammar or intelligibility.

Even the *first* stanza is obscure enough in one or two passages which we have ventured to print in Italics—yet *that*

——'To some faint meaning makes pretence,'

The *second* 'never deviates into sense.'

One should be in some degree conversant with the strange perplexities of human language to discover that *but* in the first line of this stanza means *except*; yet, after this know-

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ledge has been attained, how very stiff and teeth-breaking is the inversion! But what "*the dance of forests brown,*" can mean it is utterly impossible to conjecture;* and it must ever remain a point of no inconsiderable difficulty whether the *maidens* were "prankt in flowret new;" or whether the maidens *prankt* the *timbrel* in flowret new; or what is the meaning of a *timbrel prankt in flowret new;* or, lastly, how we are to construe the *two* concluding lines; and how and in what manner, by what process or combination of rhetorical figures, the *four* last lines are to be united so as to depend upon the five former ones. But, to proceed,

'Then, where of Indian hills the day-light takes
His leave, how might you the *flamingo* see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's songs or hum of men,
While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

'And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but *in transatlantic story rung,*
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where *no Rhenish trumpet sung,*
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

'Nor far *some Andalusian saraband*
Would sound to many a native roundelay;
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away!
Green Albyn!† what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay;
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrachtan's ‡ roar!

---

* Mr. Wordsworth has somewhere an ode or sonnet about *dancing leaves*, and it is barely possible that Mr. Campbell may have borrowed the idea from that *very simple* little poem—but still the question remains unanswered, now he would have it applied in the present case?

† Scotland.

‡ The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

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'Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forc'd him from a home he lov'd so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage *from his own fair sheaf,*
That fired his Highland blood *with mickle glee;*
And England sent her men, *of men the chief,*
Who taught those sires of empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life; to plant fair freedom's tree!'

Not to mention the unintelligible *confusedness* of description which brings before us flamingoes *disporting* like meteors, war and crime being *rung* in transatlantic story, *trumpets singing*, and *sarabands sounding* to *roundelays*, we really do not know when we have seen an equal number of verses with the preceding so crowded with instances of twisted grammar, and difficult expression. What can be the meaning of "*a deer arching his neck from glades*," we find it hard to divine: while the ellipsis in the penultimate verse of the second,* and the inversion in the second verse of the last† stanza, are such examples of harsh, and at the same time of tame and spiritless phraseology, as we are astonished to meet with at the present period of poetical art, when, whatever may be the intrinsic merit of our poetry, its general and more obvious rules at least are so well understood that the merest *dabbler* who writes with any attention knows how to keep up the *appearances* of metrical dignity. We should be very unwilling to be thought to bear hard upon a poet of Mr. Campbell's reputation for trifles; and therefore that we may avoid the charge as far as is consistent with our duty to the public, we shall withhold the censures which we think due to other phrases and expressions besides those we have particularly noticed, and follow Mr. Campbell to the commencement of his story.

The inhabitants of Wyoming were good and happy enough to live without justices, council, or attornies. Their little disputes were easily settled by arbitration; and on such occasions, a venerable gentleman called Albert, was the umpire constantly resorted to, whose decisions were regarded by the whole district as final and conclusive. Albert was "a Briton" by birth; and in early life "a' Briton's independence" taught him to seek his fortunes in America—one of the most unprofitable lessons, we verily believe, that *independence* has ever taught her children.—In the present instance, however, the result appears to have been happier than usual. Albert had already lived for many years a peace-

* On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook.
† That want's stern edict e'er, and *feudal grief.*

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able and prosperous inhabitant of the retired settlement of Wyoming, undisturbed by any calamity except the death of his wife, who left him, "a widow'd father," to protect her infant Gertrude.

> '*A loved bequest and I may half impart*
> To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
> How like a new existence to his heart
> Up rose that living flow'r beneath his eye,
> Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
> From hours *when she would round his garden play*,
> To time when as the ripening years went by,
> Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
> And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day.
>
> 'I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
> (Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
> The orison repeated in his arms,
> For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
> The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
> Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
> (The playmate ere the teacher of her mind;)
> All uncompanion'd else her years had gone
> Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone.
>
> 'And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
> When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
> An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
> Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;
> The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
> And bracelets bound the arm *that help'd to light*,
> *A boy*, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
> Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
> Led by his dusky guide like morning brought by night.'

The elder visitor, thus introduced, was the hero of the Oneyda tribe; and the child whom he brought with him, the orphan son of Waldegrave, an English officer who had lately fallen in a skirmish with the hostile nation of the Hurons. The widow of Waldegrave, and mother of the child, survived her loss only long enough to recommend him to the care of the good Outalissi, whom she entreated to find some means of conveying him to his European friends. This, at least, we *believe* to be correct; for among our many objections to the poem, it is not one of the least that the story is related in so confused and broken a manner, as to be hardly intelligible. Old Albert luckily traces in the name of Waldegrave, and in the features of the child, the memory of one of his earliest and dearest connexions. He receives him as the sacred pledge of friendship from the hands of Outalissi,

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who, thus released from his engagement to the deceased, stays but a night to partake of the hospitality of Wyoming, and with the next morning began to retrace his solitary footsteps through the desart to the land of the Oneydas.

As the whole description of this Indian warrior is one of the most poetical and most unembarrassed passages in the work, we should be doing our readers injustice by withholding it from them.

'He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy;
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look:
A soul that pity touch'd but never shook:
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A Stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.—

'Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow;
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below:
He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his mocasins, *in act to go*,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

'Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou the spirit of thy mother greet,
Oh! say, to morrow, that the white man's hand
Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
While I in lonely wilderness shall meet
Thy little foot prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain-roe.

'Adieu! *sweet scion of the rising sun!*
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again—my own adopted one!
And I will graft thee on a noble stock:
The crocodile, the condor of the rock—
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul, rejoicing in the stars!'—

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So finish'd he the rhyme, howe'er uncouth,
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen
An eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

'Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launch'd—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing, he seem'd to glide;—
Then dived, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, his bark, and plumage bright.'

Thus ends the first part of the poem. The opening of the second introduces us, somewhat more particularly, to the scene of Albert's habitation and to the character and occupation of his lovely Gertrude. As for the newly adopted son, we hear not a word more about him, and begin to imagine that the poet has entirely forgotten ever having introduced him to our notice, when we learn that (many years being supposed to have passed over in the short interval of twelve stanzas) while Gertrude is one day reading Shakespeare in a favourite bower,

——— 'Chance had usher'd to its inmost ground
The stranger guest of many a distant clime;
He was, *to weet*, for eastern mountains bound;
But late the equator suns his cheeks had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.—

'A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, and could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features:—she her lovely face
Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.'

We hardly know whether our novel-readers need to be informed, or not, that this personage is the identical Henry Waldegrave who was saved by Outalissi; patronized by Albert, and so unaccountably abandoned by Mr. C.: but we will venture to assure them that in the whole circle of their romances they have never yet met with *a surprise* calculated to produce so little *effect* as this.

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After a most unintelligible account both of the purpose and circumstances of his long wanderings in various parts of Europe, *El Dorado*, and California, the young man very appositely concludes his speech by asking the hand of Gertrude; a request with which she, 'nothing loath,' instantly complies; while Albert, overjoyed at the immediate prospect of so good a settlement, loses no time in bringing the negotiation to a conclusion.

The third part opens with the following description of connubial happiness in the sequestered state of Wyoming.

'O Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art *a god indeed divine.*
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, which boundless joy inspire!
Roll on ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor blind with extasy's celestial fire
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

'Three little moons, how short, amidst the grove,
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights, *in fancifully wild costume,*
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume,
And forth in *hunter-seeming vest* they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heav'n—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts, unknown, unseen, to share.

'*What though the sportive dog oft round them note,*
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting at the wing;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death, those gentle throats that wake the spring;
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first her vows.

'Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their fawny walk encompass round;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart the idea stole,
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd,)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.'

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There is certainly some poetry, and a great deal of sentiment in the foregoing passage, particularly in the last stanza, which upon the whole is very beautiful, though somewhat obscurely expressed towards the conclusion; and we are sorry to qualify this praise by calling to the reader's attention the instances of bad taste, and bad phraseology, which are even here to be met with. Some of the most glaring we have pointed out by italics in our quotation,—the rest we shall leave to our readers to discover for themselves. To those who are acquainted with Sotheby's enchanting version of Wieland, we fear that Mr. C. will appear to some disadvantage when they compare the loves of Henry and Gertrude with the almost parallel passage of Huon and Armanda in the cave of the Hermit.

The prospect of happiness, which opened so auspiciously to the wedded lovers of Wyoming, was too soon overclouded by the gathering storm of war. The savage Brandt, a celebrated partizan of the Mohawk nation during the early period of the American Revolution, whose cruelties were much more disgraceful than serviceable to the cause for which he was hired, poured with his tribes of plunderers on the defenceless colony of Wyoming, and reduced the lovely vale of peace and happiness to a mass of smoking desolation. The little family are warned of his approach by the sudden apparition of Outalissi, who having been driven out of his own habitation and compelled to witness the ruthless massacre of his tribe and family by the same barbarian, fled to Wyoming to preserve his ancient friends from the descending calamity. They escape just in time to witness, from a place of safety, the destruction of every thing dear and valuable to their recollections. After having gazed in anguish and despair on the afflicting scene before them, the melancholy exiles pursue their flight to the nearest American fort, just at the very entrance of which they are overtaken by the fate that they had vainly hoped to avoid.

> 'Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
> Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
> Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
> The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
> And Albert—Albert falls! *the dear old father bleeds!*'

It is a great pity that a catastrophe which Mr. C. doubtless meant to render affecting by its simplicity, should be so unhappily expressed as (we are afraid) to provoke a smile, rather than a tear, from the greater part of its readers. The conclusion is much more pathetically worked up; and is

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such, from the very nature of the circumstances attending it, as, (had Mr. C. at all succeeded in creating a previous interest in our minds for the principal actors,) it would be impossible to read without emotion. Our extracts, however, have already been so considerable that it will be enough to say on the present occasion, that Gertrude herself has received the fatal shot at the same instant with her father; and that Henry Waldegrave is at length roused from the stupor of his affliction, and animated to a bloody revenge by the furious death-song of his old friend Outalissi, with which the poem concludes.

The observations so freely made by us in the course of the preceding sketch may dispense with the necessity of a general critique on the merits and defects of the poem. Its beauties (we are sorry to repeat the opinion) are thinly scattered, and, even where most prominent, are fatally obscured by blemishes and inconsistencies. We think it evident that Mr. C. was ill advised in adopting the Spenserian stanza, which he is unable to manage with the characteristic grace and dignity bestowed upon it by its original founder and by many more successful followers. But we fear that, upon the whole, the poem before us gives too strong evidence of a much more fatal defect, the absence of poetical enthusiasm and inspiration.

ART. II.—*Bancroft's Life of General Washington, (concluded from p. 424. Vol. XVI.)*

BUT though the American soldiers were thus indignant at the injustice which they thought that they had experienced from their own government, yet they refused to betray their country to the enemy. For when Sir H. Clinton sent agents to induce them to join his standard, under the promise of very advantageous terms,—they rejected the proposal with disdain; and 'they delivered up his emissaries to General Wayne who hanged them as spies.'

The spirit of mutiny originating in the same causes made its appearance in other parts of the army, and threatened its total dissolution. Some of the Jersey brigades revolted; but Washington, relying on the firmness and patriotism of the New England battalions which were almost entirely composed of native Americans, determined to reduce them to unconditional subjection. Some of the ringleaders were executed, and subordination was restored.

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A loan of six millions of livres, with which the United States were at this time favoured by the French government, proved a very seasonable succour in the present exigencies of the republicans; and General Washington, in conjunction with the French commanders, resumed the plan of vigorous operations. The different states made unusual exertions, and effectual measures were adopted to supply the army with provisions. In 1781, the success of the American arms began to be decidedly predominant. Lord Cornwallis and his army were made prisoners; an event which excited universal joy through the American states. The prospect of independence and of peace now began to gladden the hearts of those which had been often depressed with so many uncertainties and reverses during the war.

In 1782, negotiations for a general peace were begun at Paris, and the independence of the United States was proposed as a preliminary by the British minister. After the cessation of hostilities great discontents prevailed in the American army on account of the delay of congress in adopting some fixed plan for liquidating the arrears of the troops, and for providing some adequate recompense for those who had endured so many toils and privations to procure the national independence. These discontents were artfully aggravated by factious individuals, who disseminated the most atrocious calumnies respecting the intentions of government. But this turbulence was appeased and these machinations defeated by the address and patriotism of Washington; who was a rare instance of exemption from that propensity to tyranny, which has, in all ages, been the characteristic of military men when elevated by the chances of war to a pinnacle of power which renders them able to destroy the liberties of their fellow creatures.

On the fourth of December 1783, General Washington closed his career by a parting interview at New York with the companions of his dangers and his toils.

'At noon the principal officers of the army assembled at Francis's tavern, and their general soon entered the room. His emotions were too great for concealment. Filling a glass of wine he turned to them and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honourable." He drank the wine, and proceeded. "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox being the nearest, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, General Washington grasped his hand and embraced him. In the same

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affecting manner, he took leave of each succeeding officer. From every eye dropped the tear of sensibility, and not a single word interrupted the tenderness of the scene. He immediately left the room, and passed through a corps of light infantry, on his way to White Hall, where a barge waited to convey him to Powles' Hook. The whole company followed with feelings that words cannot express. Having entered the barge, he turned, and waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu.'

He soon after resigned his commission to the congress, when he retired to Mount Vernon, thinking to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family. The retired modesty and domestic virtues of Washington combined with the heroism and firmness, which he displayed on the tumultuous scene of public life, constitute a character which was as amiable as it was exalted; and in which the affections which excite love are blended with those qualities which produce admiration. In three days after his arrival at Mount Vernon, General Washington thus expresses the state of his feelings in a letter to his friend General Clinton.

'The scene,' says he, 'is at length closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care, and hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men, and in the practice of the domestic virtues.'

These sensations are more fully developed in a letter to Fayette.

The pursuits of General Washington at this period were a renewal of habits formed in an earlier season of life, and a recurrence to employments in which he ever took delight; and he is said not to have experienced any of that dissatisfaction and weariness which are usually felt by those who leave the busy ambition of public life for the silent scenes of retirement. But in 1787, General Washington was again reluctantly induced by the imbecility of the existing government and its total inadequacy to the public exigencies, to take an active part in public affairs. He was chosen president of the convention which was met at Philadelphia. In March 1789, he was unanimously elected president of the United States for four years. It was with the greatest reluctance that Washington accepted this situation.

In a letter to Colonel Lee he says,

'You know my invincible attachment to domestic life; and that my sincerest wish is to continue in the enjoyment of it solely until my final hour.

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'Though I prize as I ought, the good opinion of my fellow citizens, yet if I know myself, I would not seek popularity at the expence of one social duty or moral virtue.'

To his friend Colonel Hamilton he writes,

'You know me well enough, my good Sir, to be persuaded that I am not guilty of affectation, when I tell you it is my great and sole desire to live and die in peace and retirement on my own farm.'

These professions of the love of a retired life were not an hypocritical pretext to veil the ambitious propensities which lurked in his heart. They seem to have been his real wish; and though we do not believe that men often accept of places of high distinction with any sincere repugnance, yet we are far from thinking that on this occasion Washington expressed a repugnance which he did not feel.

The feelings, with which he again entered upon public life, are thus recorded upon his private journal.

'About ten o'clock, I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with the best dispositions to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

In 1793, General Washington was elected president a second time by the unanimous suffrage of his country. This second period of his presidentcy was more turbulent than the preceding. Great differences of opinion, which were gradually aggravated into an irreconcilable animosity, prevailed between two members of his council, Mr. Jefferson, secretary of state, and Colonel Hamilton, secretary of the treasury. The French revolution began, at the same time, to create violent feuds in the United States, which were greatly increased by the intemperate conduct of citizen Genet the ambassador from republican France. Under his directions privateers were fitted out in the American ports to cruise against the English trade, while he instituted courts of admiralty to condemn the prizes which were thus unlawfully made. Genet evidently thought that the great body of the Americans were so warmly interested in the events of the French revolution, that he might set the prohibitions of the government at defiance, and he threatened more than once to appeal from the executive to the people. His conduct placed the president in a very delicate and embarrassing situation. After sustaining various affronts from the insulting temerity of M. Genet, General Washington at last determined to

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suspend his ministerial functions, and to take the ambassador himself into custody. But M. Genet was recalled on the evening previous to the day when these orders were to have been carried into execution.

The French faction, which was powerfully aided by the democratic societies, seemed likely to prevail and threatened the existence of the federal government. Washington omitted no measure which wisdom and policy could suggest to dissipate the popular prejudice and to appease the national discontent.—But while he acted with moderation, he did not relinquish his firmness; and he determined not to suffer the clamours of party to hurry him into a conduct which he thought adverse to the interests of his country.—Mr. Jay had been sent to negociate a treaty with Great Britain, which had become the subject of violent opposition in the United States. The president, notwithstanding the odium of the measure, had determined to ratify it; meetings respecting it were held in different parts of the country, the strength of parties was fully tried, and the executive was supported by a considerable majority.—Washington clearly saw that the object of France at this period was to produce a war between Great Britain and the United States, and to pour the revolutionary mania into the peaceful bosom of their happy government.—We do not think that we say too much when we affirm that at this period it was the genius of Washington which preserved the tranquillity of America. 'There is but one straight course,' said Washington, 'and that is, to seek truth, and to pursue it steadily.'—The interest of his country was the truth which he sought, and which no illusions of popularity could induce him to abandon.

'I had no conception,' said Washington, in a letter to Mr. Jefferson, in 1796, 'that parties would or even could go the lengths I have been witness to; nor did I believe, until lately, that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility, that while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, independent, as far as our obligations and justice would permit, of every nation of the earth, and wished, by steering a steady course, to preserve this country from the horrors of a desolating war, I should be accused of being the enemy of one nation, and subject to the influence of another; and to prove it, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious misrepresentations of them be made, by giving one side only of a subject, and that too in such exaggerated and indecent terms, as could scarcely be applied to a Nero—to a notorious defaulter,—or even to a common pickpocket.'

On the 7th of December 1796, the president met the national legislature for the last time. Previous to this he had

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published an address to the people of the United States in which he had declined being again a candidate for the office of president, while he had delivered what may not improperly be called his testamentary advice respecting the true interest of America. We do not believe that more political wisdom is contained in any writing of the same extent than in this.—He particularly exhorts the different provinces to preserve their union entire, under one common government, not to suffer any local or variable interest, to weaken that great interest which they all have in the closest concentration of their resources and their strength. By this means they would best avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which are most unfavourable to liberty, under every form of political administration.

'Your union,' says the great transatlantic patriot, 'ought to be considered as the main prop of your liberty: and the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.'

He seems to think that one common government may by a judicious organization be well adapted to the whole territory, notwithstanding the unusual magnitude of its dimensions. But he says that a government for the whole, is indispensable to the efficacy and permanency of their union; and that no alliances can be an adequate substitute for such a government.

'The basis of our political systems,' says Washington, 'is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitution of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, until changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

'All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small, but artful and enterprising, minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.'

He most affectionately and most impressively warns his

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countrymen against the mischievous influence of party; and most truly does he remark, that 'though patriotism may look with indulgence upon the spirit of party, in governments which are of a monarchical cast, that it is a spirit which ought not to be encouraged in a purely elective government.' He seems to think that liberty may be best preserved by a system of checks, or by distributing the power of the state, 'into different depositories,' and making each the guardian of the public weal against the invasion of the rest. He considers religion and morality as the indispensable supports of public prosperity; and virtue as the essential mainspring of popular government. He inculcates just and amicable feelings towards all nations, rather than the indulgence of passionate attachment towards some, and of antipathy towards others. He recommends the friendly intercourse of commercial advantage with other nations, without any *political* connections. Europe has, as he well remarks, 'a set of primary interests,' with which America has no concern. The United States are advised not to entangle 'their peace and prosperity in the toils of European' politics.

On Friday, December 13, 1799, General Washington was seized with an inflammation in the trachea, and he died the next night, December 14, in the full possession of his faculties. Few lives have been so useful as his.—Indeed we know none whom we can place higher in the scale of virtue, as the benefactor of his species.—His moral temperament was of the most happy kind. All his passions and affections seem to have been preserved in a rational equilibrium. He was endued with a singular capacity to master the more violent and irregular emotions which tempest the bosoms of other men, and subvert the peace of society. This was not the effect of art, but the product of a virtuous discipline, which he appears long and early to have exercised over himself. In judgment he was certainly superior to most men who have made a figure in history. This judgment was exercised early, and in circumstances well calculated to mature and to perfect it. In all the trying exigencies of the war, his judgment was eminently conspicuous; and in the most difficult conjunctures he hardly ever pronounced an opinion of which the event did not verify the justness, and afford proof of his sagacity.—There was nothing capricious nor unstable in his conduct. He saw the right path, and he pursued it with undeviating constancy.—The pole-star not of fame, but of duty, was his guide. He was not insensible to the charm of popular applause, but he never consented to purchase popularity by the sacrifice of principle. He loved applause, but

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he loved justice mo e.—He preserved a philosophical equanimity in the most adverse situations. Despondency could find no ingress into his heart; the portals were guarded by patience on one side, and fortitude on the other; while religious confidence reposed in the sanctuary within. His benevolence, though it was far from being accompanied with that specious sensibility, which often serves only to relax the energies of virtue, was yet impressed with all the characteristic marks of genuine worth.—It was diffusive though it was discriminating; and though it was under the guidance of reflection, yet none of the coldness of apathy entered into the composition. The true unvitiated philanthropy of Washington was seen in all the relations amid which he was placed. His family and his friends had a large experience of his benign, friendly, and beneficent disposition. But the partial sympathies of the man, though all practised in their due proportions and degrees, were all absorbed, when the occasion demanded, in the bosom of the patriot. His body and his soul, his faculties and his life were devoted to the service of his country.—He was a rigorous economist where economy was a patriotic virtue. His services, unbribed by place or pension, were a gratuitous offering to his country. He did not grow rich by taxing the industry of his fellow creatures. He carried with him into public life those sentiments of honesty, which are seldom practised except in private. Men are seldom scrupulous with respect to acts of public injustice, whose delicacy of honour would not suffer them to do an act of wrong to an individual. But a sacred sense of moral obligation seems to have been present to the mind of Washington in every situation. This was intimately identified with the belief of an overruling providence; and of a state of retribution after death. Thus his character contributed in a signal manner to restrain the atrocities which are incident to a revolution, to moderate the passions of the people, and to keep them in subjection to the sway of justice and truth.

ART. III.—*Memorials of Nature and Art, collected on a Journey in Great Britain during the Years* 1802 *and* 1803. *By Christian Augustus Gottlieb Goede. Translated from the original German, by Thomas Horne.* 3 *Vols. price* 16*s.* 6*d.* Mawman.

IN describing the character, and investigating the merits and defects of the constitution of a country, and in estimating its excellence in literature and works of art, a foreigner,

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among many other advantages not enjoyed by a native engaged in the same task, possesses the important one of detecting at one glance, the absurdity, or inconvenience of habits, to which use has blinded its inhabitants; and when he restricts himself to what he sees, or believes, his account will often instruct, if it fail to entertain his readers. His judgment, in comparing the habits of one kingdom with those of another, may be admitted as clear, and unbiassed; but when his own becomes a subject of comparison, his praise, or censure, is of little value: his prejudices are transported along with him, and place him on a level with the most partial inhabitant on whom he passes judgment. He will make a shew of liberality in discussing things of small moment, and perhaps be really sincere in his approbation; but when an object of his national pride is brought to the balance, the opposite scale will invariably kick the beam.

It is to the advantage of the book before us, that the author has not on many subjects instituted a competition between his country and our own; in fact there can be but little rivalry between us; and even in respect to literature, where he exults over us without mercy; we think, and are proud to think, that there is very little in common to us and Germany.

After expatiating on the spirit of commerce which characterises England, the author proceeds with a strain of extravagant compliment to our public spirit; and thus announces the dominion of talent;

'In no other country do eminent talents soar to such heights, or move in a more enlarged sphere of action.'*

Our political advantages excite his enthusiastic admiration: he overrates them when he observes,

'The people raises its majestic head, asserts its claim to uncontrolled independence, appears rather to rule than to obey, takes an active share in all important events, and never acts as the passive tool of despotic power.'

'Behold the picture! is it like? like whom?'

The good people of England, 'whose active share in' late 'important events,' has been only to condemn and lament their contrivers, their measures and the consequences?

* Who would not suppose that this remark had been written in 1808, and that it alluded to the talents and capacious views of the present cabinet?

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But we will direct the reader to something more agreeable to his feelings; the journey of M. Goede from Dover to London. On his road from the former place to Canterbury, he is naturally surprised at the elegant mode in which our farmers daughters equip their persons; and wonders to find, that what to his eye were the seats of country squires, are in reality, the dwellings of farmers and of peasants.

His description of the prospect from Shooter's Hill, and the approach to the metropolis, is just and animated.

'There the eye can pursue the serpentine windings of the river up to London, and has a magnificent view of the ships, which appear at a distance like a stately forest, advancing with a slow motion. The fertile plains of the counties of Essex, Surry, and Sussex, intersected by gently sloping hills, lie extended around you; on your right hand lie the spiry turrets of Greenwich; and in the back ground the church of St. Paul's, shrouded in mists, dawns upon your sight. Village scenes gradually disappear; the villages are metamorphosed into magnificent towns; these towns seem to make nearer approaches at every instant; the animation of their busy inhabitants augments, their streets become more spacious, and at length form one intersupted line through which the traveller is almost unconsciously conveyed into the metropolis.'

The author proceeds to give a general description of London, and draws a comparison between it and Paris; of our public, and of the exterior of our private edifices, he speaks with very just contempt. The banks of our Thames, we acknowledge, cannot vie in splendour of architecture with the magnificent quays of the Seine; but the broad surface of our river, enriched with stately vessels under every pleasing variety of shape and circumstance, disdains all comparison with the stream of Paris.

The traveller concludes his first chapter with an account of the illuminations of Paris and of London, and treats the latter with perhaps less severity than they deserve.

The second chapter contains a general description of the city, its commerce, and some of its public buildings; which is given with a good deal of truth and spirit. It is impossible to follow the author through all the windings of this chapter, nor is it one of those which is so interesting to an English reader, as to others, who are strangers to our capital. That we may not be thought negligent of the dignity of our citizens, we must correct a mistake which would subject them to the censure of being so unfashionable as to spend the whole summer in their counting-houses. The west, and east ends of London, are *not* 'peopled by entirely different classes of the community,' who while 'the inhabitants of the

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western division constantly emigrate out of town five months in the year,' 'uninterruptedly continue in the sphere of their activity.' On the contrary, many of the splendid houses at the west end of the town, belong to men who are engaged in commercial concerns at the east; and who as well as many others contrive during the summer to escape from their mercantile affairs, and *slip down* for a few weeks to some fashionable bathing-place on the neighbouring coast.

The third and fourth chapters contain a description of the west end of the town, of its inhabitants, and their amusements; which is written with much discrimination, and some merited severity. The fifth is occupied by a melancholy subject; an account, (and we hope an aggravated one) of that unhappy class of beings, who are most unjustly and cruelly misnamed votaries of pleasure. Although our opinion of the generality of female boarding schools, is not a very favourable one; we cannot believe that a great proportion of these poor creatures 'are young ladies, whose morals have been corrupted at an early age in boarding schools.' &c. p. 175.

The author perhaps was in London, about the time when several venders of indecent prints, and pamphlets, acknowledged on their prosecution, that they occasionally disposed of their wares to some boarding schools of fashion and repute, and from this fact, very much exaggerated, it was natural enough to expect the consequences he mentions. But we believe that the bad impressions which a girl imbibes at school, wear away on her return to the roof of her parents, (when those parents afford examples of virtuous and domestic habits.) In those circumstances, it is interesting to watch her conduct; how from a giddy forward girl, tainted with the follies (we will use no harsher phrase) of the society she has just left, she gradually assumes the correct manners, and dignified deportment of a virtuous woman; and at length acquires a decision of character, which promises happiness and respectability, to the man with whom she is destined to spend her future life. On the contrary, we reluctantly acknowledge, that when she finds at home dissipation and examples which, though perhaps not strictly vicious, have nothing in them which can encourage any hidden propensity to virtue, she becomes, if in high life, unamiable, unattached; and if she remain innocent of any gross breach of virtue, until the time of her marriage, she enters into that engagement with a view of being more at liberty, and of enjoying the same, or greater oportunities of fashionable indulgence, than she had at home: and without exciting any astonishment

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amongst her acquaintance, adds one to the numerous instances of connubial infidelity. If she ranks in the middle class of society, she probably becomes under the same inauspicious domestic circumstances, an unfortunate instance of that extreme degradation in the scale of society, and of that depravity of mind and conduct, which our author affirms to result so often from an ill directed and relaxed education. In a future chapter (7th) the author attributes the remains of female virtue in England to 'the manners of English domestic life,' and we have probably fallen into this digression in consequence of having cursorily cast our eyes over this passage, which contains sentiments very much resembling those which we have just now declared. The author proceeds with an unfeeling minuteness to compare the prostitutes of Paris with those of London, and concludes the chapter with an account of the Magdalen Hospital.

The sixth chapter is occupied in a description of our police; and of those who are, or ought to be, the objects of its exertions. Among the latter he very properly includes those licensed murderers, the composers and venders of quack-medicines, and tells a ludicrous story, and not an improbable one, exemplifying the tricks by which they foist themselves into the confidence of their employers. Our watchmen, who literally are in many instances mere *watchmen*, (for if they see, they do not often prevent robberies,) are very deserving subjects of his contemptuous animadversions, instead of being safe guards, they, like the Roman eunuchs, require some one to look after them.—

> 'Sed quis custodiet ipsos
> Custodes?'

May with as much reason proceed from the mouth of a London citizen as from that of a Roman husband.

In the seventh chapter, the author considers Hume's position that the English are of all nations most deficient in national character, 'if this very want should not be considered as such,' as 'more witty than just.' He does not appear to us to have seconded this opinion, either by good proofs, or good arguments; he seems to mistake manners for character, and when he speaks of the uniformity which characterises our education, shews himself as ignorant of his subject, as when he omits Winchester in his enumeration of our public schools: our 'most renowned of this description are Eton, Westminster, the Charter-house, and Harrow on the Hill.'

Of our universities the author affects to speak in very disdainful terms. Without confuting this bigoted foreigner by producing a list of a few of the great men who have

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been educated in them, it will be sufficient praise to them, and satisfaction enough to a rational and unprejudiced reader, to know from his own account, that nothing can be more unlike, than an English and a German university.

We allow his remark, that no sincere friendships are formed at female boarding-schools, to be generally founded on truth; but we do not think that 'among boys (at school) a bond of fraternal union is cemented;' and for this reason: at school, boys chiefly associate with those of their own form, or class; they must necessarily spend much of their time together, however different in character, and pursuits. It is at the university that a man makes a free choice of his companions, and of course this choice, supposing no great inequality in circumstances, is influenced only by similarity of taste, and of disposition; and a firm and lasting friendship is the natural consequence.

We cordially agree with the author, when he asserts that many of our private schools are miserably defective, both in their plan of education, and in regard to the talents of their conductors. We have heard an anecdote which we believe to be a fact, that a lady meeting with a man who had a year or two before lived as footman in the family, accosted him with 'John! how do you do? it is a long time since we have seen or heard any thing of you.' 'Yes, Ma'am,' replied John with much gravity: 'my time is now fully occupied, I am usher at ——— Place.'

About one hundred and forty pages, at the conclusion of vol. I, are devoted to politics, and political characters. This part of the work justifies the censure which the translator in his advertisement has applied to it. 'Of the author's temporary politics, though much has been omitted, much has been spared that deserved scarcely a better fate.' His errors, however, are not greater than might be expected from a stranger who culled his information from the publications and reports of the day.

The second volume is occupied by remarks on our administration of public justice, and on those who are professionably engaged in it; the manners, dress, character, and domestic habits of the higher classes of society; the manners, character, and amusements, of the London populace; the state of the established church and its ministers; the various sects, their origin and tenets; and on the humanity of the English, as instanced in their public charities. In regard to the first subject the author expresses great admiration of our equal distribution of justice, and of that material security of it, trial by jury. As might be expected from a German, he prefers the highly figurative declamation of the Irish

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bar, to the more solid and close reasoning and acute application of apparently irrelevant facts, which distinguish our most eminent English lawyers. He thinks that a greater security might be given to the public, by adopting measures for the more certain and immediate detection of swindlers, &c.; but he is not aware of the ingenuity, and indefatigable industry of the class of men whom he would shackle and detect, by the unconstitutional application of 'passport,' 'certificates,' and 'an inquisitorial process;' and by the employment of 'special porters.' He reprobates the admission of circumstantial evidence in case of felony; but he should have recollected that the blackest crime which disgraces our calendars, is inconsistent with positive evidence; murder is the work of secrecy and darkness.

Every humane man must lament the justice of the following observation.

'The English criminal law deduces its origin from those barbarous ages, when no adequate proportion of offences and punishments was established. The extreme rigour of many of its regulations, the vast disproportion in the scale of punishments, and the ambiguity of the penal code, have not hitherto led to any substantial reform.'

The author's remarks on the manners of high life, may prove entertaining, and perhaps useful to an English reader, by placing in a strong light objects to which he has been so gradually introduced, or which he has found mixed with so many others, that they have never engaged his particular attention. The confusion of metaphor, and verbose inanity of the German, are sometimes too faithfully rendered by his translator. For instance, in p. 66 and 67, we find 'bold strokes and outlines engraven,' &c. in the progress of the metaphor transfigured into 'rays of light,' 'concentrated in a focus;' and at the bottom of the last mentioned page, we have the following wild imagery:

'Opinions are deposited like cast clothes; nay, as if the perpetual rotation, which engulphs every thing within its vortex, were a sure pledge of immutability, it is no where more fashionable to speak of fixed maxims, solid systems, and profound principles. At one moment the people exult with puerile satisfaction over the brittle edifices of their own manufacture; in the next, they loudly proclaim their triumph, when the visionary fabric tumbles headlong to the ground.'

Before we read M. Goede's chapter, on the London populace, we imagined that nothing could be more wretched than the

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dwellings of the lower order of them; we have, however, a melancholy and hardly innocent satisfaction in learning from him that they are not the most unfortunate beings in Europe in this respect: the middling class of citizens in many towns of Lower Saxony are, in this, inferior to them.

The author contradicts himself in his abuse of the London mob: he says, p. 119.

'It is absolutely impossible for the most ingenious panegyrist to say any thing in favour of the mob. They are destitute of every noble attribute of humanity.'

English readers will not allow M. Goede much praise for chivalrous feelings, when they peruse what follows, in page 133.

'Their most savage tribes, &c. pay, nevertheless, such a high tribute of regard to the ladies, that we might almost be inclined to refer it to a fine sense of moral distinctions. Nay, even the most vulgar fellow among them would feel a repugnance to make his wife perform masculine functions, &c.'

Is not this saying something in favour of the mob? Mr. G., it seems, thinks not, perhaps because the conduct of the German peasant is exactly the reverse.

The author has given a very superficial account of Newgate; but his description of Bartholomew-fair, which terminates this part of the work, is evidently the production of a spectator; and we give M. Goede great praise for his courage and perseverance, in bustling through this scene of popular triumph and revelry: it will no doubt be a very acceptable morsel to the most inquisitive part of his readers.

In his chapter on the religions of the established church, and of our sectaries, and the characters of their various teachers, he shews less information than in any other in the whole work; his account of the state of arts in England, perhaps excepted. We believe that he never makes any wilful sacrifice of veracity; but like Falstaff, he seems to have 'forgotten what the inside of a church is made of.'

M. Goede is guilty of something like inconsistency in his observations on the reading and preaching of the clergy. Alluding to the act of prayer he says,

'Instead of assuming an humble tone of profound reverence in the presence of the Eternal, they *raise their voices to such a pitch*, as apparently to belie the sentiments which they express, and excite a very painful sensation in the mind of every observant spectator.' P. 177.

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At the bottom of the same page, he continues,

'That *dull and frigid tone* which leaves such a disagreeable impression upon the mind in the solemn act of prayer, &c.'

Were we to admit that there is no contradiction in what we have quoted above, it is evident that his acquaintance with the clergy who officiate in the metropolis must have been very partial: for he would otherwise have found some, whose propriety of delivery and unaffected devotion, would more than answer the expectations of a man of unvitiated taste; and he would have found among that class of the regular clergy, who, according to a custom of no very ancient date,* are chosen by their congregations to 'speak unto them smooth things;' some who by their cant and grimace, seem to think that the Supreme Being is to be wheedled or tricked into a compliance with their requests; and whose violence of action, and overstrained hyperbole of language, would have gratified the eyes and ears of the most complete German.

M. Goede does not appear to possess the key to the arcana of the Methodists. Their doctrines like the popish wares of absolution and indulgences, are very comfortable; and it is owing to this property, that they possess more members of, in other respects, enlightened minds and venerable character; who, driven from every other solace by misfortune or disappointment, make a trial of the stimulating ingredients which the system of Wesley contains; and they easily persuade themselves that there is no error in those opinions, and no fallacy in those sensations, which they think of so much consequence to their happiness. But our author is not aware of another inducement by which Wesley engaged those of the inferior stations;—their rise in the scale of self importance. A man who can make himself remarkable for the exterior of holiness, however low his condition or uncultivated his mind, is admitted as a companion by the most respectable of the fraternity. A popular member in the House of Commons has not half the attention bestowed on his most interesting speeches, that many hundreds of Methodists at a *love meeting* lavish on any illiterate individual, who may choose to make his past vices, his wonderful conversion, and his present assurances of immortal

* About the beginning of the last century. Bishop Wake laments the innovation, as lecturers, he observes, preach "not so much to the real benefit, as to the fancies and inclinations of those by whom they are to be paid for it." Principles of the Christian Religion, p. 7. of Dedication.

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happiness, and the familiar intercourse which he imagines between his Maker and himself, the topic of his discourse. At *class meetings*, which are much more frequent, though less numerously attended, every member has the pleasure of talking of his temptations, and of his divine and preternatural assistances. Methodism has one of the advantages of free-masonry: it gains a stranger (if he have the gift of talking with volubility on the subject of his faith, and have a long and marvellous *experience* to relate) a home, in the most distant corner where it is professed. These are no trifling allurements to the inferior ranks of society, and it is not surprising that such form a very great proportion of the sect.'

In the last chapter of this volume, our author does justice to the munificence of the English in their charitable institutions, but he finds fault with the mode of instruction which is adopted in some of them. How would this honest man (for such we believe him) have been able to express his contempt and indignation, had he known how the intention of one of the most beneficial charities of which the nation can boast, is frustrated through the unjust avarice of those who have been appointed the guardians of its rights; and that men, who still expect to be called men of honour, have publicly declined entering into an inquiry concerning abuses, which they know exist in it!

The third volume opens with a disquisition on our mercantile spirit, and the characters and manners of our commercial citizens; which, though sometimes a little too highly coloured, seems to have been the result of much patient observation. The author does not seem averse from being easily pleased with trifles, he expresses complete satisfaction at the sight of the Vauxhall cascade.

In his chapter on the literary character of the English, the author is so very diffuse, that it would occupy a greater space than can be allowed to the whole of this article, were we to make observations on every subject on which we differ in opinion. Among many just and important remarks, we meet with the prejudices which we had reason to expect from him; and his opinion is upon the whole very unfavourable to English literature. We do not feel disposed to compliment M. Goede or his countrymen on their literary republic, and on the *amalgam* of sentiment, which he infers is the boast of the German literati. The plan is childish, and evidently tends to save an author the trouble of thinking for himself. Among a number of men all determined to think and write in the same way, how many must do violence

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to nature, and consequently, how few have a just claim to any honour, except what is due to patient plodding industry! An English writer does not go to school to learn feeling, or to acquire a prepossession for one particular train of thinking, but that he may know how best to apply the knowledge of others, to those particular objects, towards which he feels a natural impulse.

We lament with the author the reign of folios and quartos; and agree with him in censuring the Johnsonian style, especially when unaccompanied by the depth of thought, which in its founder renders it sometimes barely tolerable.

We have before observed that the chapter on the state of the arts in England, betrays much want of information. We admit that the author has reason for denying to our academy the appellation of school, which we believe has always been confined to a knot of artists who painted in the same style and on the same principles. Thus, for instance, N. Poussin, and Le Sueur, can never be considered as belonging to the French, but to the Roman school; and if Sir J. Reynolds ever expected the academicians of this country to adopt one style of painting, he must have known very little of the independent and original character of an Englishman of talents. Perhaps, were we ever to possess an artist of extraordinary genius in the higher branches of his profession, we might see a school of imitators flourish under him, but in our opinion there will be no new style, of any merit, in the historical department, except what will appear to tread very nearly the same paths which some one of the Italian schools, or the Flemish masters, have already beaten.

Although we are not disposed to exalt Sir J. Reynolds to the highest rank in his art, we must not tamely look on while he and his works, are the sport of ignorance and misrepresentation. Of the ignorance of the author we shall quote the following proof.

'He (Sir J.R.) has also exerted his genius in single historical figures, among which a Venus, and Ugolino in his dungeon, are recorded as his most capital performances. But he never ventured to display his talents in any grand historical composition.'

M. Goede then is ignorant that the man whose character he attacks with such severity, ever painted such things as Hercules strangling the serpents, the Cauldron scene in Macbeth, the Nativity, and several other historical pictures

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(though not on so large a scale as these,) of more than one figure.

The opinion of Mengs that Sir J. Reynolds was by his lectures 'disseminating heresies among his countrymen,' is but the opinion of one painter on another, who occasionally stepped aside from his more usual walk into that of the man who passes judgment upon him; and would never influence an unprejudiced man to his disadvantage, especially in contradiction to the general sense of Europe. M. Goede affirms that he collected pictures of Titian and other great colourists '*in order* to sacrifice them to his zeal for the arts.' Mr. Malone, in his flimsy 'Some Account of Sir J. Reynolds,' does indeed talk of his destroying '*some* valuable ancient pictures' for his own improvement, and the author very quietly takes it for granted that he bought fine pictures for no other purpose. We wish Mr. M. had been more particular, and informed us what pictures, and how many, he sacrificed in this way. Our opinion of that great artist would be much altered, if it appeared that he had laid his sacrilegious hands on any picture, whose value or beauty had not been previously lessened by accident or injudicious cleaning; a fragment of a picture would have answered his purpose as well as a whole one, and it is no difficult thing to meet with such remnants of the best masters.

The author's remarks on living artists, appear to us in general too much inclining to censure, though well worth the attention of those who are the subject of them.

Speaking of the Banqueting-house, in consequence of an error in the tense, we are to suppose that Shakespeare was a contemporary of Wren and Newton: he says they '*formed* the most glorious triumvirate, &c.' This is the only mistake of the kind which we have noticed in the whole book; we cannot allow the words 'tapestry,' and 'bow windows,' to be applicable to the painting of Rubens, and the windows of the second floor of the noble building in question; nor can we silently acquiesce in Wren's elbowing Inigo Jones out of his angle in the triumvirate of worthies, in 'art, fiction, and science.'

The work concludes with an account of the stage; and we are sorry that our limits will not allow us to enter into an examination of its merits and defects: it would however be unpardonable in us to pass over the contemptuous sneer with which he notices our unrivalled actress, Mrs. Jordan. She is too old, he says, for the parts in which she generally appears: very true, she is not a girl, and she is a good-deal en bon point. But what will any one who has seen that

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fascinating actress in a favourite character think of the man who could quietly calculate on the disparity of age between her and the girl she represents? He will surely conclude that he has no feeling for true and unaffected nature; and he will pity the soul which can ask itself "how old is Mrs Jordan?'

Perhaps after all, we ought to make allowances for a foreigner's want of relish for the peculiar beauties of her performance, he cannot feel that full satisfaction, that conviction of complete naturalness, which the voice and action convey to the ear and imagination of every one who has any idea of the impressions she intends to give. It is not less remarkable that M. Goede should talk of the '*melodious*' voice of Mr. Kemble: with these and one or two more exceptions there is much justice in his remarks on our actors, whom he ranks above all others in every thing that relates to gesture, though he finds much to blame in their declamation. In declaring that a Parisian audience would have 'hissed or dragged' our favourite actress off the stage, he shews very little modesty: he should not have pronounced a whole nation absurd and void of taste for admiring what he could not understand.

Of the works of our modern dramatists, (which according to order we ought to have noticed before,) the author expresses a contemptible opinion. Sheridan is of course an exception, but he laments his sacrifice of taste and character to the exigencies of the theatre: and ranks his *transformation* of German plays, among the causes of his decline.

In reviewing the work of which we now take our leave, it seemed a duty to direct our attention chiefly to the errors into which its author had fallen in consequence of his limited information in respect to English character, and English affairs. It is the custom of foreign tourists to mistake accident for habit; and to confuse their readers by attempting to explain, what they cannot possibly understand. Such books, however, do not in consequence of these imperfections lose their utility, or their power of affording amusement. Of the 'Memorials of Nature and Art,' we will venture to say, that there are few whose manners or occupations are the subjects of Mr. Goede's criticism, who will not derive advantage from it; and others who may seek for amusement only, will not fail of their object, if the animated remarks of a foreigner, on our character and manners, translated into their native tongue with elegance and perspicuity, have power to interest and entertain them.

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ART. IV.—*Hints to the Public, and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By a Barrister. Part the Third. pp.* 114. *4s. 6d. 8vo.* Johnson, 1809.

THE barrister, whose energy seems rather to freshen than to flag as he proceeds in the theological conflict, opens the third part of his Hints with the following animated reflections:

'Whether it is to be ascribed to the cunning of the interested, practising on the simplicity of the credulous, or to whatever other cause it is owing, certain it is that the multitude have ever manifested more eagerness to embrace the reveries of human weakness than the revelations of eternal wisdom. The same perverseness of mind is manifested in other matters not connected with religion. The nostrum of the mountebank will be preferred to the prescription of the regular practitioner. Why is this? Because there is something in the authoritative arrogance of the pretender by which ignorance is overawed. The same thing happens in the concerns of kingdoms and commonwealths; the perilous, but imposing, novelties of political theorists, seduce the veneration of the crowd from the comparatively cold principles of rational freedom. In each case the result is similar. The quack physics us into distemper, and the projector reforms us into ruin. What the new fraternity of ANTI-MORALISTS will accomplish, and into what high-road of evil they will carry their followers, remains to be seen; and into what vortex those who are not their followers will be swept by the strength of the current—this remains to be seen also.

'Considerate men, now numbered with the dead—for I advert to the days of our fathers—considerate men, sanguine in their hopes from the progressive advancement of the human mind, anticipated the happiest result in the diffusion of social benevolence, and the growth of practical virtue. Tracing the meliorating influence of religion, from its first break of morning light to the then period of its rise, they indulged the most gratifying predictions from the wisdom of those who were to come after them. The philosophic vision of future years floated on their fancy, and they rejoiced. But how far,—how very far,—is this augury from its fulfilment! Could these patriots—the worthiest in the train of our ancestry—could they have predicted—surely they could not—that, at an era to which they looked forward with such prophetic exultation, we, their descendants, instead of moving onwards towards the meridian of reason and truth, should be fast declining into the thick gloom of ignorance and fanaticism?—Deplorable as this consideration may be, it comes but too near reality. That high strung vigour of intellect, which once promised so much to the future, seems paralyzed and inert. The multitude appear to be drawn aside from the protection of their rightful leaders. The contagion of bigotry—

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daily extending itself—has dwarfed in its progress all the natural dimensions of the popular mind. Rational devotion,—in its principles and in its practice the summit of all earthly wisdom,—is hourly disappearing before that outward sanctity which apes the form of religion without conforming to its spirit, and wears its livery without yielding to its commands.

'We seem to live in a new era.—We have been left, it should seem, hitherto without the rudiments of a christian education. Under the tuition of a *moral* clergy, the importance of personal holiness, and the certainty of a judgment to come, has been the substance of all the religious teaching we have received. A new race of divinity-tutors, rising, as it were, out of the ashes of their own corruption, have started up, professing themselves to be the only true interpreters between God and man, and, announcing themselves as EVANGELISTS, demand that we should put our conscience into their custody, and, with all due humility, repeat their catechism and receive their creed.'

The evangelical preachers, from whose writings the eloquent author has extracted numerous passages, which tend to invalidate the principle, or to supersede the necessity of moral goodness, have complained that they have been unfairly quoted by their antagonist, and that, if he had made diligent search, he might have found recommendations of moral duty and persuasives to personal holiness. The moral virtues are in some degree so necessary even to the existence of man in society that there must be moments in which the most heated enthusiast among the *evangelical anti-moralists*, can hardly fail to descry, and must be almost involuntarily led to inculcate, their importance. But it is not by the occasional or fortuitous scintillations of moral light, which are scattered at long and dreary intervals in the writings of the fanatics, that we are to judge of the real principles which they maintain, or of the effects which they have a tendency to produce. For it is not what they fortuitously or incidentally mention that we are to consider as the leading feature of their works, but what they most constantly and uniformly endeavour to establish. If they habitually inculcate principles, which cannot be made rules of action in the greater or the smaller concerns of life, without being productive of every species of iniquity, we cannot only not commend their compositions as salutary, but we cannot refrain from reprobating them as deleterious, though a moral sentiment may be here and there strewn to lessen the horror of that vitiating doctrine which they so earnestly enjoin. Those who inculcate vice will generally attempt, at least, to mask it under the colouring of virtue; but it requires but little sagacity to detect the insidious design.

The *evangelical anti-moralists*, are so conscious of the de-

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formity of their principles, if traced into their practical consequences, that they feel the necessity of sometimes withdrawing the eye of the beholder from the ultimate result, and of attracting the attention to scattered points of moral beauty from which their *general principles* must necessarily lead their votaries far and wide away. But occasional sparklings of moral truth in the dark pages of the anti-moralists do not prove them to be teachers of goodness, but only show the rottenness and instability of their favourite principles, and the necessity of often contradicting themselves in order to prevent the total disgust and alienation of their readers. But if the *deliberate doctrine* of these *evangelical preachers* be adverse to goodness, we should be as absurd as themselves if we said that they uniformly encouraged virtue because they incidentally reprobate vice. Their doctrine is a strong poison, to which they themselves are occasionally led by some sense of right, or some qualms of conscience, to minister a feeble antidote. But those who swallow the poison will usually be too much intoxicated to recur to the antidote.

'I do not affirm,' says the Barrister,' of these evangelical preachers, that they *never*, in any instance, manifest a respect for that *reason* which they condemn as carnal. I do not affirm that its rays *never* pierce through the dense medium of their dulness, or never skirt, for a moment, the clouds of error in which they envelop themselves. But, when a ray of truth does break forth, as sometimes it does, it is like OSSIAN'S sun-beam in the *Isle of Mist*, and its radiance is soon obscured in the gloom that gathers over it.

'In the revolution which the ANTI-MORALISTS are meditating in the Christian world, they manifest the utmost hostility to whatever bears the stamp of intellect. Whenever great changes have been to be brought about by means of the multitude, the cunning of enthusiasts never fails to suggest the same policy. Impostors of every class, religious as well as political, cry down the exercise of *reason*, for they have no chance of escaping exposure but by bringing men of penetration and inquiry into disrepute. It is well known that the sanguinary tyrant ROBESPIERRE, in his 'Journal,' called *the learned* 'the most dangerous set of men in the republic;'—and so they were, because he dreaded the ordeal which his opinions and measures were made to undergo. *Their* comment was not suited to *his* text.

'We are told, by our new spiritual teachers, that *reason* is not to be applied in the inquiry into the truth or falsehood of their doctrines; they are spiritually discerned, and *carnal reason* has no concern with them.—What insufferable jargon. As well might a man tell me I am not to use my eyes to distinguish between the counterfeit and current coin. Away with such absurdity;—there is fraud and deception upon the face of it. Can we have faith in a doctrine

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which we have no reason to believe is true? Most certainly not. If then we have reason to believe it true, we must be able to give that reason. To say, therefore, that reason is useless, is to talk like a fool—to say that it ought not to be exercised, is to talk like a knave.'

The barrister next produces various passages from the 'Village Dialogues,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and other favourite authors among the *saints*, to show their grossly immoral tendencies, and 'to prove how inimical the tenets which they inculcate must be to the peace, the virtue, and the happiness of society. We know that virtue is rather the product of habit than of precept; but still precept, particularly when repeatedly inculcated, will not always be barren of effects. It may aid the growth of good or of bad habit, by lending its influence to favour the repetition of the acts of which it is composed. It may be 'the small pebble which stirs the peaceful lake' of life. The theoretical principles of religion, which are so closely embodied in the writings of the *evangelical anti-moralists*, and which they so fervidly inculcate, as far as they exert any practical influence on life, must have a deleterious effect. We might as naturally expect to find figs on thistles as virtue to arise out of the principles of *hereditary depravity* and *vicarious punishment*, as they are taught by the *anti-moralists*. These doctrines cannot be traced to their practical results without being found to be most pernicious. They cannot be made *rules of conduct* without generating vice, and hardening the heart in sin. What are we to think, then, of the wisdom or the virtue of those, who inculcate principles of belief which cannot be followed into the consequences which are fairly deducible from them, without being proved to be subversive of those moral duties which are the pillars of society? If these doctrines are not thus operative in all their votaries, it is not owing to the doctrines themselves, but to the strong counteraction which they find in habit, in example, in public opinion, and in the constitution of humanity itself.

The following animated reflections on the doctrine of the anti-moralists, are well worthy of being recommended to the attention of our readers.

'Whoever encourages men to expect the reward of virtue without the practice of it, lays the axe at the root of all religion. That the Calvinistic Priesthood do this is most manifest. If all the swindlers who live by fraud and depredation on this town of London are to have the *righteousness* of Christ transferred to them, and placed to their account, *as if they had themselves performed it*, what have they to fear? Can men be better tempted to continue in their habit of wickedness by any doctrine that Atheism can frame, or that infidels

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can teach? It is a doctrine which every bad man will willingly embrace, because it absolves him hereafter from all personal responsibility; but if a thinking man should adopt it, he must from that time shut up his Bible, or he will infallibly disturb his faith.

'That a *sinner* should be *accounted righteous* is a contradiction in terms. A HOUSEBREAKER can never be accounted an honest man on the score of another person's integrity. An ADULTERER may find some one to stand surety for the damages awarded against him; but protecting him from the penal consequences of his *guilt* can never make him *righteous*. Suppose HOWARD had been content to suffer instead of ABERSHAW, the benevolent actions of that great philanthropist could in no manner be *imputed* to that desperate murderer, *as if he had performed them*. The thing is not possible. He would have been an *acquitted felon*, and nothing more. *He that* DOETH *righteousness is righteous:* thus says the scripture; and none but an ideot or an infidel would dare to give the lie to it, by declaring that he that doeth *unrighteousness* is accounted *righteous*. Will the DRUNKARD, in the day of judgment, be held to have lived *soberly*, or the HIGHWAYMAN to have led a life of *honesty*? When that great day shall arrive, will chastity be *imputed* to the licentious, or piety *transferred* to the profane?—How is it possible that men in their senses can teach such a doctrine? How is it possible they can so shamefully deceive others, or so grossly impose upon themselves?

'Let us refer to the PARABLES of our Saviour. Were industry and diligence *imputed* to the slothful steward that hid his talent in the earth? Were the *foolish* virgins accounted *wise*? or, having neglected to supply their lamps with oil, were they accounted to have kept them burning? JOHN BUNYAN, indeed, tells us that Christ has a *coat more than he wants*, and that with this *he covers the sinner;* but it appears that the man who was found at the marriage-supper, *not having on a wedding-garment*, had no covering of this kind presented to him; but that, on the contrary, he was consigned over to the punishment pronounced against such as had neglected to prepare themselves. Has the Saviour any where promised that his righteousness should be placed to the account of an unrighteous man? Has he led mankind in any manner, by his precepts or his conduct, to infer it? When we read that the *unprofitable* servant was ordered "to be cast into utter darkness," what becomes of the doctrine of *transfer*? Was he by virtue of Christ's righteousness accounted a *profitable* servant? Were vigour and fruitfulness *imputed* to the BARREN fig-tree, or was it withered by a curse?—It was when PAUL reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, that FELIX *trembled*. What consolation would it have afforded to the Roman governor to have learned that the Saviour, having passed his life in doing good, his *righteousness* would be placed to the account of the *wicked*, and on that ground *he would be admitted in the realms of light and glory!*—Such a doctrine as this to a bad man can never come ill-timed; it always meets his conscience at the convenient season. Never will he say to the preacher of it, as FELIX did to the apostle of the Gentiles,' 'go thy way for this time.'

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'To ascend the steep of virtue is a task of great labour and perpetual vigilance; it is much easier to loiter below and believe that another has ascended *in our stead*, and that he will bestow on *our* indolence the reward of *his* perseverance.'

The following observations on the *extempore* preaching, which is practised by the *saints*, are well conceived and forcibly expressed.

'The practice of preaching without the aid of a written sermon carries to the vulgar the appearance of immediate inspiration. But, in fact, nothing is more easy than to harangue an ignorant audience who sit prepared to admire what they cannot comprehend, and to approve what they do not understand. To pour out, as these men do, at random, "whatever suggests itself, without considering whither it tends, how it is connected, or to what it may be applied," is no difficult task. The difficulty, in such case, is not so much how to proceed, as when to leave off. They have a certain set of doctrines which furnish the substance of all their discourses. Like barrel-organs, they repeat, perpetually, the same airs. There may be a variation in the key, but the tunes are always the same. In truth, extempore preaching, like extempore playing, is only fit for a finished performer. The unstudied effusions of a man of genius often display more sublimity than the most deliberate efforts of less enlightened minds; but when the ignorant enthusiast begins to *extemporize*, he is only likely to produce, without study, what no one that had studied would ever have produced.'

The barrister is sometimes very happy in answering the cavils of his opponents by illustrations drawn from his professional pursuits.

'Do you really believe,' says Dr. Hawker, addressing the barrister, 'that because man by his apostasy hath lost his power, and ability to obey, God hath lost his right to command? Would you carry this kind of reasoning into common life? Put the case that you were called upon, as a barrister, to recover a debt due from one, you tell your client that his debtor was under no legal or moral obligation to pay what he had no power to do? And would you tell him that the very expectation of his just right was as foolish as it was tyrannical? Really, Sir, I should have thought your profession, as a barrister, would have taught you better.'

Before we exhibit the retort of the lawyer to the divine, we will make a few remarks on the Doctor's first interrogatory. "*Do you really believe that because man by his apostasy hath lost his power and ability to obey, God hath lost his right to command?*"—Whenever the *anti-moralists* have any tenet to defend or any favourite sophism to establish, they usually employ words of the most loose and indefinite sig-

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nification; or which may be so turned as to entrap assent before the fallacy is seen. The word *right*, which the Doctor has employed in this passage is of this indeterminate kind, to which the Doctor affixed no clear ideas himself, and did not suppose that any would readily be annexed by his readers. Besides in the full blown vanity of admiration on which the Doctor feasts every sabbath, like an alderman on turtle, he little thought that any individual would contravene his assertion of God's *right* to command under any circumstances, and in a case of incompetence as well as of ability? The reverend divine imagined that his word *right* thus attached to the idea of God, would fully establish one of the absurd doctrines of the *anti-moralists*. The Doctor did not perceive that the word right, which supposes a superior authority from which it is derived, or a power to enforce the observance, can have no reference to God. God can do every thing that his own perfect wisdom and goodness will permit. But perfect wisdom and goodness will not permit him to do any thing which is contrary to wisdom and goodness; for this would render his attributes at variance with themselves. If by God's *right* to do any thing, the Doctor means only his willingness to do what is consonant with his wisdom and goodness, we will say that God cannot, or that, in the Doctor's words, he has no *right* to command what man has no ability to obey. To issue such a command would be contrary to his attributes. It would be contrary to his nature, which is perfectly wise and good. It is therefore an impossibility. Is is a truism, that God can do any thing; but though, it may seem paradoxical, it is not less true, that God can do nothing which is not reasonable.

'I have no doubt,' says the barrister, 'but that the doctor conceived himself to have here put a case completely in point, and quite conclusive in favour of his doctrine. But that man must be a very feeble reasoner that does not instantly perceive the foolishness, as well as the fallacy, of this mode of statement. I will give my reply to these questions distinctly, and without hesitation. 'If *you knew*,' says the Doctor, 'that the debtor *had not the ability* to pay the creditor, would you tell your client that his debtor was under no legal or moral *obligation* to pay what he had *no power to do*?' Most certainly I should. Suppose A to have lent B a thousand pounds, as a capital to commence trade, and that when he purchased his stock to this amount, and lodged it in his warehouse, a fire were to break out in the next dwelling, and, extending itself to *his* warehouse, were to consume the whole of his property, and reduce him to a state of utter ruin. If A, my client, were to ask my opinion as to his right to recover from B, I should tell him that this his right would exist should B ever be in a condition to repay the sum bor-

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rowed; and that if, by any unforeseen circumstances, B should *lose it in his power*, to repay it, he would be under a *moral obligation* so to do, but that the attempt to recover a thousand pounds from a man thus reduced, by accident, to utter ruin, and who had not a shilling left in the world, would *be as foolish as it was tyrannical.*

'Again, suppose an artist to have borrowed from its possessor an original picture, by RUBENS, for the purpose of taking a copy. Can any doubt exist of his obligation to return it? None surely. But suppose him to have lodged in the first floor of the house above mentioned, and that the fire which consumed the premises, had unfortunately consumed the picture also—Will any one still assert that the artist lies under a *moral obligation* to *return* it? Does not every man's common sense perceive, that, the *power* of returning it being thus taken away, the *obligation* is gone also?—A public teacher of religion, that could produce an instance so absurd to support a doctrine so erroneous, must either wilfully attempt to impose upon others, or he must egregiously impose upon himself.'

When the *evangelical anti-moralists* are hard pushed in argument, and particularly when their adversaries are clergymen of the establishment, they usually skulk behind the rampart of the thirty-nine articles, where they think that they are secure at least from every reverend assailant. From this point of defence they hurl all the thunders of *invidious argument* against their adversaries. We know very well how much the clergy are liable to be embarrassed in their polemical disputes with the *anti-moralists*, by the pains and penalties which they are liable to incur by contradicting the articles. We have therefore often expressed a wish that those articles were either abrogated entirely, or at least divested of the unscriptural matter which they contain. But still *in disputes on scriptural topics*, THE SCRIPTURES ARE THE ONLY LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY, TO WHICH ANY APPEAL CAN BE MADE. When, therefore, the anti-moralists forsake the scriptures to take refuge in the strong hold of the articles, they virtually acknowledge that their cause is weak, when it wants such unnatural support.

The remarks of the barrister on this subject are pertinent and judicious.

'Admit for a moment—what I am very far from admitting in fact—that the pernicious principles thus disseminated in society are legitimately drawn from those articles—still those who, for the sake of distinction, claim for themselves, exclusively, the title of Gospel preachers and evangelical ministers, are bound to confirm them by that Gospel which those evangelists have left upon record. For either the doctrines which they preach are derived from the Gospel, or they are not. If they *are*, then they are capable of proof by that alone, and all reference to the articles, as authority,

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becomes superfluous. If they *are not*, then the articles can afford no conclusive evidence of the truth of any doctrine which the Gospel itself is not found to reveal, and all reference to them is therefore precluded.

'The strongest and most leading feature in the *law of evidence* is this that the best evidence the nature of the case will admit must be produced, for if it appear that better evidence might have been brought forward, the very circumstance of its being withheld furnishes suspicion that it would have prejudiced the party in whose power it was, had he produced it. When, therefore, we find these tutors of Calvinistic divinity resort for the support of their creed to the *articles*, we may be sure that the *higher evidence* fails them.'

Some persons have asserted that the Barrister, by addressing his Hints to the legislature, wished to call down legislative vengeance on the professors of those mischievous opinions which he has laboured to refute. We think that the whole tenor of his Hints is sufficient to prove that he cherishes no such wish, and harbours no such design. Truth seems his object, and the moral good of society his end. But truth he knows, is best elicited by free and unlimited discussion; and of moral good, as far as it is affected by opinions, the production must be most favoured, where no restrictions are imposed on the conflict of mind with mind, and where, though truth is combated by error, error must always finally be subverted by truth.

Where any thing like a paternal relation subsists between the government and the people, the vices of the one cannot be an object of indifference to the other. On the contrary, the moral culture of the people will be an object of paramount solicitude to such a government. With a view to this end the state instituted a rich ecclesiastical establishment, the object of which was to keep a body of men constantly employed in teaching the theory and exemplifying the practice of virtue. Whatever may be the inferior purposes to which a religious establishment may be subordinate, this is the principal. Those ecclesiastics, therefore, who do not make moral duty the prime object of their teaching, are guilty of violating the end for which their ministry was ordained. But if the moral good of the community be the object of legislative provision, we think that moral evil cannot, without the grossest inconsistency, be the object of legislative *encouragement*. But to patronize doctrines, which are diametrically hostile to the practice of virtue, and favourable to the commission of every vice, is certainly to encourage individuals to exert their utmost to destroy the moral interest of society. Now the doctrines of the *anti-moralists* are such as have a direct tendency to tear up

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virtue by the roots. Ought then the state to favour the multiplication of such men? Ought it to afford them any direct *encouragement?* Ought it to interpose in order to prevent an individual from practising a handicraft trade without serving an apprenticeship of several years, and yet suffer a man to undertake an office on which the peace, the virtue, and the happiness of society, at least in some degree, depend, without being convinced that he possesses a single requisite qualification? Is any man fit to be a teacher of religion who can just read a chapter in the Bible, and has half a crown in his pocket to pay for a licence? Yet the law seems to think that these are all the qualifications which are requisite for a pastor in the Christian fold.—Hence the most illiterate and worthless part of mankind frequently find admission into the company of *evangelical doctors;* and hence it is little wonder that instead of endeavouring to work a wholesome change in the thoughts and habits by a sanative morality, they vend only such tenets as tend to wither the branches, and canker the root of the moral principle in the human breast.

We are well convinced that opinions cannot be destroyed by persecuting the professors. But where opinions are entertained, the influence of which is morally deleterious, we do not think that any state, which regards the real and lasting happiness of its subjects, will *encourage the votaries by privileges and emoluments.*—The venders of obscene books are universally allowed to be fair objects of legal cognizance; but are the retailers of doctrines which tend to obviate every good principle, and to nurture every bad, to be the objects of political remuneration?—Ought we to suffer every illiterate babbler, who is too idle to earn his livelihood by manual exertion, to traverse the country, polluting the minds and hearts of thousands, with his anti-moral quackery?— Are we to grant a man a legal permit to sell arsenic, and call it the balm of life?

When we consider the fatal tendency of the anti-moral doctrine which is preached by the *evangelical fraternity,* we do not think that any poison can be too subtle or malignant to serve as a fit comparison to illustrate its destructive influence. The poison of the anti-moralists defies all parallel. Surely, then, the subject itself, which is so intimately connected with the virtue and happiness of the community, may well be recommended as an object of legislative consideration. And the Barrister has not done this to provoke persecution, but to excite an attention to the evil before it has become too strong to be resisted by any precautions which wisdom and virtue may suggest. It is not the mere error of opinion which it is the object of the Barrister to crush, but it is the moral disorganization of society, by the diffu-

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sion of the most destructive anti-moral tenets which it is his wish to prevent.

The evil might certainly be moderated, if not totally prevented by the adoption of some new regulations with respect to licences to preach, and by more attention to the qualifications of the applicants. As far as the moral good of society is an object of political consideration, every government may certainly without any infringement of the rights of private judgment, insist that those who set up for teachers of religion should possess the requisite qualifications. Apothecaries, surgeons, physicians, are obliged to exhibit some satisfactory proof of their capacity to discharge the duties of the profession in which they engage, before they are permitted to practice; but is the curer of souls, the moral physician, alone to be destitute of the requisite ability? Is that profession which to be properly exercised, requires most knowledge, most reflection and research, to be filled by those who possess the smallest intellectual proficiency?

'Where a man,' says the author of the Hints, 'holds a certain system of doctrines, the state is bound to tolerate, though it may not approve, them; but when he demands *a licence to teach* this system to the rest of the community, he demands that which ought not to be granted incautiously, and without grave consideration. This discretionary power is delegated in trust for the common good; and to give permission to all persons, indiscriminately, to spread doctrines destructive in their tendency to the moral interests of the public, is to act in disobedience to the public safety.'

'If an infidel should demand permission from the state to teach every where, that good works were in no wise essential towards procuring salvation hereafter—that no future punishment awaited the wicked, for that the punishment due to sinners was already suffered, and the penalty of their offences paid—that those who committed crimes in this world would be treated as righteous *by imputation* in the next, and that personal righteousness was *filthy rags*—those to whom the care of the commonwealth was entrusted would not, I apprehend, be bound to grant him *a license* to pervert the minds and corrupt the morals of the people, by publicly teaching these destructive theories. This is not *a permit* to be demanded as a matter of course. The state cannot consistently grant it. It has no authorized power, under the constitution, so to do; because it has no power to put in hazard the moral welfare of the community, whose interests are in its hands. In matters of religion, every one has a right to exercise and to enjoy his own private judgment, however weak or erroneous; but the legislature may justly withhold from any one a license to infect the *public judgment* with errors fatal to the *public interest*.

'Errors, resulting from the honest imperfection of his own reason, no man can help. The faculties of his mind may, perhaps,

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be come more mature; exercise may extend, and inquiry may enlighten them. Should exercise and inquiry fail to do this, persecution should in no wise be resorted to. Punishment is just as proper a remedy for a diseased limb as for a defective understanding. None but a fool or a tyrant would think of applying it. But, because error ought not to be *punished* by the legislature, it does not follow that it ought to be *patronised*.

'But here it will be asked—since the public must have religious teachers, who shall decide on the truth or falsehood of the doctrines they deliver? This question is too general to admit of a very precise answer, but thus much I think may be said in reply to it. The leading aim of RELIGION, and the avowed purpose for which it was revealed, was most clearly this—to teach mankind their duty to God and to each other; and the great and important object of all its *doctrines* is to furnish the highest and most powerful *motives* to the discharge of that duty. To this end, the resurrection from the dead, and a state of future rewards and punishments—the strongest incitements to human action—were placed as first truths in front of the lesson of REVELATION.—A promise of pardon is held forth to reformed penitents, and this world is represented as being a stage of preparation and a state of trial for another, in which, according as we acquit ourselves well or ill, we shall receive hereafter, from the final judge of all the earth, our recompense of reward or condemnation.—Now these are DOCTRINES that can never be too forcibly nor too frequently pressed upon our attention; and some precaution ought at least to be taken that counter-doctrines are not circulated throughout the whole extent of the kingdom, that virtually deny the existence and actually destroy the efficacy of these first and most important truths.'

One of the safest and most effectual methods of counteracting the moral gangrene which the evangelical hawkers are disseminating over the country, would be to purify the liturgy, and the articles from the polemical matter, which they contain, and to render the sanctuary of the establishment so comprehensive as to include all sects who seek the favour of God by working righteousness, and who are anxious to cultivate the blessed habit of charity and peace.—We hope that the barrister in his fourth part, which we shall be happy to see, will turn his thoughts to this important subject; and will employ his eloquence in recommending a revision of the liturgy, and a purification of the doctrines of the establishment.

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ART. V.—*Excerpta ex variis Romanis Poetis qui in Scholis varius leguntur. Notulis illustrata quas collegit in studiosæ Juventutis Usum Johannes Rogers Pitman, A.B.* Rivington. 1808.

A BOOK of this nature has long been a desideratum in our public schools. The youth there are well acquainted with the three most celebrated authors of the Augustan age: Virgil and Horace, and Ovid's Metamorphoses, bethumbed and dogs-eared, evince the constancy of their reader's affections; while Lucretius, Catullus, Persius, V. Flaccus, and others, are to the generality of the boys, as much unknown as if their poems had been written in Sanscrit.

To what cause should we attribute this strange neglect of the poets to whom we allude? Certainly not to the ignorance or want of taste in preceptors; but merely to this, that the poems of these men, though abounding in beauties, are occasionally disfigured with obscurities, indecencies, and affectation, which render them inadmissible in their entire form. We think therefore that masters of schools are exceedingly obliged to Mr. P. for a selection which will introduce to the notice of their scholars, the graces without the deformities of these neglected poets. We approve highly of the general plan of the work; but we shall beg leave to suggest a few hints, which would, we think, tend to improve a second edition of this useful book.

The first poet from whom extracts are made is Lucretius. This author, though endowed with an imagination and fire superior to Virgil, unfortunately entangled himself in the mazes of the Epicurean philosophy; and, instead of writing an epic, through a perverse love of fame and singularity, as he himself intimates, condescended to decorate the absurdities of Epicurus with all the graces which his fine fancy and most melodious verse could bestow. Who but Lucretius could have rendered a poem on such a theme even tolerable? But he rises superior to the difficulties of his subject, and shakes them from him 'as dewdrops from the lion's mane.'

The selections from Lucretius are judiciously made, but are too scanty. We could easily mention a great variety of passages of equal beauty with those extracted, but shall content ourselves with pointing out a very few, which we would recommend for insertion in a future edition. The first is, when the philosophical poet derides very sensibly that superstition which worshipped the earth as a goddess, and at the same time gives a very entertaining account of its

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origin and progress. It is in the second book. It is much too long to be quoted here. It begins,

'Principio tellus habet in se corpora prima.'

and ends,

'Esse deûm matrem, dum re non sit tamen ipsa.'

We also recommend the twenty-nine concluding lines of the same book, not for their philosophy, for that is beneath contempt, but for the excellence of the verse, particularly of the nine last lines, which are no mean instance of that power of pathetic expression which this poet so eminently possessed. We beg leave to present them to the notice of the scholar.

'Jamque caput quassans grandis suspirat arator
Crebrius incassùm magnum cecidisse laborem:
Et cum tempora temporibus præsentia confert
Præteritis, laudat fortunas sæpe parentis:
Et crepat, antiquum genus ut pietate repletum
Perfacilè angustis tolerarit finibus ævum,
Cum minor esset agri multo modus ante viritim:
Nec tenet, omnia paulatim tabescere, et ire
Ad scopulum spatio ætatis defessa vetusto.'

The next are those beautiful verses in which he enumerates the evils of the vices which arise from a servile fear of death. Faber, who was no common critic, for he had taste as well as learning, knows not how to praise them enough. They begin 'Et metus ille foras,' and end at 'naturæ species ratioque. Or the last nine lines might be omitted as they occur in another place. There are also about a hundred lines toward the end of the fourth book in which are forcibly depicted the evil effects of illicit love, and which might with the greatest propriety be snatched from the vile indecency which surrounds them; but this we leave to Mr. P.'s discretion, and shall point out but one more passage which is in an earlier part of the same book. Lucretius is giving an account of dreams: we recommend this portion, not merely for the verse, but because it will give the young scholar a good idea of the method of reasoning which this disciple of Epicurus adopted, unmixed with any of that impiety which so frequently disgraces his poem. Begin at,

'Et quoi quisque fere studio,'

and end,

'Totum prope faucibus occupat amnem.'

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The next in order in this volume are the amatory triumvirate, Catullus, Propertius, and Tibullus. Of the first and last of these, it is not easy to speak with too high praise: but of Propertius we think very differently, and we shall state our reasons for it presently. Catullus was one of those unfortunate men of genius, who though enabled by nature to think and to express his thoughts with the most refined delicacy, could stoop to pollute his page with impurities of which the meanest and basest understanding would be ashamed. But happily there are still extant several poems of the most exquisite and unmixed beauty, and some of these Mr. P. has very properly selected, but we must beg leave to draw his attention to a few others which we think ought not to have been omitted. These are the 11th Ode, omitting the last stanza but one, the 33d, the 44th, the nuptial hymn, (60th) part of that beautiful elegiac epistle to Manlius, (66th,) part of the lamentation of Atys, and perhaps the 74th and 106th poems. And beside, those odes or rather epigrams in which Catullus manifests a power of satire superior both in strength and point to any Roman satirist, viz. the 20th, 21st, 37th, and 50th, omitting here and there a few indelicate lines which we shall not insult Mr. P.'s understanding by pointing out. We regret that so little has been extracted from the simple and elegant Tibullus. Mr. P. will excuse us for suggesting a small addition to the number. These are the 4th, and 7th, of the 2d book, of the 3d, 4th, and 13th elegies of the 4th. We will not waste time in enumerating the particular beauties of each of these poems, but we entreat Mr. P. to re-peruse them, and we have no doubt that he will subscribe to our opinion that they ought to accompany their brethren in his next edition. We come now to Propertius; and we really felt no little astonishment not unmixed with disgust to see so many poems of this noble versifier staring us in the face. We are convinced, that in making so ample a selection from this poet, Mr. P. did not act from the suggestions of his own judgment, but in deference to those commentators who in their gratitude have heaped praises on a poet whose perpetual and obscure allusions have afforded them such frequent opportunities of displaying their own learning to advantage. After impartially reading his elegies, we should be strangely puzzled to point out one passage of superior merit. We know not what excellencies he possesses; but we well know those which he has not; and these are, nature, ease, tenderness, simplicity, conciseness of expression, perspicuous arrangement; to which essential requisites of elegiac poetry, he has no pretension His only excellence is his versification, which is the

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excellence of the age in which he lived, and not his own. He is of about equal rank with the Sheffields and Halifaxes of English poetry, and his pedantic songs deserved all the scorn with which the pouting lips and scowling eyes of contemptuous beauty ever poured on a whining and rhyme-scribbling lover.

Persius next comes before us: his obscurities have called down the angry invectives of many a critic. The contemptuous sentence of St. Hieronymus is well known: nor was the mighty Scaliger less severe in his animadversions on this difficult poet: but to their censures we may oppose the approbation of the learned Casaubon, and in more modern times, the admiration of Boileau and Addison, men who if not equally learned certainly possessed taste equal to any of the above mentioned scholars. Mr. P. has given us the fifth satire of this author, which is the longest and is generally accounted the best: but we think the second equally entitled to insertion. For purity of thought it has no equal in the whole range of Roman poetry; and for perspicuity of expression we think it exceeded by no satire of the same poet. The five last lines are really golden. We submit also to Mr. P. whether he might not with the greatest propriety extract thirty or forty lines from the third satire, beginning at the 60th line. 'Est aliquid quo tendis, &c.' The satire is poignant, and the moral excellent; and the diction has very little obscurity. Seneca, who stands next, is a poor inflated writer of the lower order; and his inferiority is more especially manifest, when he measures a lance with the simple and natural Euripides. In the Medea and Hippolytus, though he had that excellent model to direct him, how egregiously has he failed! Medea in Euripides with all her atrocity is a woman, she has occasional fits of remorse; she shews some natural affections; in Seneca she is a mere fiend. Phædra in Euripides, is at first properly struck with horror when reflecting on her criminal love; and has all the trembling shame of a delicate woman, shrinking at the idea of an incestuous passion which she cannot conquer; not so in Seneca. There the lady speaks out and makes love with all the unblushing unreserve of the wife of Potiphar. From such an author some will think that no extracts should have been made; but when we consider that Seneca is the only Roman tragic writer, he becomes valuable as a curiosity, and for this reason alone deserves notice. We approve of Mr. P.'s judgment in his selections from this writer; but we will recommend an addition of two passages from the Octavia. We are aware that Farnaby ascribes this tragedy, which he calls languidam Octaviam, to some

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poetaster who belonged to that school in which 'Declamation roared while passion slept,' or as he forcibly enough expresses it, poetastro cuipiam e declamatorculorum scholâ. Now we think this less applicable to the Octavia than to any of the others, certainly less than to the Medea, Hippolytus and Thebais. And we shall direct Mr. P.'s notice to two passages which he may perhaps esteem worthy to accompany those already inserted. The first is a portion of the third scene of the first act, line 100 down to 137. Octavia there gives a very pathetic enumeration of her sorrows, and describes with more feeling than Seneca usually infuses into s his characters, the disgust and horror which she feels at her association with the brutal and murderous Nero. The other passage is the latter part of the speech of the Chorus in the same act, and contains a very forcible description of the death of Agrippina, the emperor's mother. From the few extracts which Mr. P. has made from Lucan, we perceive that he is no favourite with the selector. This certainly evinces his good taste. But Lucan, though an injudicious writer, is by no means to be condemned. Considering the age in which he lived, and the very early period at which he died, his poem must excite our warmest admiration. Who does not love the generous youth who, in those corrupted times, could venture to praise the upright and independent Cato? and who does not revere that exalted mind which has dictated precepts of virtue worthy of far riper years? We must call Mr. P.'s attention to one passage far superior, in our opinion, to any which he has selected. It is the episode of the heroic Vallerius, and his little gallant cohort," the strain indeed is of a higher mood."

Begin,

'Tum sic adtonitam, venturaque fata paventem

to

'Sed virtus te sola daret.' Lib. 4. 474 line to 581.

We hope also that Mr. P. will give a few more extracts from the very elegant epic fragment of V. Flaccus, for instance the presentation of the infant Achilles to his father in the first book. Medea's opening affection for Jason, in the sixth, her soliloquy at the beginning of the eighth, and her mother's lamentation at her flight in the same book. The extracts from Silius Italicus, Statius, Ausonius, and Claudian, are very judiciously made. Perhaps, however, he might have admitted the Genethliaca of Statius. Martial, we think, when stripped of his indecencies, a very proper author for the perusal of youth at school. His Latinity is terse and pure, and he will give them a neat and ingenious way of expressing themselves.

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Juvenal we believe an author pretty familiar to boys at most schools, and therefore we think it was not necessary to select any of his satires: but if it is, we would certainly beg Mr. P. to add the 8th and 13th to those already selected.

Mr. P. has illustrated the passages which he has selected, by some very useful notes derived from the best commentators. He has also enriched his volume with some short biographical and critical details. His judgment respecting their merits, is generally correct; and the errors, whether of style or thought, which deform the writings of some of them, are shown with considerable discrimination.

ART. VI.— *Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney, and the surrounding Country, by Isaac Weld, Esq. M.R.I.A.*

NO kind of writing seems at present so gratifying to public taste as pure description of rural scenery. The art of landscape-painting which has lately made such rapid advances towards perfection, and become so fashionable throughout the island, has turned the minds of many to the contemplation of external nature, who formerly lived in utter ignorance of all her beauties. These persons, being shut up in towns and cities, are prevented by situation from frequently gratifying their fondness for the charms of the country, and consequently seize with avidity, every work descriptive of objects whose real presence it is not in their power to enjoy. It thus happens that numberless tours, journals, sketches, observations, and illustrations overspread the land. Of these few can possess any merit, for it is scarcely possible that a man of genius would condescend to write for the false and sickly appetites of people who long after enjoyments of which their souls from previous habit and education have been rendered incapable. The writers of whom we now speak are therefore in general as ignorant as their readers, and are admired in proportion as they are objects of derision and contempt.

We said that no man of genius would write a book of the kind now alluded to, and the reason is this, that the principle on which such books are written is absurd. The exact representation of visible objects can never be created in the mind by the mere power of words. The pencil alone can give the real image of external nature. All written descriptions, therefore, that pretend to give a portrait of the scene, are vague, ineffectual, and false. This observation does not apply to descriptive poetry, which depends altogether upon

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different principles. Her object is to awaken in the soul a beautiful image of beauty that *may* exist. She does not paint this mountain, this valley or this lake. She does not speak to the outward eye but to the inmost heart, and her fairy voice transports the soul to some delightful region where all that is fair and lovely in nature is assembled. But this cannot be done in prose—it is the duty and privilege of poetry.

Is there nothing then for the prose-writer to describe in external nature? We answer, nothing. Merely to say what our eyes have seen actually existing requires no talents and can bestow no delight. This is all, however, that a man can do, who possesses no poetical genius. The pleasure also which he derives from the contemplation of nature, can, when described, produce no pleasure in another. It is true that the very names of hills, and woods, and torrents delight those whom their realities delight. So far, therefore, writers of this kind may please in spite of themselves—but it is plain that, after all, the reader creates his own enjoyment. Fully to illustrate this doctrine it would be necessary to inquire into the sources of feeling connected with visible objects—and into the established principles of true descriptive poetry. This we intend to do on a future occasion and therefore now turn our attention to Mr. Weld, whose work furnishes a strong argument in support of our theory.

If, instead of the Irish names of places, Scottish ones were introduced, Mr. Weld's descriptions of Killarney would do as well for a Loch Lomond, and another slight variation of the same kind would convert them into equally good pictures of the English lakes. The same book might thus be sold in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh as a different performance, and Mr. Weld's fame widely diffused as the topographer general of the united kingdom.

His reasons for publishing this ponderous tome are not very distinctly stated. He says 'that the scenery of Killarney has hitherto remained very imperfectly known,' and in support of this assertion adds with singular acuteness, 'in every account of Ireland its extraordinary beauty has been dwelt upon, it has been the theme of the poet and has afforded subjects for a great variety of engravings.' He then says that he thought it right to accompany his plates with written descriptions,' because engravings leave the mind ignorant of the component parts of a landscape;' where this ignorance exists there seems little hope of its being removed by any description of Mr. Weld, but the truth is, that landscape painting is valuable from performing better than poetry that which is here represented beyond its sphere.

We shall indulge our readers with a few specimens of this

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work, and inform them at the same time that they may peruse the whole for the moderate sum of two guineas. The author thus decribes the cascade of Turk.

'After heavy rains a vast body of water *descends down* the *precipice which* covers the face of the *rock* with a sheet of *white foam*. The sides of the chasm are thickly planted with *larch trees*, which it might be supposed from the rapidity of their growth had found a soil as congenial to their nature as that of the Alps or Appenines. As yet these trees have not acquired the picturesque attire of age, but when they arrive at maturity, and are bowed down by the storm, their appearance must heighten the enchantment of the scene. The eye of fancy will perhaps imagine that it already beholds their withered arms gray with lichens extended athwart the dark rocks, whilst the parent stem, prostrated in the flood, lies contending with the impetuosity of the current.'

In this extract we find the author mentioning as a characteristic of one waterfall, an appearance that must belong to every other, and he concludes with stating a circumstance which cannot exist till after the lapse of ages.

Our author is so delighted with his success in describing the cascade of Turk, that his mind begins to revel and luxuriate in the wanton liberty of imagination, and at last gives birth to the following most important moral truths.

'The same prospects, it is true, may be more readily commanded by proceeding in a boat along the shore, and occasionally landing, but the pleasure they afford under the different circumstances of a deliberate approach from the water, or of an adventurous ramble through the woods, varies considerably. In the one case the person advances, aware in some measure of what he is to behold in the other the views burst upon him unforseen, and produce an additional pleasure from the unexpectedness of their appearance.

'In this, as in other instances where the object is of higher import, the pleasure arising from the attainment of our desire, is often lessened by anticipation during the moments of pursuit.'

At Mucross Abbey Mr. Weld deems it expedient to moralize upon the effects of monastic institutions, and he finally draws these most consistent conclusions from premises that warrant neither.

'These places were the asylums of men who, voluntarily renouncing the seducing pleasures of this world, devoted themselves to the services of religion and charity;' immediately he adds 'the philosophical mind triumphs at the dissolution of these institutions.'

As a descriptive and moral writer Mr. Weld certainly cannot claim a very high place. But the numerous engravings

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with which this volume is embellished, are eminently beautiful, and reflect honour on the names of Byrne, Middiman, Landseer, &c &c.

ART. VII.—*A Grammar of the Greek Tongue, on a new Plan. By John Jones. Second edition.* 12mo. *pp.* 335. Longman. 1808.

THE art of grammar, says a critic of singular sagacity and erudition, has been rather impeded than advanced by the labours of grammarians. This has been particularly the case with the Greek language, in most of the grammars of which the attention is distracted with a multiplicity of rules which are themselves involved in a labyrinth of anomalies and distinctions. The grammars, which are most generally in use, were composed by men who had no knowledge of the principles of the human mind, and who could not trace the habits of expression to those habits of thought, which originate in the intellectual constitution of man. The grammars, indeed, of all languages, must draw their rules from the general practice; and in languages which are no longer spoken, that practice can be ascertained only from written documents.

Though languages when they come to be examined seem, like some great and orderly structure, to have been formed according to a regular method, yet they have originally arisen rather out of fortuitous and occasional contrivance, than uniform and premeditated plan. Fortuitous use has by constant repetition, been indurated into habit. But though language is not originally formed according to any preconceived plan, or established rules, yet its structure and its combinations are, though imperceptibly, influenced by certain principles which exist in the human mind. Hence, though languages are formed without rule, they are found, when formed, to be susceptible of rules. Grammatical rules are conclusions drawn from the general practice of any language, but this practice is itself agreeable to an invisible rule, or to some established order of ideas in the human mind. If forms and modifications of language depend on custom, yet custom is influenced by analogy. The philosophy of the human mind will often enable us to explain how the custom originates; and thus, the art of grammar may be illustrated by metaphysical sagacity and research.

'Duplex omnino,' says a most acute philologist and grammarian, 'grammatici officium est, alterum, ut, quæ necessaria sint cujuscumque

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linguæ, et ab ipsâ natura constitutæ partes, bene intelligat, alterum, at quâ ratione ea, quam explicandam sibi sumpsit, lingua istis partibus usa sit, easque conformârit, probe habeat perspectum. In utrâque re a plerisque videmus vehementer erratum esse, quum nunc ea, quæ in linguarum explicatione ad philosophiam pertinent, non satis callerent, nunc ea, quæ experientia diuturnoque usu colligenda sunt, parum cognovissent, nunc denique simul in utroque genere male essent versati. Quorum errores sine immodestia ab nobis reprehendi arbitramur, siquidem eorum partim illis temporibus vixerunt, quibus hoc philosophiæ lumen, qu- nunc utimur, nondum erat literis admotum, partim autem levitate atque inertiâ suâ justam reprehensionem meriti sunt. Nam ut parcendum debilitati sit, adversus segnitiem et levitatem male fueris clemens, quæ non naturæ sunt, sed animi vitia. Ac pleræque res multo minus sunt, quam putantur difficiles, si quis ad eas patefaciendas strenue accedat, neque aut deterreri se specie difficultatis patiatur, aut mirum quantam se egisse censeat, si aliquid lucis hic illic attulerit. Nam ii demum litteris vere prosunt, qui non ante desistunt, quam penitus unamquamque rem exhausisse se intelligant.' Herman de emendand. rat. Gr. Gram.

We believe that those, who peruse this grammar of Mr. Jones, will be convinced that he possesses in a eminent degree those qualifications which are deemed essential to a good grammarian in the above passage; and that he is well acquainted with the principles of general grammar, and with the particular genius and idiom of that language, on which he has thrown much light in the present performance. Indeed this grammar of Mr. Jones is evidently the product of a mind of vigorous and highly cultivated powers. It proves him to unite the profound research of an etymologist, with the discriminating taste of a critic, and the enlarged views of a philosopher. We shall now let Mr. Jones himself explain the plan which he endeavoured to execute in the composition of this grammar, as well as its distinguishing peculiarities.

'The principles which distinguish this grammar, are such as were suggested by a study of the oriental tongues, especially of the Hebrew. The latter language is known by all competent judges to be the mother of the Greek. It cannot, therefore, be deemed surprising, that the origin of those qualities which characterise the child, can be found only in the constitution of the parent. Proceeding on this ground, the writer, conformably to the system of the great grammarian of our age, has traced the definitives, the prepositions, and many of the particles, to Hebrew nouns or verbs: and from those roots has deduced a primary signification, into which are resolvable all their figurative or secondary senses, however numerous and complicated.

'By considering the Greek terms, as existing in their primitives,

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and before they were modified by Greek terminations, the author has, moreover, been able to ascertain the exact meaning *of the cases:* and the application of their meaning, thus ascertained, to the Syntax of the language, forms another peculiar feature in the character of this Grammar.

'The Hebrew tongue, on account of its high antiquity, holds forth to the philosophical inquirer into the origin of language, the several steps which the human mind adopted in the formation of speech. Among these steps the following is worthy of notice. Words, denoting active qualities, *i.e.* those ideas which the mind acquires by reflecting on its own operations in given circumstances; are no other than the names of the *subject* and *agent* in the same circumstances, combined into one term; in other words, *verbs* are the names of sensible objects, with the personal pronouns annexed to them.

'This principle, suggested by the Hebrew, is applied to the Greek: and hence all the variety of terminations belonging to the Greek verb, which, by their vast number, load the memory, and retard the efforts of the learner, are reduced to six pronouns. The same principle has enabled the author to resolve the two classes of verbs, in ω and in μι, into one common form; to account for the origin of the active, passive, and middle voices, and to assign to the two last the cause of their peculiar signification.

'This principle, eminently useful in a grammatical light, is yet more so in another point of view. Terms, denoting active or abstract qualities, as having no prototype corresponding to them in nature, a reference to which might serve to define and perpetuate their signification, are liable to endless fluctuations and misconceptions. But this is not the case with the names of sensible objects. These, continuing much the same in all ages and countries, convey, when impressed on the organs of sense, accurate ideas of themselves; and thus in general render the meaning of their terms correct and invariable, though transfused from one language to another. In order then to fix the primary sense of a verb, it is only necessary to have recourse to the noun whence it is derived: and what cannot be established by this mean, is likely to be effected by recurring to the primitive term, as existing in one of the Oriental dialects.'

The syntax in most Greek grammars consists of a confused heap of observations, in which we in vain look for any thing like clear method or philosophical arrangement.—The observations themselves seem to have been taken from the common-place work of the writers, without any regard to certain general principles to which the varieties of construction might be referred, or from which they might be deduced. Herman in his book "de emendandâ ratione Græcæ grammaticæ," p. xiii. says,—

'Hujuscemodi observationes quibus nunc fere constat Græca syn-

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taxis, aptiores lexicis, quam doctrinæ grammaticæ sunt. Nam quæ vere syntaxis dici mereatur, ea in quosdam locos describenda est, ut tanquam e fontibus suis singula constructionum genera repeti possint. Quamquam in hoc quoque genere magna cautio adhibenda erit, ne usus diversarum ætatum gentiumque immo etiam diversorum scriptorum, unius gentis ætatisque confundatur.'

We think that that part of Mr. Jones's grammar which is confined to the syntax, is very happily laboured. It is not encumbered with rules; but the rules which are given, are clearly expressed and copiously exemplified.—The author indeed has not delineated the varieties of construction which were prevalent in different ages and nations, or in different periods in the same.

In chap. vii. on the *voices*, *moods*, and *tenses*, we meet with many acute and ingenious observations. We will select one of these.

'The *first aorist*, if its signification corresponded with the name, should denote *time unlimited*, i. e. express those propositions which, being universally true, know not the distinctions of time. And it is sometimes employed to convey this sense. *This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased*, εν ᾧ εὐδοκησα, not meaning I am well pleased *now*, in opposition to the past or the future, but in whom I am *at all times* well pleased. Longinus thus beautifully describes the effect of the sublime in composition; but the sublime seasonably introduced, like a whirlwind, scatters all things, and exhibits in one view the collective power of the speaker.' Υψος δε που καιριως εξενεχθεν τα τε πραγματα, δικην σκηπτου, διεφρησεν και την του ῥητορος ευθυς αθροαν ενδειξατο δυναμιν. Sect. 1. —διεφρησεν—ενδειξατο put in the first aorist not, as Pearce erroneously supposes, to express the *instantaneousness* or *force* of the sublime, but to shew that this is its effect *universally*, in all times and in all circumstances. Toupe, following Grævius and Casaubon, renders them, *solet disjicere et patefacere*, which, though nearer to the truth, feebly conveys the power of the tense.'

In chap. viii. Mr. Jones explains the syntax of prepositions.—In this part of his work, he displays no ordinary portion of etymological penetration.—We will adduce one or two instances.

1. Υπο (from the Hebrew תחת, ab, *a stem* or *root*; and as the root is underneath the tree or plant springing from it, the primary sense of ὑπο is) UNDER. Υπο governs the genitive, the dative, and the accusative; ὑπο ασπιδος, *under a shield*; ὑπο μητρι, *under a mother*; ὑπο νομον, *under a law*.

Farther, the root of a tree is the cause or instrument of its growth: hence ὑπο with a noun after it in the genitive or dative case, expresses the *cause*, *agent*, or *instrument*, of the action specified in

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the same clause: *And they were baptised in the Jordan by him,* ὑπ' αυτου, *he being the cause of their baptism.* Υπο τῃ ποιησει επῃνειτο, *He was praised by means of his poetry—he was praised, the cause of his praise was his poetry.*

'Finally, as a root shoots upwards so as to appear above the ground, ὑπο is sometimes to be rendered *from under;* and is applied to things which are disengaged from others under which, as it were, they lay. Thus, ὑποζευγου ελυσεν ἱππους, *he loosened the horses from under the yoke.*'

Mr. Jones derives

'Επι (from the Hebrew עַל, epi, *a branch.* And as a branch grows upon the stem, it hence signifies) UPON. Επι governs the genitive, the dative, and the accusative.

'*Jesus came from Galilee to John upon the Jordan,* επι τον Ἰορδανον, meaning, *upon the banks of the Jordan.* It has sometimes the genitive or dative when connected with a verb of motion; because the Greeks considered the place to which a person tended, not merely as the object of his attention, but as a motive in his mind, and giving birth to his motion. Επι της χωρης βαδιζειν, *to walk upon (towards) the country.* Επι ναυσιν ελαυνειν, *to drive the horses upon (towards) the ships.*

'The noun following επι always expresses the thing which is under, and supports that which precedes it, as the stem of a tree is under and supports the branches. Hence επι, in a metaphorical sense, expresses the relation of one consequence or effect to another, which is its cause, and, as it were, the basis supporting it. Thus, οἱ επι εξουσιας, *those upon power,* i.e. *those men in power.* Αφιεμεν σε επι τουτῳ, *we dismiss thee upon this condition—this condition is the ground upon which we dismiss thee.* Ουκ αλλῳγε μαχεσσαιμεσθα επ' αεθλῳ, *we will not contend upon any other prize—we will not contend, any other prize being the ground of our contention.* Εφ' ἡμιν ὑπαρχει, *it is upon us,* i.e. *it is in our power.*

'He, who is upon his adversary, is *against* him; Επι Τρωεσσι μαχεσθαι, *to fight upon the Trojans,* i.e. *so to fight as to beat them down and trample them under feet.* Επειρατο τους Αθηναιους της επ' αυτον οργης απολυειν, *he attempted to relieve the Athenians of their anger upon him,* i.e. *soften the anger of the Athenans against him.*'

Mr. J. deduces the various significations of Περι from the Arabic פרע, pera, *eminence or summit;* of Αμφ, from the Arabic אנף, ampho, *the forepart, the face, the part turned to another,* and hence denoting *respecting, about, concerning.*

But that part of this grammar which the author appears to have laboured with the greatest success is ch. ix. on the *origin of verbs.* Here Mr. Jones may fairly contend for the palm of learning, of penetration, and research with any of his predecessors. We should do an injustice to Mr. Jones

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and a dis service to our readers if we did not extract liberally from this chapter of his instructive performance.

'First, verbs were originally the names of things, and received their character as verbs from association. Secondly, every verb consists of a pronoun, expressing an agent, and of a noun, or the substitute of a noun, expressing an object. Thirdly, the terminations, ω, εις, ει, ετον, ομεν, ετε, ουσι, or, εμι, ες, εσι, ετον, εμεν, ετε, εσι, were originally the personal pronouns, and from these, with the changes which they underwent, have proceeded all the variations of person, mood, tense, number, and voice. From the rise and progress of the Greek verb in these respects, may be explained many peculiarities which cannot otherwise be accounted for. The first person ω is, as has already been observed, a fragment of εγω. By the same analogy that εγω becomes εμε, verbs in ω are changed into μι; as ναω, ιστημι. The first person optative, even in verbs in ω, conforms to the same analogy—τυπτοιμι, which originated in τυπτειμι, though obsolete. From this source the Latins have borrowed the final m—amabam. The second person in Hebrew is ת *tha*, a fragment of אתה *ate thou*. Hence the Ionians formed this person in θα—οισθα, *thou knowest*, ησθα, *thou wast*. The above fragment consisting of the consonant *th* or *t* only, was corrupted into *s*. Hence, the second person in every tense of the active voice terminates in *s*, with ε or α short preceding—τιθε-ες. The subjunctives ι υ form no part of the original pronouns, but were inserted, as is often the case, to lengthen the preceding vowel, as τυπτεις for τυπτες. The third pronoun in Hebrew is הוא *hoe*, which in English is the parent of *he*, and in Greek of ἑ. This, with the subjunctive ι, forms the third person—τυπτει. To the original ε the Ionians added σι. Thus in verbs in μι, τιθεεσι, or τιθησι, for τιθη; and in the subjunctive of verbs in ω, we have ελθησι for ελθη. In Arabic, the ordinal of *two* is *tan*. Hence the Greek dual τον or την—τυπτετον, *they two beat*. The personal terminations in the plural are all formed from the singular. Thus εμε, by the analogy of the third declension is εμες, and in this form it was used by the Doric, the most ancient dialect of Greece—τυπτομες, ετυψαμες, *we beat*. In the common tongue, the final *s* became corrupted into ν. The second plural is the same in its origin with that of the singular ת τα or τε—τυπτετε, and the third plural is the same with the third singular, differently contracted, τιθεεσι, τιθησι, τιθεισι. The third of verbs in ω is formed from the third of those in μι, with the subjunctive υ annexed—τυπτεσι, τυπτευσι, which is the Æolic form, and hence, in the common tongue, τυπτουσι. The vowel ε, not only in single instances, but whole classes of words, is converted into ο. Thus in the formation of nouns from verbs, τεμνω, *to cut*, τομη, *section*; in forming the perfect middle, πειθω, πεποιθα, and sometimes the perfect active, βρεχω, βεβροχα; in forming circumflex, from other verbs, τρεμω, τρομεω; τειρω, τορεω; by corruption in single words, οδοντες, εδοντες, *dentes*, γονυ, *genu*. On the same principle, the Æolic ουσι became ουσι in the third plural of the common tongue. The model of the imperfect in verbs in μι is,

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εν, ες, ε, ετον, ετην, εμεν, ετε, εσαν. This, by changing ε into ο, in some of the persons gave birth to that of verbs in ω in the same tense, ον, ες, ε, ετον, ετην, ομεν, ετε, οσαν. The first person in Hebrew is אני *eni*, I, and the third plural is Persian אישן *aesan, they*. The more ancient form was οσαν, or εσαν, and not ον. Hence we read ηλθοσαν, but in the common tongue οσαν is contracted into ον—ετυπτοσαν, ετυπτον.'

'The passive voice is formed by combining the subject of discourse with a personal pronoun in the oblique case: thus οικοσμαι, *house for me*, which do not, as before, coalesce as a subject with an agent; but as a subject with the person to whom it belongs, and for whom it is intended. Hence their combination came to convey the idea, *I am housed* or *built*: for the auxiliary *am* serves only, to assert that *built* or *housed* belongs to the pronoun preceding it, and to cement their union in the mind as subject and predicate. In the same manner, if σοι, τοι be annexed to the word, οἶκος, we have οικος σοι, οικος τοι, *house for thee, house for him*. And these contractions, by slight changes, became οικιζομαι, οικιζεσαι, οικιζεται, *I am built, thou art built, he is built.*'

'In the infancy of language, while words were yet scanty, the most natural way, whereby a writer or speaker might give an additional force to his discourse, was to *repeat* such terms as he wished to render *emphatic*. The more ancient any language is, the more numerous appear the traces of such repetitions; and next to the Hebrew, they form a remarkable feature in the Greek tongue. Thus μαω μαω *I desire desire*, blended into one word, become μιαιμαω, and mean *I greatly desire*. βαω βαω, *I walk walk*, βιβαω, *I stride*; βαμβαινω, *I speak fast, stammer*, i. e. *cease to speak from speaking fast*; παμφαινω, *I shine brightly*, from φαινω φαινω; πεφονεω, (by contraction πεφνω,) *I kill completely*, from φονεω; τηταω, *I much injure*, from ταω ταω; λιλαιω, *I greatly wish*, from λαιω λαιω; εγρηγορεω, *I am vigilant*, from εγειρω εγειρω, *I stir stir*. From this account it follows: 1. That the *augment* is only the remains of a verb *doubled*, in order to augment the sense. 2. This augment takes place in the *present tense*, as well as in the imperfect, as ταινω, τιταινω; κληγω, κεκληγω; θημι, τιθημι. 3. That the augment of the imperfect, and of the aorists, is but a corruption still more remote, of the reduplication; and that the dialect, which prefixes a consonant to the vowel, like the perfect, such as πεπληγοντο, for επληγοντο, is the more ancient usage, and comes nearer to the primitive simplicity of the language. 4. The augment is applied to the first and second futures; and the effect of it is to increase the signification of the verb; τυψω, τετυψω, κεκραξομαι, *I will loudly* or *soon cry*; κεκαμω, *I shall be greatly fatigued*. 5. The form called by grammarians *paulo-post-futurum*, is not a dictinct tense, but the first future middle augmented; τισομαι, τετισομαι, τυψομαι, τετυψομαι. 6. The augment of the Perfect comes nearer to the original reduplication than that of any other tense, which is preserved still more distinctly in the augment of verbs beginning with vowels—ολ-ωλα, οπ-ωπα, and the like. By the analogy which obtained among the Ionians, of

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changing ν with its concomitant vowel into α, the imperfect form τετυπτον or τετυφον, probably came the perfect τετυπα, τετυφα. The third person plural would then be τετυφασαν. Hence the Bœotians used τετυφαν. The Dorians write τετυφαντι, which in the common tongue is softened into τετυφασι. The simple and natural way of forming the perfect, was to give it the characteristic of the present, to which it has the closest affinity in sense, τυπω, τετυπα ; λεγω, λελογα. But from the facility with which letters of the same organs are changed for one another, τετυπα became τετυφα, and λελογα, λελεχα. Hence τετυπα and λελογα, which are improperly called the perfect middle, seem the original perfect, and what is called the perfect active, became so by corruption. And as there is no foundation for the difference in fact, there is none in signification. When, from whatever cause, κ was adopted as the characteristic of the perfect, it prevailed in verbs, which still retained the characteristic of the present —πειθω, πεποιθα, πεπικα. The distinction, therefore, of perfect middle and perfect active, is a fiction of grammarians, founded on the interchange of similar consonants, or the blind impulse of analogy.'

These specimens will prove that Mr. Jones possesses no common share of Grecian literature and of philological talent; and that his Grammar is well calculated to supply what was much wanting, an easy, perspicuous, and rational introduction to the knowledge of the most copious and polished language that ever existed in any period of the world.

ART. VIII.—*John de Lancaster. A Novel. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. In 3 vols.* 12*mo.* 1*l.* 1*s.* Lackington. 1809.

WHEN the Nestor of modern literature, who has already outlived three generations of poets and philosophers, the friend and companion of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, whose recollection can convey him back almost to the days of Pope and Addison, enters the field again with forces unimpaired, and condescends to wield his pen for the entertainment and instruction of another rising age, criticism is disarmed, and even envy "smooths her wrinkled front." We, who have been apt to value ourselves on the fullness of our wigs, and mature respectability of our deportment, shrink, by his side, into mere sixth-form monitors, and feel ourselves possessed of just as much authority to call him before the bar of our *shcool-boy* tribunal, as, at the age of sixteen, we had to inquire into the conduct of our parents or guardians.

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Still less do we think it our duty strictly to analyze the sources of the very high pleasure which we have derived from Mr. Cumberland's present gift, because it must be extremely difficult, and if it were less so might be ungracious, to ascertain how much of that pleasure legitimately belongs to the book itself, and how much arises from our veneration for the author. With regard to the most prominent feature of the composition, for instance, it is not at all easy to say how far we are interested by it in the conduct of the story, and how far from the insight which it affords into the character of him whom Goldsmith so happily delineated,

> 'The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
> The flattering painter, who made it his care
> To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are;
> Whose gallants are all faultless, whose women divine,
>
> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> Whose fools have their follies so lost, in a croud
> Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
> ——————————Who, vainly directing his view
> To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
> Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
> Grew lazy at last, and drew from himself.'

The tale now before us has nothing to do with John of Gaunt, any more than with the brother of Henry the fifth; though for an account of one or other of those illustrious personages, we had so fully made up our minds from the title-page that we were quite startled at opening with the following sentence.

'On the 1st of March, 1751, Robert de Lancaster, a native of North-Wales, and grandfather of my hero, had assembled his friends and neighbours to celebrate, according to custom, the anniversary of their tutelary saint.

The book thus commencing with, we will not say a disappointment, but a surprize, continues, throughout, to deceive and baffle the expectations of the reader. Big, to all appearance, with the usual incidents of romance, with extraordinary changes of fortune, and the consequent alternations of the human passions, the promise of a wonderful birth constantly dies away at the moment of parturition. It seems as if the amiable writer having been seduced by the usual practice of novelists to carry his hero to the verge of adversity and affliction, suddenly felt his sensibilities roused in favour of the creature of his imagination, as for a being of flesh and

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blood, and finding the helpless innocent completely in his power, could not prevail on himself to exert that power otherwise than for his happiness. Accordingly, not only are all principal characters of the piece endowed with hearts overflowing with the milk of benevolence and affection, but they are also exempted from the common lot of frail mortality, their lives affording a direct contradiction, to the sacred truth, that "man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards." As for the bad characters which it was necessary to introduce by way of relief to the good, they even afford additional evidence of the "gentleness of spirit" which dictated the composition of our tale, since they are so *monstrously* bad, so totally unredeemed by any shade of virtue, that we are persuaded no writer, acquainted like Mr. Cumberland with all the intricacies and inconsistencies of the human mind, would have daubed his portraits with one unvarying black, from any other motive than that of repugnance to the pain of discriminating at all where black must be the prevailing colour.

Philip de Lancaster, the son of the old gentleman first introduced to the reader, and father of the hero, is almost the only character of the piece to whom neither of the foregoing remarks applies. He is placed (like Mahomet's tomb) half way between virtue and vice, precisely in that point of the mortal atmosphere, if any such there be, which is totally void of either. This personage is, indeed, as far as we can recollect, entirely original; and would, on that account be entitled to confer considerable praise on the painter, were it not for a suspicion that it belongs more to the class of caricature than that of faithful portraiture.

But the view in which this work will be regarded with most interest, and in which it is probable the author meant it should be so regarded, is as the sketch of a state of society and manners, venerable for its primæval simplicity, and so far removed from our own, that we are apt almost to hesitate in ascribing to it any actual and local existence, and to class it among the pleasing visions of the golden age or the millennium; nevertheless, that this patriarchal condition prevailed, to a certain extent, not a century ago, in the more remote and unfrequented parts of our own country, may be more readily believed, when we reflect on the astonishing strides made by the spirit of commercial intercourse and its attendant luxury, within the compass of that period. Even within the recollection of our fathers, "to travel for amusement," was a piece of extravagance unheard or unthought of, and of which an instance hardly occurred in half a century, when perhaps some whimsical Coryat sprung up to

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run hair-breadth risks during half his life for the pleasure of recounting them over his fire-side in the other half. After 'the grand tour,' became part of the regular education of our 'gentlemen,' it was long before any one was bold or original enough to deviate from the direct line of posts between Paris and Naples; and it was much longer before the *Saxon* inhabitants of this island knew half so much about the countries of the Scots and Britons as we now know about Iceland, Nova Zembla, and New Zealand. Subsequent to the year 1770, was published the first 'gentleman's tour' into Wales; and before that period, nothing but the duties of kindred, or the purposes of commerce had ever induced an Englishman to venture his carcase among precipices which we imagined, that none but goats and Welshmen could inhabit. It is certainly, therefore within the compass of probability, and (we believe) of fact, that in the middle of the last century, the gentry of Wales still retained the primæval features of character with which Mr. Cumberland has depicted them, in the family of old Robert de Lancaster and his noble grandson.

After these preliminary remarks, we shall not attempt to *analyze* the story, but shall introduce our readers to some of the festivities of *Kray Castle*, assuring them that if this specimen of ancient hospitality induces them to wish for a more particular introduction to the generous master of the feast and his family, their curiosity will be amply rewarded in the perusal of the work, that is, always provided, that they have hearts capable of sympathizing with the benevolence of Mr. Cumberland's.

'When the repast was over, and the glass had cheerfully, yet temperately, circulated, the doors of the great hall flew open; a scaffolding containing seats for the company, and a stage for the performers had been prepared, and the audience was full. Old de Lancaster, encircled by his guests, made the central figure of the assembly, and his entrance was hailed by a chorus of harps, joining in the popular air—*Of a noble race was Shenkin.* When this was past, the names of six selected minstrels were announced. Each of these was of high celebrity in his art, and the respectability of the audience called on them for their best exertions. When four of this number had now acquitted themselves with great credit, and the plaudits of the hearers seemed to have been pretty equally bestowed among them, there remained only Robin Ap-Rees, the famous harper of Penrith Abbey, and David Williams of Kray Castle as yet unheard. In these celebrated performers there existed a high spirit of emulation, and the opinions of the country were divided between them: though rivals in art, they were brothers in mis-

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fortune, for both were bereft of sight—*Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides.*

'After a pause of some minutes, Ap-Rees presented himself to the spectators, led, like Tiresias, by his young and blooming daughter, and followed by his son, carrying his harp. The interesting group so touched all hearts, and set all hands in motion, that the hall rung with their plaudits. He was a tall thin man; with stooping shoulders, bald head, pale visage, of a pensive cast; and habited in a long mantle of thin stuff, bound about with a rose-coloured sash of silk, richly fringed with silver, and on his breast, appending to a ribbon of pale blue, hung a splendid medal of honour. Before he took his seat, he stooped and made a profound obeisance to the company: his daughter in the mean time, modest, timid, and unprepared for such a scene, not venturing to encounter the eyes of the spectators, when she had placed her father in his seat, no longer able to struggle with her sensibility, sunk into his arms, trembling, and on the point to faint: her brother stood aghast and helpless: the ladies manifested their alarm by screams, and the men were rising from their seats, when our hero, whose only monitor was his heart, leapt on the stage, and sprung to her relief; she revived, and he gallantly conducted her to a seat, where she was no longer exposed to the observation of the company, who cheered him with a loud applause. Silence being restored, Ap-Rees began to tune his harp. He paused, as if waiting for the inspiration of his muse; his bosom yet laboured with the recent agitation of his spirits, when at length he threw his hand over the strings, and began the symphony. His song was the tale of ancient days: he took for his theme the religious legend of the famous knight sir Owen, one of the ancestors of his present patron. The legend is detailed at length by Matthew Paris in his history, p. 86. edited by Dr. Watts in 1640, and few can be found better calculated to call forth all the powers of poetry and music: the date is that of the reign of Stephen, and in the wars of that period sir Owen had very valorously distinguished himself. When Ap-Rees described his hero entering the tremendous cave amidst the wailings of the tormented, and beset by the infernal spirits, who assailed his constancy by every horrible device their malice could suggest, so striking were the effects, so contrasted the transactions of his harmony, that he seemed almost to realize those fearful yellings, groanings and thunderings recorded in the story. When he advanced to that period where the fortitude of the knight baffles all the efforts of the dæmons, the movement which had before been turbulent, irregular, and excursive, became solemn, flowing, and majestic; but when in conclusion sir Owen, triumphant over his assailants, puts them to a general rout, and the gloomy cave in an instant is converted into a bright and blooming paradise, the minstrel with such art adapted his melody to the scene described, and so tranquillizing was the sweetness of his strain, that at the close he left his hearers still impressed with those delightful sensations

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which Milton describes Adam to have felt, whilst the voice of the communicative angel yet dwelt on his ear.

'At length de Lancaster rose up, and, addressing the minstrel, testified his high admiration of the excellent performance he had witnessed, observing that it had been particularly gratifying to him to listen to a poem, founded on the magnanimous behaviour of a truly christian knight, who was enrolled amongst the many heroes, which the ancient and illustrious house of his friend and countryman sir Owen Ap-Owen might justly boast of. This speech was followed by thundering applause, the exulting minstrel made his voluntary obeisance, and withdrew. Sir Owen in the mean time whispered his friend De Lancaster, that he had never read the story, but he was told it was put down in a book, and of course he conceived it must all be true.'

We are sorry that our confined limits oblige us to refer our readers to the work itself for David Williams's rival essay, and must now hasten the conclusion of our quotations, which we will end with the venerable de Lancaster's valedictory harangue.

'Gentlemen, who have so highly gratified us with your excellent performances, and you also, who, if time had permitted, would have increased that gratification, masters and professors of that science, which is at once so dignified and so delightful, I offer you on the part of all here present the tribute of our unanimous acknowledgments, and our unqualified approbation and applause. We beg you will be pleased to share our praises among you; we do not presume to apportion them according to your respective merits. And now, my friends, neighbours, and countrymen, who have done me the honour to accept my invitation to this our domestic *eisteddfodd*, you have heard the lay of our minstrel David Williams, and although for brevity's sake he took it up from the deluge only, yet, if you do not already know, you ought now to be informed, that this unconquered soil whereon we dwell, was in times antecedent to that visitation as fully peopled, and arts and sciences were as happily cultivated here as within any spot upon the habitable globe. If, therefore, in the recitation of the lay which I allude to, mention of that early time was omitted to be made, it was not because records are wanting of sufficient authenticity to illuminate the subject, forasmuch as not a few of those who lived before the flood, have spoken for themselves, and their words and works have descended to us through the lapse of ages. Witness those treatises upon natural magic, which Ham the son of Noah, when in the ark with his father, possessed himself of, and having bequeathed to his son Misraim, were afterwards made public to the great edification of the re-peopled world. Nay, gentlemen, let me assure you, there are those who trace the origin of the Chrysopoeia, or art of making gold, even

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up to Adam himself, who, in a tract of his own composing (after the fall we will suppose) expounds that curious process.

'I lay this before you, friends and countrymen, knowing that there are few amongst you, who do not trace your pedigrees up to the ante-diluvian ages, and I rest what I have said upon sound authorities that you, being true and ancient Britons, may have wherewithal to defend your derivations from your father Adam, if any there may be obstinate and absurd enough to dispute them.

'I shall now trespass on your time no longer than while I express my hope that you, my gallant countrymen, who have held the tenure of this soil from ages so remote, will persevere to defend it through ages yet to come from all invaders, foreign and domestic.' Vol. ii. p. 59, &c.

ART. IX.—*Strictures on two Critiques in the Edinburgh Review on the Subject of Methodism and Missions, with Remarks on the Influence of Reviews in general on Morals and Happiness. In three Letters to a Friend. By John Styles.* 8vo. Williams *and* Smith. 1803.

THERE is no greater nuisance in the literary world than an ignorant scribbler who is inundated with self-conceit. We leave it to the tender conscience of Mr. Styles to determine whether he do not come under this description? We ask him whether he be not amongst those who are continually lying in wait for some publication of importance, which they no sooner descry than they endeavour to crawl into notice by attacking it in a style of flippant and familiar ribaldry? The Edinburgh Review, some time ago, exhibited a very judicious critique on the subject of methodism and missions; and this brought Mr. Styles upon the stage; who takes upon himself to decide on all subjects in a tone of dogmatism, which nothing but his ignorance can excuse.

Every attempt to expose the craft, the superstition, and the folly of the anti-moral preachers, serves to call forth some hirelings among the p[illegible]s crew; 'to *speak a word for God*, as they irreverently term it, while their only concern is to keep up the lucrative farce, by which their followers are deluded.

Praise undeserved, as the poet has truly said, is satire in disguise. How then must the anti moralists feel on finding themselves so thickly besmeared with this kind of unction? We really could not read the following without a feeling of utter disgust; nor, in imitation of *Thornhill*, in the Vicar of Wakefield, could we help more than once exclaimin *'fudge,'*

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'Let the government beware how it listen to the calumnies of men whose enmity is excited by *our strict morality, and our harmless independence;* who have no charge to produce against us, but that we are popular; and that we have secured the public voice *by piety and virtue*, rather than by the low arts of venal statesmen and hireling reviewers.'

'*Our strict morality!*' '*Our piety and virtue!*' 'You talk of pride—oh that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh that you could.'* Gross flattery is a poor support to any cause. It is really a misfortune to any body of men to have such a panegyrist as Mr. Styles. His officious zeal can serve only to bring them more strongly into suspicion and disrepute. His habits of society appear to have been such as to make him familiar with all the colloquial coarseness of vulgar life. As an author, Mr. Styles will probably claim a place of distinction among those who, when they sit down to write, spread a sufficient number of books before them, select a few thoughts from one, take a sentiment from another, purloin a little imagery from a third, and then embodying the different plagiarisms into one common mass, contrive at length to produce a work which they vaunt as an original composition.

'In perusing the critique on which I have animadverted, I have been not a little amused with the palpable contradictions and absurdities with which it abounds, while I have beheld with pity the arts of misrepresentation, and the boldness of unblushing falsehood. And I am sorry that I cannot compliment the Reviewer on the score of literary talent. As if the awful spirit of Christianity had smote him with fatuity, he drivels and creeps with the meanness of a Grub-street pamphleteer: and I am not afraid to refer to the tribunal of legitimate and liberal criticism, for the confirmation of this censure. The Edinburgh Review presents not in any of its pages articles so much below the dignity of good writing, as the critiques on the subject of evangelical religion. As if desirous of associating with Scot Waring and Sedgwick, the Reviewer descends from his eminence, puts off the manners of the gentleman and the scholar; he has all the loose inaccuracy of the Major, and all the insolent temerity of the Barrister. *It is but to admire such men, and we instantly resemble them.*'

Mr. Styles is greatly mistaken in his last position. Resemblance does not follow admiration in this case, so rapidly as he affirms. But the fact is, that he pilfered the

* Coriolanus.

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passage without having understanding sufficient to manage the application Mr. Burke affirms that 'The moral scheme of France furnishes the *only* pattern ever known, *which they, who admire, will instantly resemble.*' If Mr. Styles had comprehended the genuine import of this passage, he would have found that it directly contradicts the ridiculous and unmeaning assertion which he has framed out of it. These petty-larcenies are very numerous, but we have already taken more notice of this pamphlet than it deserves.

ART. X.—*The Pastoral, or Lyric Muse of Scotland; in three Cantos. By Hector Macneill, Esq. 4to. pp.* 68. Murray.

It is very seldom that it falls to our lot to notice a poem of which it is so very difficult to comprehend the object or tendency, as of the present. *Without* the aid of the prefixed advertisement and the long note to which it refers, the thing would be impossible; and, *with* it, we must confess that we have only a very vague and imperfect idea of the author's intention which the perusal of the poem is not at all calculated to render more clear or satisfactory. It is possible, however, that he *meant* it for "a sealed book to us southern readers:" and, if so, we ought to leave him to that admiration in another quarter which, we have no doubt, he is entitled to claim.

Still, from the great labour which he has bestowed in rendering himself obscure, we cannot help entertaining a suspicion that he wished to make himself understood; and as some of our readers may be blessed with a readier apprehension than ourselves, it would be unjust to refuse them the opportunity of making out, if they can, what we have failed to understand.

'*Advertisement.*

'Fanciful as poetical productions generally are, we naturally look for something more than mere imaginary painting when the subject turns on national manners or events.' It may therefore be necessary, *thus early*, to intimate to the critical reader, that if he expects to find the following poem founded on some *historical* fact, or traditionary (traditional) testimony, he will be disappointed.'

It is very kind of Mr. M'N. to prepare us against the disappointment of an expectation which we *certainly* could not have formed. He then goes on to warn us from attributing to

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his own 'negligence or stupidity,' a *defect* which is owing to 'those who have most unaccountably deprived him of these valuable sources of information.' Here we were prepared for an invective against some keeper of archives or records, who had churlishly refused to let Mr. Macneill examine the stores committed to his charge. But no—we are to blame,' the early annalists and succeeding historians,' who *erroneously* fancied that their business was more to detail the public events of the time than to gratify Mr. Macneill's taste for the pastoral by peeping into a low-land cottage, taking an account of the shepherd's flock, or setting to paper the witty things spoken on a winter's evening round the blazing ingle. It is however for the want of such valuable information as this, that Mr. Macneill has found himself compelled to build on the unstable foundation of conjecture.

He then proceeds to tell us that, *not* the *scope* 'of the following production,' nor its *tendency*, nor its *object*, but its '*scope, tendency, and object*' are 'to describe the united influence of the sister arts (of poetry and music) in harmonizing the passions, regulating the affections, and suppressing the turbulence of an uncivilized and barbarous people;' and that be means by music and poetry, the simple melodies and unpolished songs of his country, from the invariable effects of which he was '*naturally* led to think that the progressive improvement of *manners* and *sentiments* in that once sanguinary quarter, must have been considerably indebted to their united influence; and although nothing has been transmitted to establish the fact, or to authorize the conjecture, he is likewise disposed to think, from a variety of circumstances inseparably connected with the compositions themselves, that a number of the most popular of our southern songs and melodies were produced in consequence of a material change in the condition *or* situation of the inhabitants.' This conjecture (besides its *extraordinary boldness,*)standing, as Mr. Macneill says, wholly unsupported by testimony, is expressed with a glorious indistinctness, which (as one source of the sublime) we really envy. He is 'disposed to think,' in the first place that the alteration of manners in Scotland was the consequence of poetry and music; and in the second, that poetry and music were the consequence of the alteration of manners. Now Mr. Macneill appears to us to have (*quite unconsciously*) stumbled upon a truth, than which none in the whole compass of nature's works can be more self-evident, namely, that the gradual progress of science leads to the cultivation of the arts, and that the cultivation of the arts re-acts upon the minds of the people. But then, what becomes of the *boldness* of Mr. Macneill's opinion, which he conceives so extraordinary, that 'an explanation and defence of it come

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not within the prescribed limits of a short address,' but must be backed by a note of five quarto pages? Besides, Mr. Macneill is mistaken in asserting that his axiom, incontrovertible as it is in itself, stands unsupported by evidence from the very quarter to which he disdains to look for it. *History* will inform him (if he chuses to be informed by history) that when the unfortunate Mary came over from France, adorned with all the accomplishments of the age, before unknown to her savage countrymen, she introduced with her the *Italian music* into Scotland. There, aided by the gradual improvement of manners, which it, no doubt, contributed to soften in its turn, it soon took root, flourished, and grew wild; and ever since it has retained strong and indisputable marks of its original. The Scottish melody, widely different from our own, or from that of any other nation in Europe, bears (in the opinion of the best judges) a striking affinity to the Italian, even in its present state of excessive polish and refinement, and may probably be traced to its source by peculiar marks of resemblance, with as much certainty as the naturalist reduces to one generic class the eglantine and the rose of the garden.

The note which Mr. Macneill has thought it necessary to subjoin in *defence* of an opinion which cannot be questioned, contains, nevertheless, several assertions which are wholly indefensible. For instance, nothing can be more false than that the pastoral state does not generally exist in an age of rapine and barbarity. This is directly contrary to the evidence of all history—but we forget that Mr. Macneeill holds history in contempt, and shall not offend his ears by talking about the *pastoral* Scythians, or the shepherd kings of Egypt. We shall only remark that as the pastoral state is the earliest, so also has it equally been considered as the rudest age of mankind; and (unless we go back beyond the death of Abel) we shall find that it never has been exempt from all the varities of human crime and misery. After all, from the conclusion of the note it would seem as if its 'scope, tendency, and object,' had been to declare that in the author's opinion the pastoral songs of Scotland are of later date than her heroic ballads, which to be *generally* true we can admit as readily as that Homer lived before Theocritus, since the progress of the human mind is very uniform in all ages and climates. If the reader has been able, during all this time, to collect a notion of the author's plan we congratulate him; and now proceed to give some account of the poem itself.

It opens thus:

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'When shall the woes of war and discord cease!
When shall the morn of Harmony arise!
When shall the dawn of concord, love and peace,
Break through the gloom, and light dark Europe's skies
Vain dream!—or see! to grasp the blood-stain'd prize,
Ambition, maddening, wades through seas of gore,
Lists, careless to the groans and dying sighs
Of myriads overwhelm'd to rise no more,
And none but Britons smile around their parent shore.

'Oh deaf to nature! and to bliss unknown!
How long shall carnage *brutify* mankind?
Whirl'd in tempestuous storms, by pride upblown,
How long shall phantoms fascinate and blind?
Health—comfort—hope; a gay contented mind,
Are all we here can want, or need to crave;
And may not *these* delight, if friendship twined
The bonds of love, life's social sweets to save,
And gild the traveller's path with sunshine to the grave?'

We are frequently inclined to smile at the wishes and expectations of poets. Mr. Macneill without doubt, imagines that nothing can be more *modest* than his desire to have "health, comfort, hope," content, friendship, love, and an easy death, for *his* lot. Yet the request of Theognis, which has always been condemned for its extravagance, is much more within compass.

'Could wealth with sorrow unalloy'd be mine,
Oh might my board with varied plenty shine!
But since just fortune deals to each his share,
Be mine a poorer lot, but free from care.'—

This opening is succeeded by half a dozen more stanzas of general and very common-place reflections, of which the following is the most poetical:

'One sportive summer's day is all that's given
To cheer the transient gleam of insect bliss,
Warm'd by the genial influence of heaven,
They burst to life, and love, and happiness:
Roving on raptured wing, no ills oppress;
Fruition bounds the circuit of their joy;
Shall man alone no kindred charms possess?
Must storm and gloom *his* summer's day destroy,
Nor peace nor social sweets his fleeting hours employ!'

The poet says that in the *older time* all was love, and song, and harmony, and peace,

'While pity struck the chords, and tuned the *Ossianic* lyre.'

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But that, afterwards,

> —— 'scared by fend, that generates war and crime,'

the Muses sought umbrage in the courts of border chieftains, and sung of nothing but war; that then

> '—— Quick changed the lay;
> Servile and mean, arose a mongrel crew;
> And, as they sung of spoil and midnight fray,
> Waked the discordant tones, untuned, untrue,
> Which nature never own'd, nor pity ever knew.'

In a note upon this passage, our sentimental poet falls foul of the whole tribe of border minstrels, their imitators, and admirers, not so much for the ruggedness of their strains as for that of their subject. It is war, war, war, of which this peaceable writer cannot bear the name. But he suddenly perceives that the current of his remarks runs directly counter to the tide of popularity enjoyed (in many respects deservedly) by one of his countrymen, the very flower of this renovated border chivalry: upon which, without recanting any of his dogmas (which, if admitted at all, must fall on Mr. Scott with greater force than upon any other poet living or dead) he directly contradicts them all by saying '*It is almost unnecessary to add*, that the remarks *can* have no reference whatever to *recent* border strains, *revised* and imitated by one, who,' &c. &c. and so, with a fine flourishing unmeaning compliment, concludes his note.

The poet then goes on to inform us, that *Music* was frightened by the "mongrel crew," and ran away to join the Muses in their "shelter'd dell."—This goodly company took up their lodging hard by the cottage of a certain old gentleman, who had been burned out of his family mansion by some plundering borderers.

> 'And with an infant—saved of all his store!
> To *Yarrow's* sylvan banks the blooming treasure bore.'

Not to quarrel with the grammatical construction of these two lines, (which we do not understand,) this infant and his papa live for a whole winter on the milk of a single ewe. As summer comes on they provide for themselves rather better. The boy grows up, and between him and the old man are acted over again precisely the same scenes as between Douglas and Norval, and between Edwin, and the hermit in Beattie's Minstrel. Full of the lessons of his sage preceptor, he wanders late one day immersed in contemplation, when

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be hears his neighbours, the Muses, performing their customary evening concert.

'They sung of love, and lovers pains,
Their joys, and soften'd sorrow;
They sung contentment's rural strains
Around the "braes of Yarrow;"
On "Etterick banks" was heard the reed
That piped to pastoral leisure,
And echoing sweet round winding Tweed,
Was heard the varying measure;
And Tiviotdale return'd the sound
With all its groves embowering,
And "Galla water's" green hills crown'd
With whins and wild thyme flowering;
Blithe were the strains by "Cowden knows"
And "Leader's haughs," and river!
But sad! where Jed's stream murm'ring flows,
The blythe notes echoed never!*
For war with blood stain'd Jed's sweet shore
When love oft wail'd her marrow,
And wafted 'mid the tempest's roar
The sound was heard at Yarrow.' P. 10.

After the muses have performed this cento from the Scottish songs, (which, together with the change of measure which accompanies it, is far from being unpleasing to our ears,) they suddenly turn round upon us again with a new change, and with such a set of verses, as any washerwoman in England, with a tolerable taste for poetry, would be ashamed to own.

'But when pleasure's warm sensation
Prompts the mirth-inspiring strain,
Snatch fond youth! the blest occasion
To light transport up again!" &c. &c.

And so they go on, with a few more variations, to the end of the canto.

In the second canto, we soon lose sight of the little boy and his high-born associates, and are entertained, in the first place, with a great deal of whining morality about war, next with something very patriotic about Bannochburn, Flodden, and Maida (which, by the context, it is evident that Mr. Macneill supposes to be situated in Egypt) and then with

* Jed, however, is not the only river of Scotland unknown to the old Scottish minstrelsy. Burns laments that, till his own time, neither Air, nor Devon, had met with a poet to memorize their names.

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compliments to the Scottish poets, Thomson, Beattie, Burns, Ramsay, Joanna Baillie, and Home. There are many passages by no means unpoetical in this part of the work; but the verses in general do not rise above mediocrity, and sometimes they sink below it.

The Muses then begin again, and their united efforts at length produce that most perfect model of poetical composition, a pathetic Scottish ballad.

This ballad, which is entitled 'Dornock Ha',' seems to us southern readers a very good imitation. That is, the story is an interesting and pathetic one, conveyed in language sufficiently antiquated, and such as (if it were not consecrated to our imaginations by its antiquity,) we should be apt to call, flat and insipid. A miserable old man, driven for shelter to a peasant's cottage, relates the dismal tale of his younger days; of a loved daughter torn from his arms by the lust and rapine of a neighbouring lord, of his own ineffectual attempts to recover her, and wipe away the disgrace of his house, and of the utter ruin which those attempts afterwards brought on the heads of himself and all his connections. The children of the peasant, who stand listening round him, remind him of his lost daughter.

'The lilly pure that decks the vale
Fresh gilt wi' morning's beams and dew,
The rose that blushing scents the gale,
Wi' Helen match'd would tyne their hue!

'Ah me! e'en now cheer'd in this nook,
Wi' thae sweet young things round my chair,
Methinks I see her artless look;—
Sae *ance* she smiled wha—smiles nae mair!'

The peasant's wife, who has listened with extreme attention through the whole of the story, at the conclusion of it, falls at the feet of the narrator, clasps his knees, and declares herself the daughter of his long lost Helen.

The poet then congratulates his country on the succession of such wild and artless but peaceable strains to the bloody war-songs of the border, and lastly, without any further ceremony, dropping altogether the old hermit and the young stripling, and my lady Music, and 'the sisters nine,' shuts up the book.

Our opinion of its merits as a poem will be sufficiently collected from the preceding observations; but it would be unjust not to allow that it contains some pleasing passages, which, if not sufficiently prominent to atone for the utter want of a reasonable plan, and the general flatness of the execution, may be admitted to prove that Mr. Macneill is not altogether deficient in the grace and feeling of poetry.

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ART. IX.—*The Rise and Fall of States and Empires; or the Antiquities of Nations, more particularly of the Celtæ or Gauls; containing a great Variety of historical, chronological and etymological Discoveries, many of them unknown both to the Greeks and Romans. By M. Pezron. To which is prefixed a Sketch of the Life of the Author.* 12mo. Jones, Newgate Street. 1809.

M. PEZRON who died at the commencement of the last century, was in his day a monk of great learning and research. Of this the present work will afford ample proof; though it contains some fanciful matter, and though the predilection of the author for a particular hypothesis, has, as is usual in such cases, led him sometimes to exaggerate the probabilities in its favour, and to overlook the reasons by which it may be opposed. The author deduces the origin of the Celts from Gomer the eldest son of Japhet, who, he says, page 182, 'must be the founder of a people, and who could they be but the Gomarians?' But what proof does history furnish of the existence of such a people. The author thinks that they were established to the north of mount Taurus, that hence they proceeded to the conquest of a large part of Asia and Europe. M. Pezron says, that the Gomarians in very early times possessed themselves of the provinces that lie to the east of the Caspian sea, and that reach from Media to the river Jaxartes, that as their numbers increased, a part of their redundant population was compelled to retire into Media, where they were called Parthians, and the province Parthia, where they fixed their habitations. 'This,' says he,' is the true origin of the Parthians, a name more ancient than the Persians who came from them.' M. Pezron on this and on other occasions refers to the ancient authorities, some of which he seems to force into his service. The author tells us that the Parthians, who were expelled their country gave the name of Sacæ to those by whom they were thus forced into exile.

'And this,' says he, 'merely for petulance, that word signifying a thief, robber and the like.'

What he says next may serve as a specimen of etymological ingenuity.

'We still find the remains of this ancient word in that of Sac or Sacager, which is the same thing as to commit murder. There is reason to believe that from hence came the name we give to the game of chess; which in barbarous Latin is called Scaccorum ludus, and by the ancients Latrun culorum ludus, that is, the game of the Scaccæ or Sacæ, or the thief's game, the

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Italians call it scacchi, which they took from the schack of the Goths, who bore sway amongst them a long time. This famous game came therefore originally from those people that dwelt in the north of Asia, and hence it has always been much in vogue among the northern nations, from whom it passed into Parthia and Persia, and in process of time came into Europe.'

The author thinks that his favourite Celts having become very numerous and having extended their conquests over Asia Minor, Thrace, the isle of Crete and all Greece, assumed the name of Titans, or children of the earth.

'They seem,' says he, 'to have erected an empire which reached from the Euphrates to the utmost parts of Spain and Mauritania, and was not much short of that of Rome.'

Before the Celtæ were called Titans, the author says that they had the name of Sacæ, but that their most ancient name while they remained in Upper Asia, was Gomarians, or Gamarites. A large and powerful colony of the Sacæ settled in Cappadocia. The more wild and wandering Sacæ, called Nomades, took possession of the country above the Euxine sea towards the Palus Mæotidis, where the author supposes that they assumed the name of

'Cimbrians or Cimmerians, in Latin Cimbri, which properly signifies warriors, or rather men of war.' 'Being thus settled about the Palus Mæotidis, and having fixed their habitation, they communicated their name to that famous streight, which has since been called the Cimbrian or Cimmerian Bosphorus.'

The Sacæ, who penetrated into Cappadocia, and afterwards made themselves masters of Phrygia were conducted by Acmon, who

'Was the father of Uranus, and upon this ground it is, that he ought to be considered as the first and true stock of those who have passed for the greatest and most ancient gods of the heathen world. Sanchoniathon assures us that he (Uranus) succeeded his father (Acmon) after his decease, and married his own sister ἄγεται πρὸς γάμον τὴν ἀθελφὴν γῆν, *matrimonio sibi conjunxit sororem Terram:* this Phœnician author, the remains of whose works are translated into Greek, had reason enough for his saying he married his own sister, and that she was called Terra; for her true name, which the Grecians have happily preserved for us, was Titea, Τιταία, in Latin Titæa. But this word which signifies earth, or earthly, is also taken from the Celtic language: for *tit* among them signified earth.'

The author details, as well as his scanty materials will permit, the actions of Acmon, of Uranus, of Saturn, and of Jupiter. Of Jupiter who, according to his account, was the king of the Titans, and sovereign of the west, he says that the

'true name, and that which he had among the Titans, was Jaou, or rather Jou, i. e. young; for he was indeed the youngest of

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Saturn's children. And this is so clear, that the Bretons, who have preserved the Celtic language to our time, which was the same as that of the Titans, when they would express the day of Jupiter, which is Thursday, in Latin *dies Jovis*, they call it *di Jou*, and by way of softening the word *diz Jou*, which is the same thing. All this implies no more than the day of Jou or Jupiter. Hence among the first and most ancient Latins, he was simply called Jovis, not Jupiter as afterwards: and what is still more, the name of Jupiter does not come from *Juvans Pater* as Cicero believes, upon the authority of Varro, who persuaded all the Romans of his time to believe it; for anciently they wrote the word Jaopiter, Joupiter, and Japater, from which afterwards they made Jupiter, by which the Latins have preserved his right name of Jou, to which they have added that of Pater or father, because he was esteemed to be a god, and that god was the father of men. Thus you see all the mystery unravelled which the most learned of the Romans could not comprehend, viz. why from Jupiter, the nominative, to speak after the manner of the grammarians, they made not Jupitris and Jupitri in the oblique cases instead of Jovis and Jovi, &c. For it is plain from what I have said, that they preserved the first and real name of this supposed divinity in these oblique cases. Moreover the Grecians commonly gave Jupiter the name of Ζεὺς, from which they made Διὸς, δῖι, διὰ, in the other cases, though without reason; for the word Ζεὺς is properly the *deus* of the Latins, and both the one and the other came from the Διὸς of the ancient Ætolians; insomuch that the true name of Jupiter in Greek is Δὶς, though it is not used, from which they have made Διὸς, and the other cases. But this word Δὶς properly signifies bright, or lucid, in Latin lucidus, as the Curetes or Salians call Jupiter; and this name came originally from the Cretans, who call the day and night *di*, as the Celtæ or Bretons do at this day.'

After having heard what the author has to say on the etymological descent of the name *Jupiter*, we cannot forbear to extract what he adds respecting that of Juno, the sister and queen of the Thunderer. The Grecians, says the author assigned to Juno the name of

'Ἥρα which signifies a lady; and this name comes properly from the Phrygian language, whence the Grecians had it as well as the Teutones, or Germans, who still say *herr* or *heer* for *dominus*; and from thence comes the Latin word *herus* and *hera*, as we shall see elsewhere; for it is an error to think, as many of the learned do, that the northern people borrowed so many words of their language from the Greeks and Romans. As for Juno, the name commonly given to this princess, I suppose it came from *guen*, or *guyn*, which signifies white or fair in the Celtic language; and so by Juno, if I am not mistaken, is meant no more than fair and white. That which gives countenance to this opinion is, that we find Juno in the ancient glossaries was called Jolintas, which seems to come from the word *jolie*; and hence perhaps it is that the name Jolant has been

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very common in former ages. Now all the names of the princes or princesses that have reigned over the Titans, being taken from the Celtic tongue, it is a manifest proof that they were descended from that famous nation, that afterwards fixed in Gaul.'

We shall produce some of the instances by which the author has attempted to shew the close affinity between the ancient Eolic and the Celtic tongue.

'We read in ancient authors that the Eolians said Μεὶς, mensis, a month, for Μὶν, and they had this from the *mis* of the Celtæ. They said Γοῖνος. *vinum*, wine, for Οἶνος, because the Celtæ still use the word *goin* or *guin* for the same, and thence, by the way *baragoin* in that language properly signifies a man that speaks ill, because he does not begin to speak with asking for bread and wine, which are the chief necessaries of life; for the word *goin* signified wine amongst the Gauls; so *bara* did bread; and hence came the Greek word Βορὰ, in Latin cibus, esca, for food in general: the Eolians used Δεπος, *collis*, for Βουνος, from the *dun* of the Celtæ, which signified a hill or eminence; hence the word *dunes* for sand hills. Δύνος (q ?) was used by the Eolians for Βουνος. (q? Ζεύγος) *iugum*, a yoke, because a yoke is a thing that is carried, and the same comes from the Celtic *douguen*, to carry; the Eolians said Πορκὸς, instead of Ὗς for a hog, from the Celtic porch; and Πόντος, instead of Πρίαμ, *puteus*, a pit, from the Celtic word *punts*, which signified the same thing.—The Eolians said Βρῦν for *mamma*, a woman's breast, which the Celtics anciently, and still call bron; and when infants want to suck they say *mambron*, being as much in the ancient Latin, as *mamma da mammam*, mother give me the breast; for the *mama* of the ancient Latins came from *mam*, mother, among the Celtæ, and from *mam* came also the *mamma* of the Latins. Again the *tata* of the ancient Latins, as also of the Greeks, signified a father, because the Gaulish word *pap* from which children made *papa*, implied the same thing; the like may be said of *papa* which signifies father in Celtic.—The Eolians were wont to say Κὰρρον *carrus*, because *carr* amongst the Gauls was a cart. They said Δρῦς, *quercus*, an oak, for *deru* in Celtic is the same thing, and from thence came the word *Druida*, which is the druid of the Gauls, that properly speaking, signified divining by oaks: the Eolians said Κανναβὶς, *cannabis*, and the Celtæ *canub* hemp: Ἄλλος they used for *alius* from the *all* of the Celtæ, that signified another; χορὸς *chorus* from the Celtic *chor*, Καυλὸς, *caulis*, coleworts, from the Celtic *caul*; Κρανον cranium, from the *crene* of the Celtæ a skull; they used Νησος *insula*, an island, and the Celtæ did *enes*; the ancient Grecians φόρνος *furnus*, and the Celtæ *forn* for an oven: φορος was their word for *forum*, because the Celtæ used *feur*, or *foir*, to signify a fair or market. The Eolian word Γὺψ, *vulture*, came from the Celtic *gup* a vulture, &c. &c.'

At the end of the present work we find three tables of Greek words, of Latin words, and of Teutonic, or German words, taken from the Celtic language.

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This volume seems to be incorrectly printed, but it contains much curious and erudite matter, though the author is often too dogmatical in his assertions, too liberal in indulging his conjectures, and too fanciful in tracing his analogies.

ART. XI.—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. A Satire.* 12mo. *pp.* 54. *price* 3*s.* 6*d.* Cawthorn.

IT would be much for the advantage of literature, that every ten or twenty years should produce a new Dunciad to expose the ravings of folly, the coxcombry of learning, and the aberrations of genius. It will hardly be disputed that the present age presents a most fertile field for such an enterprize. 'The Pursuits of Literature,' notwithstanding the many admirable strokes of satire which it contained, was a work in which virulence, malevolence, and party spirit so predominated, as entirely to defeat the grand purposes of correction and amendment, which can alone justify the indulgence of a satirical temper. Besides, its most just and cutting irony was so concealed under an ostentatious display of learning, and (what is worse) was so exclusively confined to that part of the work which bore the appearance of a simple appendage, that the reader required some portion of the author's malevolence to enable him to wade through the insipid text, and its pompous accompaniments for the purpose of arriving at what is really worth the labour of seeking it.

But "farewell, a long farewell," to this once celebrated satire. Its day is gone by—the very objects of its spleen and virulence are (for the most part) rolled into oblivion.

The 'Baviad,' and 'Mœviad,' were as superior in merit, as distinguished in effect, above the 'Pursuits of Literature.' Their satire was principally levelled against a particular class of writers who had made rapid advances towards establishing the empire of consummate nonsense. It completely answered the end proposed, and dissolved in an instant the air-built fabric of the Della-Crusca school. But here again more than half the force and humour of the satire has evaporated together with the objects which gave birth to it; and new generations of dunces have risen since the days of Rosa-Maltilda, which call most powerfully for the scythe and pruning-book of reform.

If we say that the satire now before us does not prove its author to be as yet sufficiently qualified for so Herculean a

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task, it is not for want of evidence that he is gifted with all the talents requisite for the undertaking, if more matured by reflection, and polished and refined by use. The first and most striking objection to the present essay is that it opens upon a field much too enlarged for the present extent of the author's observation. In its object, it appears to embrace the whole circle of modern poetry and criticism, and it required a regular and systematic plan of operations to cover so vast a space with judgment and effect. This is by no means the case, however, with the present performance, which is a sort of skirmishing attack upon a number of individual writers, unconnected in its pursuit and undefined in its end. Many notorious offenders escape unnoticed; some are acquitted or marked with applause, whom a more correct judgment would have condemned; and some are censured with acrimony whom a more refined and comprehensive taste might acknowledge to have deserved a far different fate at the tribunal of just criticism. But in spite of these defects and errors enough appears to convince us that the principles which regulate the author's judgment are in general sound, though experience has not yet taught him the art of modifying them with just discrimination and applying them to every particular instance as it may occur. In the other qualifications of satire he is more uniformly successful. His verse is flowing and energetic, his imagination active, and his powers of expression fully equal to the true spirit of his theme.

We shall lose no more time in these general observations, but proceed to find some extracts from the work, which must either justify or condemn our opinion.

After an introduction *in form*, extolling the bards and critics of the 'olden time,' at the expense of these 'degenerate days,' the Bard begins to particularize the objects of his censure. He points one of his earliest arrows at no ignoble quarry.

> 'Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
> For notice eager, pass in long review:
> Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
> And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race;
> Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode,
> And tales of terror jostle on the road;
> Immeasurable measures move along,
> For simpering folly loves a varied song;
> To strange mysterious dullness still the friend,
> Admires the strain he cannot comprehend.
> Thus lays of minstrels,—may they be the last!—
> On half-strung harps, whine mournful to the blast,

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While mountain-spirits prate to river-sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights;
And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood
Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten little babes, the Lord knows why,
While high-born ladies, in their magic cell,
Forbidding knights to read, who cannot spell,
Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.
'Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested, haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace,
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And thinkst thou, Scott, by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Millar may combine,
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown a line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn, remunerate the mean attempt!
Such be their meed, such still be the reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long 'good-night to Marmion.'*

'We have transcribed the foregoing passage, not as a favourable specimen of the writer's talent, but as the most striking instance, through the work, of the defects of judgment, which we have before noticed in him. We must beg Mr. Scott's pardon for so often bringing his name forward, and canvassing the merits of his poems on occasions where they do not immediately fall under our notice; but we cannot resist the inclination to oppose ourselves to a very unjust outcry, which has been set up to his prejudice by critics who style themselves his friends, and which has been followed by many who have wanted either taste or leisure to examine into its propriety. As for ourselves we have not the honour of being known in the slightest degree to the gentleman in question; and he

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'* The pathetic, and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esq. on the death of honest Marmion.'

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may perhaps think that in criticising some of his publications we have used the privilege of utter strangers somewhat rudely. But, whatever may be our sentiments respecting certain points in his poetical character, our general opinions are much less at variance with those which he professes than with those inculcated by the northern directors of the taste of Britain. His choice of subjects presents at least one advantage of no inconsiderable weight,—the charm of novelty. That it is deficient in interest we cannot readily admit; since it exhibits the strong and faithful representation of character and manners at a period of society with which till of late years we were comparatively very little acquainted, but which has since engrossed the attention of a large class of literary adventurers, and amply rewarded the labours of investigation. We confess but little obligation to those severe or supercilious critics, who would drag us back to the 'thrice-told tales' of classical fable from a pursuit of most interesting variety, which at every turn presents us with 'something new and strange,' and in which, with every step that we advance,

> 'our views expand,
> And all the scenes of fairy-land
> Come swelling on the sight.'

Were the substitution of new and romantic machinery the only advantages gained to the cause of poetry by this new pursuit, we should think the gain considerable, and can see no possible objection on this score to the introduction of 'Messieurs the spirits of Flood and Fell,' or even of little 'Gilpin Horner,' supposing them to be 'discreetly and reverently' brought into notice. They suit the character of the age described; and, however 'Messieurs the critics of Bond-street or the Canon-gate,' may rail at us, we vastly prefer a *modern* poem in which the supernatural agency is assigned to such monkish sprites, than one which formally presents us to the Jupiter and Juno, the Vulcan and Momus of antiquity; nor can we anywise comprehend why the former should be less dignified or more ridiculous than the latter.

But it is on the ground of faithful adherence to the just and original *costume* of character, that Mr. Scott may rest his claims to pre-eminence with the greatest security. It is in this strong-hold that 'Messieurs his *friends*' have thought proper to attack him with the greatest vehemence; and we are really sorry to see that the writer of this satire (otherwise very far from *complaisant* to the critics above mentioned) has blindly followed their authority on the very point in which

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their authority is the worst that can be relied upon. The character of *Deloraine* cannot but be acknowledged for as true and spirited a delineation from human nature as ever was attempted by the most consummate master of the art. On what grounds then our author directs his satire against this portion of Mr. Scott's first and best romances we cannot even form a guess. But in saying that 'Marmion is exactly what Deloraine would have been, &c. &c. &c. we must affirm that he only betrays his ignorance of human nature, or his gross want of discrimination. The charge is copied, (not indeed in word, but in spirit) from a review of the work in question, to which we have often before alluded; and if any of our readers are not satisfied with the observations which we found occasion to make in our article of 'Partenopex de Blois' (vol. XIV.) on the same subject, we will refer him for his further assurance (that Marmion is a picture from the life) to the lives of the abbots of St. Alban's at the end of Watts's edition of Matthew Paris, p. 104, where they may read a long story how Robert Fitzwalter, one of the richest and most powerful barons of England, (cui vix aliquis comes potuit æquiparari; erat enim in armis strenuus, animosus, et superbus, multis abundans possessionibus, *generosus*, et potentum consanguineorum numerositate et affinium septus multitudine ac roboratus,) bribed William Pigun, a monk of St. Albans, to steal the abbey-seal, with which he made a false deed and took possession, under colour of it, of the wood of *Northawe* rightfully belonging to the monastery.

But we are ashamed of ourselves for quoting a single instance in support of a fact respecting the character of the *chivalrous* ages, which is much too notorious to all men who have read enough to entitle them to give any opinion on the subject.

We return with pleasure to less exceptionable parts of the poem before us,

The poetical fraternity of the lakes are noticed, and their peculiar and well-known vices pointed out, with a great deal of real humour in several succeeding verses. The wonder-working Lewis,

> 'Who fain would make Parnassus a church-yard,'

is then *complimented* with about twenty lines of *panegyric*, concluding thus,

> ——— 'If tales like thine may please,
> St. Luke's alone can vanquish the disease;
> Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
> And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.'

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Anacreon Moore, "the young Catullus of his day," is next subjected to the lash; and, coupled with him (but surely with great injustice) the translator of the sonnets of Camoens.

"Hayley, in vain attempting something new," "the Sabbath Bard, Sepulchral Grahame," and "Harmonious Bowles, the first, great oracle of tender souls," form the next illustrious trio.

Montgomery, the bard of "*classic* Sheffield," who, whatever may have been his faults, certainly discovered a genius which no true friend to English literature would have attempted to stifle in its birth, is afterwards noticed, chiefly for the purpose of introducing the assault on the strong-hold of northern criticism.

> 'Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
> His hopes have perished by the northern blast:
> Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian *gales*,*
> His blossoms *wither*, as the *blast* prevails!'

We shall, perhaps, be accused of illiberality for noticing with praise, or even with complacency, the ensuing attack upon one who is generally considered as president of the northern board of criticism; but in justice to our author, we cannot pass over what is perhaps the most spirited portion of his satire, and that which affords the strongest evidence of those talents for which we have given him ample credit. We are perfectly silent as to the *justice* of the case, and only hope (for the honour of all parties concerned) that it will lead to no such *fatal* catastrophe as that deplored in the following verses:

> 'Health to immortal Jeffrey! once in name,
> England could boast a judge almost the same;
> *In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,*
> *Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,*
> *And given the spirit to the world again,*
> *To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.*
> * * * * * * *
> Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
> To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
> And guard it sacred in his future wars,
> Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!

* We should object to the word *gales* as very unsuitable to the subject, and merely used for the sake of the rhyme, unless it be meant to imply that the very *zephyrs* of Scotland are rude enough to nip the fairest buds of a more genial climate.

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Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?*
Oh! day disastrous! on her firm set rock
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;
Tweed ruffled half its waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;†
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:‡
Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth story where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound:
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flow'd all the Canon-gate with inky streams,
(This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue,)
And all with justice deem'd the two combin'd
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
And strait restored it to her favourite's head.
That head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.'

We must now put an end to this article without taking notice of the remaining topics which the poem embraces. Our readers must judge for themselves whether our general

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* In 1806, Messrs. Jeffery and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the intervention of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.

† The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum. It would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

‡ This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front, might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

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commendation and censure has been such as the occasion demanded. We are not ignorant that the name of a very young man has been whispered about as that of the author —but even should the report be correct, we are unwilling to contribute to the circulation of what, for his sake, we wish had been kept a close secret. The wit and force of the satire will only render its personality more offensive to the number who are either its immediate victims or in some measure involved in the effects of it. It is not desirable even in a just cause to volunteer a service which must create many enemies and comparatively few friends; but in the present instance we are confident that the author has too often suffered his satirical vein to attain an ascendancy over his better judgment, and fear that he may repent too late in his maturer years of having inflicted some wounds where they were not deserved, and driven into the ranks of his foes, some persons whom he might have been proud to embrace as his friends. It may be required of us, especially after stating the prevalent report as to the youth of the author, to point out some of the less important defects of style and method, which are easily discoverable in the work; but we are persuaded that his own taste and judgment will be more serviceable to him as he advances in life than any observation of ours in the correction of trifling errors, and besides it may be unjust not to leave them, as the means of revenge, untouched in the hands of the northern critics.

ART. XIII.—*A circumstantial Report of the Evidence and Proceedings upon the Charges preferred against his Royal Highness the Duke of York, in the Capacity of Commander in Chief, in the Months of February and March,* 1809, *by G. L. Wardle, Esq. M P. before the Honourable House of Commons: including the Whole of the original Letters of his Royal Highness the Duke of York; the Speeches correctly taken in full of the various Members; with all the other Documents produced in the Course of the Investigation, and the Decision of the House of Commons upon this very important Subject. Illustrated by Portraits.* 8vo. Cundee. 1809.

IT is equally useless, as it would be difficult, to give an analysis of this volume. But as the proceedings which have taken place, and which, for a time engrossed and wholly fixed the attention of all the men and all the women, and almost of all the children, of the united kingdoms, have had an

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effect on the public mind much greater than any transactions which have occurred in our days, and as it is probable that from them may be dated the commencement of a new æra in the internal policy of Great Britain, we have thought right to give a cursory statement of the principal facts which have been brought to light in the investigation of the charges against the late commander in chief.

The charges brought against his royal highness were of two kinds, the first was for malversation in his duty. The second was for conniving and participating in corrupt emoluments which his mistress, the much talked-of Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, derived from the patronage of his office. A single instance only was adduced of the first species of offence. A captain Maling was put over the heads of a number of meritorious officers who were ready and anxious to purchase on the single ground of unexceptionable conduct in the office of the commander in chief. This was, however, no more than an example of favouritism, a sort of offence from which, no individual who possesses patronage, can perhaps be wholly exempt.

Of direct corruption, or criminal connivance at corruption, and participation in the wages of corruption, four distinct charges were brought, and have been judged by the great body of the people to have been as fully proved as the nature of the transactions would admit.

The first fact proved was, that application had been long made by lieutenant-colonel Knight to effect an exchange of his commission with lieutenant-colonel Brooke, that the application had been refused by the commander in chief; that to effect the business, the brother of colonel Knight made Mrs. Clarke a promise of two hundred pounds, upon which the refusal was withdrawn, and within a very short period, the exchange desired was officially announced in the Gazette. Upon the day the exchange was gazetted the money was paid.

The second serious charge was with regard to a levy of men to be raised as a joint concern by colonel French and captain Sandon. Corri, a music-master, opened the business to Mrs. Clarke, and was the medium of introduction to Sandon. For this he received two hundred pounds. These two officers received a letter of service by which they were empowered to raise five thousand men in Great Britain and Ireland. Mrs. Clarke received five hundred guineas for her agency in procuring this letter; she said that she paid five hundred pounds of this money in part of payment for a service of plate. It appeared by the books of the tradesmen that this sum had been received, and that the remainder of

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the money had been paid by bills of various dates drawn by the Duke of York. Is it possible then to conceive the duke was ignorant from whence the first five hundred pounds came? Miss Taylor, a witness who is unimpeached, gave evidence to the following remarkable words spoken by the duke.

'I am continually worried by Colonel French, he worries me continually about the levy business, and is always wanting something more in his favour. Turning to Mrs. Clarke, I think he said, how does he behave to you, darling? or some such kind words as he used to use; Mrs. Clarke replied, middling, not very well. The duke said, Master French must mind what he is about, or I shall cut up him and his levy too.'

For these favours, they were in the habit of sending her money for months; and it appears from Mrs. Clarke's letters to Sandon (letters which she had herself directed to be destroyed), that she was regularly informed by the duke of what was done at the office. For a long time applications without end were made, and it seems impossible that the duke could assign any other motive for the continued exertion and interference of his mistress, but that she received a pecuniary reward for her labours.

This transaction was as injurious to the country as disgraceful to the parties concerned in it. At the end of twelve months 219 men only had been procured by the levy instead of the 5000 which had been expected from the number of officers and non-commissioned officers employed; every man raised cost the country £150; the most flagrant swindling was practised on the recruits; and the conduct of all the parties connected with the business was truly infamous. These facts appeared in a memorial of an officer of irreproachable character, brigadier general Taylor, with regard to their conduct in Ireland. In London, too, the conduct of all the temporary serjeants was represented to be 'in every respect infamous and disgraceful to the service'.—Such are the direct effects of corruption in the higher departments of the state. If the fountain be polluted how can the stream be pure? If in this particular case any man can say, after weighing impartially the whole of the evidence, that the Duke of York was not a party in these transactions, no evidence on earth is capable of convincing him.

The third charge of corruption was in the case of captain Tonyn. He paid Mrs. Clarke £500 for a majority. In this case the duke was proved to be a party to the transaction. A few lines in his hand-writing were discovered to quiet the mind of Tonyn, who was impatient to see his promotion in the

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Gazette, and apprehensive that he should be swindled out of his money. A futile attempt was made to prove this note a forgery. But of many witnesses versed in hand-writing who were called to give their opinions, there was only one who gave his evidence in favor of its being a forgery, and this but in a doubtful and qualified manner. The seal, the address, the paper all concurred to prove its authenticity. It was extorted too from a man (Sandon), who was a most unwilling evidence against the duke; one who has been ruined by his attempts to screen him; and who, had he been able to prove a forgery upon Mrs. Clarke, would, doubtless, have seized the opportunity with avidity.

A fourth charge of corruption was proved in the promotion of major Shaw to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and his appointment to a situation at the Cape of Good Hope; £1000 was promised for these services; but half the sum only was given. Irritated at this breach of promise, Mrs. C. complained to the duke, who in consequence put Shaw upon half pay. It is fair, however, to observe that colonel Gordon, (the duke's secretary) stated this to be the usual practice in the army, with very few exceptions. However this may be, Shaw himself made grievous complaints, as having suffered a severe and cruel injury, and declaring his case to be nearly unprecedented.

Many other abuses were detected in the course of this inquiry. One sale of appointment in the commissariat-department was clearly proved. It was proved that a commission had been given to a young man who had been a menial servant of the mistress, and as such had waited at table. And it was proved that another officer had been for a time prevented from selling his commission, by the interference of another kept mistress of the duke, who seems not to have been conscious of any impropriety in permitting this interference.

After this mass of evidence it would hardly be credited, that only one hundred and twenty-five members could be found to support the resolution of the gentleman who had undertaken the difficult and arduous part of public accuser of the second subject in the kingdom. Col. Wardle's resolution was couched in these mild terms.

'That such abuses could not exist to the extent to which they have been proved to exist without the knowledge of the commander in chief; and it concludes with declaring it to be the opinion of the commons that the Duke of York ought to be deprived of the command of the army.'

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This resolution was negatived by a large majority; the numbers being, for it, one hundred and twenty-five; against it, three hundred and sixty-six.

This judgment has been severely arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion; and we do not believe that it will be pronounced impartial by posterity. The duke had been commander in chief many years before his acquaintance with Mrs. Clarke commenced. He takes a house for her, lives publicly at her table, surrounded by his friends and dependants, has a magnificent establishment, two or three carriages, eight or ten servants, a country-house, horses in abundance, and for all this he makes an allowance of 1000*l.* a year!!! It was a curious spectacle to behold the immaculate Mr. Perceval, that faithful guardian of the public purse, labouring to show what large sums of the people's money, the Duke of York had thrown away upon his mistress; and this in the way of defence. It is probable that the expense of this establishment, conducted by a thoughtless and dissipated woman was 20,000*l.* a year at the least. What rational mind can avoid concluding that the duke in forming such an establishment had calculated beforehand the means by which it was supported? that a long impunity and a thorough persuasion that he was above the reach of controul had made him throw off all restraint, and despise the common laws of prudence and decorum? He was not much mistaken. The man who was able (if report speak true) to drive from the helm an administration, whose great crime we verily believe to have been an earnest desire in the principals to correct abuses, the man who supported by the throne, the army, and the government, might be reckoned perhaps the most powerful individual in the country, utterly despised the attacks of his feeble adversaries. The *pillory* or the *bastille* were to be the lot of those who dared to breathe upon his reputation. When the clamour at length became general, state prosecutions were commenced against authors and publishers; and it is probable that the virtuous exertions of colonel Wardle have rescued many innocent individuals from heavy fines, and the more grevious loss of personal liberty.

The defenders of the commander in chief rested principally upon the bad character of the principal evidence, Mrs. Clarke, and the contradictions in her evidence. But though every action of her life was ransacked with the most malignant diligence, no important breach of the laws of honesty or veracity were proved against her; nor was she guilty of more contradictions than might have been charged against the other witnesses, who were deemed irreproach-

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able. The evidence was the best possible that could be procured under the circumstances of the case. The strongest and most convincing part of it was brought out during the investigation, either by accident, or by the indiscreet zeal of the duke's defenders. Certainly nothing was ever less like a conspiracy, than this whole proceeding. Mr. Wardle does not seem to have had any previous communication with a single witness except Mrs. Clarke. They all of them appear to have received the first intimation that they would be called on from the public papers. One of them, and a most material one (Mr. Dowler), had scarcely time to shift himself after his arrival from Lisbon. Another (Sandon) was out of town. A third, (Major Tonyn) whose evidence would have been very material, seems to have been kept out of the way. Had he been able to contradict the other evidence, he would most certainly have been produced. Except Mrs. Clarke there seems to have been hardly one willing witness brought forward. Those, therefore, who talked of a foul conspiracy against the duke, have expressed, not their belief, but their wishes. Probably, however, the success of the prosecution (if the complete conviction of the public mind can be called success) was owing to this unprepared state of every individual, who was to establish the facts. There was no time for tampering or caballing, or the invention of plausible excuses. 'I was much surprised and thunderstruck,' said one of the witnesses, 'to see and hear my name had been mentioned as it was, without previous notice.' Under such circumstances there was no safety, but in telling the simple truth. It puts at the same time the upright, frank, and intrepid character of the accuser in the strongest light.

Though one hundred and twenty-five members only could be found to support Mr. Wardle's very mild and temperate resolution, it was not so easy to obtain a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Perceval's resolution, which was finally carried, was conceived in the following terms.

'Resolved, That it is the opinion of this house, after the fullest and most attentive examination of all the evidence adduced, that there is no ground for charging his Royal Highness with personal corruption, or connivance at such practices disclosed in the testimony heard at the bar.'

After a debate of ten days, and repeated divisions on the resolutions of other members, who wished to steer a middle course, Mr. Perceval's resolution was carried, the numbers being for it 278, against it 196; majority 82.

Never certainly were the people and those who profess to

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be their representatives more at variance than in this decision. And as it was a case in which every man is as competent to decide as the judges themselves, we believe that this proceeding has tended to destroy the confidence of the people in the integrity of parliament more than any other event which has happened in our days. For a long time the people have seemed little disposed to take any part in public affairs. But it was not that they had ceased to be interested in them. They have kept silence because they have been hopeless of doing any good. Their spirits too have been damped but not extinguished, by the reign of terror under Mr. Pitt's first administration, when men were sent to Botany Bay, or shut up in prison for acting on the principles which Mr. Pitt professed when he commenced his political career. But now the call for reform is so general and so loud, that we are persuaded that, though it will long be resisted, it will finally triumph.

That much of a spirit similar to that which now pervades the country, was also prevalent towards the close of the American war must be allowed; at which time it evaporated in a few empty and angry resolutions. But the American war was succeeded by a season of the highest prosperity; commerce revived, industry flourished, and the revenue became abundant. At present (without the occurrence of some change which is wholly beyond the calculation of human foresight) the affairs of Britain seem arriving at a crisis, which absolutely threatens political destruction. Security cannot be obtained either by war or peace. Austria, which was prostrate before, is menaced with absolute annihilation. The partition of Turkey will quickly follow. The road then is open to Egypt and to India, to the conquering arms of the modern Alexander. The present discontents have their foundation in the system which has been pursued through almost the whole of the present reign; in a system of perpetual warfare, in an increase of taxation beyond endurance, and in a profuse and prodigal expenditure of the public treasure. The great impediments thrown in the way of commerce have soured the minds of the merchants of the metropolis; a race of men, who whilst trade flourishes, give themselves little concern about the principles of liberty. All these causes of discontent are continuing to act, and will continue to act with progressive force; and thinking men trace them to the notorious corruption of the house of commons, the majority of the members of which seem to have interests in direct opposition to those of the people. Men see that the course of events has rendered a great change necessary, and will produce it by a species of necessary agency.

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Whilst all allow a reform to be necessary, there is a marked difference in the sentiments of different parties as to the mode in which it should be effected, and the extent to which it should be carried. The leading members of the late administration obviously suppose that it might be done through the medium of the government. We heartily wish that it *might*; but our opinion of human nature forbids us to cherish the hope that it *will*. We would ask these gentlemen whether the attempt to effect even a beginning of a salutary reformation was not the real cause which precipitated themselves from the helm of the government? Whether the present weak and inefficient administration were not selected merely to keep things as they are? And would any measure of reform which the court would patronize, carry us back to the point at which we were even at the close of the American war? At that time it was thought a great triumph when Mr. Fox carried a simple resolution against the influence of the crown in the house of commons; and still the crown remained powerful enough to preserve all its influence, and finally to augment it fifty-fold. Now when the barefaced controul which the ministers of the crown exercise over the votes of members is offered to be proved at the bar of the house, the facts are unblushingly avowed, and the power which is so scandalously abused is vindicated as an essential part of the British constitution.

To effect great things requires powerful instruments. Under the present system the most upright minister can effect nothing, he must either swim with the torrent or be overwhelmed by it. We can conceive no other engine of reformation in a corrupt state, but a general at the head of an army he can confide in; or an honest minister aided and supported by an independent house of commons. Whilst the privileges of the people of England are usurped by a croud of venal boroughs, what trifling is it to expect oaths against bribery can effect any thing but to keep a few conscientious men out of the house? The purchasing of seats is but one evil, and that not of the greatest magnitude. Perhaps whilst the borough-mongering system is allowed to continue, it may be a good: it introduces sometimes a wealthy man instead of a mere tool and servile dependant. What the people of England want is a real representation, and not a mockery; that the house of commons should be a faithful guardian of the interests, and sympathize with the feelings of the people; that the members should no longer be the mere agents of the treasury, or the deputies of a few rich men, still less that a seat should be wished for solely as a step-

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ping-stone to lucrative offices, to be obtained by a blind attachment and obedience to the minister of the day. Is it possible that such a house of commons can be obtained, but by enlarging the basis of representation throughout the whole kingdom? This is, we presume, such a reform of parliament, as was designed by the society, who assumed the name of the friends of the people; nor do we believe that any reform short of this will effect the purpose so devoutly prayed for by all good patriots—that of awing and controuling corrupt ministers; or of arming the good with the power of faithfully serving their country.

We cannot conceive upon what principles such a system of representation should be deemed incompatible with monarchy. Monarchy seems essential to all states where there exists a great inequality of rank and property. It is necessary to compress the fury of contending parties; which without the restraint of a powerful chief, would on every petty cause of contention, tear each other to pieces.

The reflections we have made arise naturally from the consideration of the extraordinary proceedings in the case of the Duke of York. They may be deemed not so much a trial of the Duke of York, as the trial of the house of commons; which has been pronounced guilty of having violated its duty by the almost unanimous voice of the people of England. We fear that throughout, the personage (illustrious in rank and station) whose character has been chiefly implicated by the discoveries brought to light by this investigation, has been the victim of bad advisers and false friends. The only prudent step he has taken throughout has been to resign his office. We hope that in the solitude of retirement he will perceive the emptiness and vanity of that life of dissipation to which he has sacrificed his character; and he will recover the esteem of his countrymen. The age is not so rigid as to exact great severity of manners from princes. Let them attend to the simple laws of decorum, and few will wish to scrutinize more deeply into the principles of their conduct.

It is our duty to state that we believe this report to be no more than a copy of the proceedings taken from the daily papers.

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ART. XIV.—*A Treatise on the Defects of the Debtor and Creditor Laws, and the Consequences of Imprisonment for Civil Debt: or an Address to the Public in Behalf of honest Debtors and injured Creditors, with an Exposition of Facts interesting to Gentlemen of the Law; and impartial Observations on the comparative Distinction between honest and fraudulent Debtors. By W. Minchin, Esq.* 8vo. *pp.* 222. Tipper. 1809.

WHEN the late Duke of Richmond was once solicited to support some parliamentary measure of relief for the persons confined for debt, his grace made use of the following memorable words:

'As I think no man ought to be imprisoned for *any* debt, I shall always be ready to support any bill that may be brought into parliament, tending towards that object.'

We entirely assent to the opinion of his grace, that no man ought to suffer imprisonment for debt.—The imprisonment may inflict punishment on the debtor, but it is no benefit to the creditor. It constitutes no part of the payment. —Where there are no means of payment, it cannot facilitate the production; it tends rather to deprive the person of all means.—It may, indeed, gratify the vengeance of the creditor. But, we ask in the name of injured humanity,—IS THE LAW TO GRATIFY THE REVENGE OF INDIVIDUALS? —Will any man of correct moral feeling and of enlightened mind answer this question in the affirmative?—We believe not.—Then, on what principle of reason or humanity can we justify the continuance of the practice?

We believe that in the great majority of instances, the cases of fraudulent debtors are very few compared with those who are unfortunate. Now by those who are fraudulent, what is meant but those who have the means of payment, but want the will?—But with such persons, imprisonment, as the law now stands, instead of producing the will to pay is usually found to excite the contrary volition. They defy their creditors, and rot in jail on the fruits of their iniquity.—Imprisonment does not operate as a punishment on the fraudulent debtor, so much as on the upright and unfortunate. If the present law were, according to the original spirit and practice of the constitution, not to permit any violation of the personal liberty of the debtor, but to make his goods, his money, and lands in all instances liable for his just debts, the interests of trade, the happiness of individuals, and the general good of society, would be better secured than by the present system, which

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in so many instances outrages the feelings of philanthropy. —The numerous insolvent acts which the legislature has passed are so many proofs that there is something radically bad in the law as it now is; for what must we think of a law, which *the legislature itself is continually obliged to violate?* The following reflections of Dr. Johnson on the folly, injustice, and cruelty of imprisonment for debt, cannot be too often quoted, nor too generally perused.

'The wisdom and justice of the English laws are, by Englishmen at least, loudly celebrated; but scarcely the most zealous admirers of our institutions can think that law wise, which, when men are capable of work, obliges them to beg; or just, which exposes the liberty of one to the passions of another.—The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness an atrophy. Whatever body and whatever society, wastes more than it acquires, must gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock. The confinement, therefore, of any man in the sloth and darkness of a prison, is a loss to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes who are pining in those cells of misery, a very small part is suspected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The rest are imprisoned by the wantonness of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of disappointed expectation. The end of all civil regulations is, to secure private happiness from private malignity: to keep individuals from the power of one another; but this end is apparently neglected, when a man, irritated with loss, is allowed to judge of his own cause, and to assign the punishment of his own pain; when the distinction between guilt and happiness, between casualty and design, is entrusted to eyes blind with interest, to understandings depraved by resentment."

'Again he says, "It may be hoped, that our law-givers will at length take away from us this power of starving and depriving one another; but, if there be any reason why this inveterate evil should not be removed in our age, which true policy has enlightened beyond any former time, let those whose writings form the opinions and the practices of their contemporaries, endeavour to transfer the reproach of such imprisonment from the debtor to the creditor, till universal infamy shall pursue the wretch whose wantonness of power, or revenge of disappointment, condemns another to torture and to ruin; till he shall be hunted through the world as an enemy to mankind, and find riches no shelter from contempt.

'Surely he whose debtor has perished in prison, though he may acquit himself of deliberate murder, must at least have his mind clouded with discontent, when he considers how much another has suffered from him; when he thinks on the wife bewailing her husband; or the children begging the bread which their father would have earned. If there are any made so obdurate by avarice or

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cruelty, as to revolve these consequences without dread or pity, I must leave them to be awakened by some other power, for I write only to human beings."

'Lord Chancellor Talbot,' says the author, has remarked, that, 'the debtor sufficiently pays any sum by an *imprisonment of three months*, according to the principles of real humanity and good policy.' Strictly applying this remark to the imprisonment, as being intended to punish the debtor, it is unquestionably correct; for, after a man has suffered that period in prison, it becomes a severe punishment; the moral claim of the creditor to payment ceases in the mind of the debtor; and, as the punishment is given in satisfaction of the debt, ought it not to be limited, that the creditor should be convinced it is more his interest to take what the debtor can pay, than vainly endeavour to hold him in confinement when it is known he cannot pay?'

The injustice of the present system is truly and forcibly shown in the following observation:

'Liberty is the gift of God, protected and confirmed by the law of the land; yet, in defiance of the laws of nature, religion, and civil society, an Englishman may be arrested, imprisoned, and put to an enormous expence, although he does not owe a shilling to the person who arrests him: and if a malicious enemy will swear to a debt of many thousand pounds, and consign the injured defendant to prison, for want of bail, twelve months imprisonment may be sustained before the question can be tried between the parties; and if the plaintiff succeeds in recovering only twenty shillings, the defendant has no remedy for the evils he has suffered. A man cannot, therefore, correctly be said to be sent to prison because he owes another money, but because he cannot find bail. Whether the person arrested be or be not indebted to the plaintiff is no concern of the officer who executes the warrant, or of the attorney who issues the writ. And the judges of the land, whose province it is to administer justice between the plaintiff and defendant, have no knowledge of the iniquitous proceedings, unless the defendant can afford, at an enormous expence, to force the plaintiff to a trial at law; and thus the practice is suffered to continue. The defendant is never brought before a court of justice, judge, or magistrate, to be interrogated if he owes the money; but if any man will swear to a debt, and the defendant cannot procure two respectable and substantial housekeepers to enter into a bond to the sheriff's officer for double the sum which the defendant is arrested for, he is taken to a lock-up-house, the residence of the bailiff who arrests him, and from thence to a gaol, although convicted of no offence, and accused of no crime. Here he is detained at the suit of a fictitious or vindictive creditor, to the great detriment of all his other creditors, deprived of his efforts to pay.'

Some of our readers who may not be acquainted with the

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following circumstance, will be pleased with its relation.—Charity is said in the GOOD BOOK, to cover a multitude of sins, we believe that the act which we are about to mention may well be employed to veil or to extenuate the frailties and vices of the author.—That excellent institution entitled the "Society for the relief of persons imprisoned for small debts," which has, in its aggregate exertions of beneficence, alleviated such a large mass of human misery, owed its establishment to the voluntary and unsolicited exertions of the late Dr. Dodd. Early in the year 1772 he recommended the establishment to those congregations before whom he preached: and on this occasion at least his oratory was applied to a purpose which no wisdom and no virtue need blush to own.—This society still continues to flourish, and while any one object is left for its relief, our earnest prayer is that it may never decay!!!

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 15.—*Essays on the Nature, Order, Privileges, and Duties of the Christian Church. With an Address on Personal Religion. By Charles Dewhirst.* 8vo. pp. 215. 5s. Conder.

THE author of this work professes his object to be to promote "order, peace, and happiness in the churches of Christ." For this purpose he has written twelve discourses, which he terms Essays.—Mr. Dewhirst in Essay iii. describes it as one of the qualifications of what he calls "*personal religion*," "*to believe in the rage and reign of universal depravity.*" And he draws a more terrific picture of this depravity, than most writers whom we have seen, for he says,—"this depravity, is not only universal, as it taints and corrupts the whole mass of mankind, but as *it extends to all the mental faculties of every individual person.*"—If this be really the case, surely the author has grossly misspent his time in writing this book; for it must be in vain to address instruction to such a mass of moral and intellectual putrefaction.—But Mr. D. tells us for our comfort that "no sooner is the soul sick of sin than an adequate remedy is applied:" and that 'as sin hath reigned unto death, so grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus

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Christ.' We are not inclined to be severe upon Mr. Dewhirst, who appears to be a devout and well-meaning man, but we request him before he writes another book, carefully to study the original idioms of the scriptures, with the lights which the improved state of biblical criticism will afford.—The typographical part of this work is extremely well executed by Mr. Gedge, of Bury.

ART. 16.—*Sacred Elucidations; or Sunday Evening Remarks upon the most important Subjects that can interest the human Heart, proving the Necessity of spending the Sabbath, according to the Divine Command; peculiarly addressed to the youthful Part of the Community, but of equal Importance to those of riper Years. By Mrs. Pilkington. pp. 190. 3s. 6d. bound.* Harris. 1809.

THESE elucidations are exhibited in the form of eight lectures, which are read on a sunday evening by a Mr. Walsingham, a pious clergyman, to the children of Lord C. who, on his death-bed had entrusted them to his care. The religious and moral instruction which is contained in this volume is perspicuously and agreeably conveyed. The doctrines are in unison with those of the established church.

ART. 17.—*Great Britain: a Sermon preached at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary in Lincoln, on the 8th of February, 1809, being the Day appointed for a General Fast. By the Rev. William Holt, M.A. Prebendary of the Church of Lincoln. pp. 23. 1s. 6d.* Scatcherd.

THIS sermon contains some sensible and patriotic observations, without any taint of the fashionable mysticism and absurdity.

POLITICS.

ART. 18.—*Considerations on the Practicability, Policy, and Obligation of communicating to the Natives of India, the Knowledge of Christianity, with Observations on the Prefatory Remarks to a Pamphlet published by Major Scott Waring. By a late Resident in Bengal. 8vo. pp. 101. 2s. 6d.* 1808

ART. 19.—*The Dangers of British India, from French Invasion and Missionary Establishments; to which are added some Account of the Countries between the Caspian Sea and the Ganges; a Narrative of the Revolutions which they have experienced subsequent to the Expedition of Alexander the Great; and a few Hints respecting the Defence of the British Frontiers in Hindostan. By a late Resident at Bhagulpore. pp. 153.* Black, Parry, &c. 1808.

WHEN the peaceful Hindoos are exhorted to exchange their religious creed for that of the Europeans who are settled in India, they must be naturally led to compare the different effects which the different systems produce in their several adherents. If they find that the great moral virtues of temperance, justice, and mercy, are not more frequent nor more resplendent among the professed believers in Christ, than in Brahma, they must necessarily infer, however er-

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ronously, that their own system is not at least inferior in worth to that which Dr. Buchanan and his coadjutors are anxious to introduce. While the Hindoos observe that the only object of the Christians, who land on the peninsula of India, is the gratification of sensuality or avarice, is it probable that they will ever be induced to listen to those who wish to substitute the Gospel for the Shaster? The sober and reflecting part of the Hindoos may reason thus.—In what respect are we likely to be benefited by changing our creed to adopt that of those who live worse lives than we do ourselves? Even if the obstacles to the conversion of the Hindoos were less than they are, we do not believe that any wise and considerate man would wish the attempt to be made by those persons who preach speculations, which if they were embodied in the practice of common life, would diminish the general stock of moral goodness, of honesty and truth.—If the object of Dr. Buchanan and the evangelical host were not to substitute one set of mystical doctrines for another, but to change a bad moral system for a better, we might be more willing to commend the attempt, however uncertain the chance of accomplishing the generous design.—But at present the danger of any endeavour to disturb the religious establishment of Hindostan is so great that we must earnestly deprecate any innovating temerity, and rather wish that the change in the theology of the Hindoos, if any change be to take place, should be left to the tardy and almost imperceptible operation of time, than be begun by zealots, whose frantic indiscretions will be productive of nothing but animosity and strife.

'Shall we,' says the author of the Dangers of British India, &c. 'for the precarious benefit of converting a few Hindoos, plunge Hindostan in rebellion, and occasion the massacre of every Englishman who resides there? Is the work likely to succeed? or is it not, rather, one that we might wish, indeed, to accomplish, but one so full of danger, and so improbable of success, that we must content ourselves with throwing no obstacles in its way, and with leaving the rest to the good will of God, and to the slow influence of example.'

The conversion of the Hindoos, to Christianity, if it can be effected, would probably be attended with a revolution in their dietetic habits, of which the influence would be very sensibly felt in their passions and their health. Would the thousands who now subsist on a farinaceous and vegetable diet, become *eaters of flesh?* And would the diminution of the superstitious reverence which is now cherished for the sacred cow, be attended with general benefit, if it made the natives voracious consumers of animal food?

'When Brama,' says the late enlightened resident at Bhagulpore, 'under the shade of the banian tree, instructed his disciples in the duties of temperance, seclusion, and prayer, he intended as well to establish regulations for their personal welfare, as to found a faith which the powers of time should not destroy. Of climate he knew

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the effects to be uniform and active. Where the labours of the ox were so needful on the road and in the field; where the cow's milk, so useful to man, was in quantity so small, the preservation of these animals from the violence of passion or the lust of appetite became a measure of the greatest moment. He, therefore, prohibited the use of animal food and enjoined religious honours to the cow. This worship existed at an early age in Egypt, I will not say it passed there, and the Greeks wondered at the adoration of Apis because they were ignorant of the cause which gave it birth.'

'To preserve the health of his votaries Brama required frequent ablutions, and to secure their obedience he made the Ganges a holy stream. To separate them from the rest of mankind he forbade the attempt to make proselytes: to produce regularity in the discharge of their duties, he established the distinctions of cast; and, for the further security of his religion, he allowed no pleasures in its front to seduce the profession of strangers, and attached disgrace, more terrible than death, to the apostate of his faith.'

'A turban, a girdle, and a pair of sandals formed nearly the whole of a Hindoo's wardrobe; a straw hut was a sufficient abode. The luxuriousness of fashion neither altered the form of their dress, nor the structure of their houses, the furniture of which seldom exceeded a mat and a pillow, an earthen pot and a cup of brass. The laws of abstinence so rigidly prescribed rendered these privations a duty, while the laws of safety rendered them wise. In a country where even the soil was the property of the prince, the appearance of wealth was an invitation to rapine: the tenure of occupation made it imprudent to build for the accommodation of the living, and the custom of burning the deceased removed every inducement to erect tombs in their honour, or to venerate particular spots as the depositaries of ancestry. General charity, and religious pageants, formed, with the three great events of birth, marriage, and death, the chief calls on the wealth of a Hindoo. To excavate tanks, to plant fruit trees, and to construct ghants and pagodas were the united objects of pride, patriotism, and devotion.

'Forbidden to eat, or even to associate, with an inferior, though professing the same faith, the Hindoo could have no intercourse with a stranger, and was thus cut off from the general knowledge of mankind. And, as he could not prepare his food without certain formalities which it was criminal to observe but on dry land, he was prevented from extending the boundaries of his commerce by sea. Maritime trade was left open to those only with whom religion forbade him to mix, and whom prejudice taught him to detest.'

Hence we see that the subversion of the religious creed of the Hindoos, if it could be effected, must be attended with a total change in their domestic, their civil, and political institutions. And we, who dread and deprecate revolutions in the west, rashly to attempt to produce a more mighty and tremendous hurricane in the

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ment?—Are we wantonly to kindle the flames of religious dissention among sixty millions of men?

There is some force in the following observations:

'The great antiquity which these people claim, the frequent communications with the Deity, and the several manifestations of himself in the flesh, which they record and believe, are matters that require the closest investigation of the christian as well as of the philosopher. They present a formidable obstacle to the diffusion of the religion of the former, which can only be overcome, if so, by analyzing the nature of Hindoo superstition and, by tracing its different stages: for until we can convince the Bramin that our system is the first in time, as well as the most perfect in precept, he will tell us that it is derived from his, and that the Shaster is the source from whence the christian faith has been drawn. Far from questioning the divine authority of the scriptures, or the divinity of Christ, he will say that we believe but a part of what he does, and that the Deity might have been once incarnate in Judea as he had been often in India: that the Hindoo scriptures, as they were carried out of their own country, were altered to the local usages of others, and accommodated to the political views of their professors; and that, although we neglect ceremonies and profess the influence of moral precept, our external conduct implies a total negligence of visible adoration and gratitude to God, and the superiority of honour to religion.'

The pamphlet entitled 'Considerations on the Practicability, &c. by a late resident in Bengal,' is chiefly made up of an attempt to refute the arguments of Major Scott Waring, whose pamphlets we reviewed in our number for April 1808, p. 401.—The author is a zealous advocate for perseverance in the attempt to Christianize Hindostan.

ART. 19.—*Letters on the Affairs of Spain, and Spanish America: with Observations on the Revolution of the Continent. By Sydney.* Baldwin. 1809.

THESE letters were first published in the evening newspaper called the Statesman.—They seem to be the production of a reflecting and discriminating mind; and what he said respecting the probable fate of the Spanish expedition has in a great measure been verified by the event. The author anxiously desired that the large armament which was sent to Spain, should have been dispatched to Spanish America, which appears to have been the original destination of at least part of the force which was transported to the peninsula.—But we fear that the expedition to Buenos Ayres, under Sir Home Popham, and General Whitelock, had made an impression very unfavourable to the English name, on the minds of the inhabitants of South America; and that they would have distrusted our subsequent professions of friendship and protection.—If the inhabitants of South America wish for liberty and independence, they can vindicate both the one and the other for themselves without our

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direct interference. If we wished to favour such an event, all the assistance which it would be requisite for us to afford them would be to prevent France from sending either emissaries to sow dissentions among them, or an armed force to effect their subjugation. — The papists in new Spain seem if possible more ignorant and bigoted than those of the mother country; and we fear that an English army would rather shock their prejudices, and excite their antipathies, than conciliate their esteem.

POETRY.

ART. 20.—*Sonnets of the Eighteenth Century and other small Poems.* 12*mo. pp.* 145. 5*s.* Kearsley. 1809.

THESE Sonnets are in number seventy-five; the rest of the volume is occupied with imitations of Horace and some occasional pieces. The author says that the sonnets, which are in the usual strain of that species of composition, 'were written to beguile a melancholy hour.'

ART. 21.—*Camilla de Florian, and other Poems, by an Officer's Wife.* 12*mo. pp.* 159. Dick, Chiswell Street. 1809.

CAMILLA is described as the only surviving branch of the house of Florian, who is enamoured of Anselem, one of the knights, whom she excites to assert the honours of the order, and not to participate in the treacherous surrender of the place to the French. When she learns that the enemy have obtained possession of the city, she escapes with her female attendants by a subterraneous path to the convent of Rosa, where she begs permission instantly to take the veil, as some protection against the indignities of the French.

'Long through their arching windings, damp and drear,
The cautious group repeat the step of fear;
Prophetic echoes come in warning sighs,
And frighted reptiles from the hollows rise;
Close stifling vapours damp the torches' breath,
That dimly light the silent caves of death:
At length a ray of streaming light appears,
And fragrant *odours* sinking nature *cheers*;
The eager hands close branches draw aside,
And shew St. Rosa's gardens opening wide.
Camilla views with joy the foliage wave;
'Twas Florian's house, the fair superior gave.
Mark'd by the hand of age, the convent rose;
Around its base the *sweets* of summer *blows*,
Alone, Camilla trod the hallow'd way,
Where once her infant footsteps lov'd to stray.
Dear was the scene to fair Camilla's view;
Near the known porch the light Acacias grew.

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Again she prest—with ivory inlaid,
The sombre couch of shining ebon made,
And mark'd the curtain'd shrine retir'd from view;
Inhaled the perfume which the incense threw;
And mellow'd light, from stained casements fall,
With smiles of Heav'n, upon the sacred wall.
The painter there each form of death pourtray'd
From brightest Hope to Horror's awful shade;
Dimly was seen the sinner's parting strife,
The pallid struggles of reluctant life;
And shewn in brighter tints the holy maid,
On whom an angel's warning hand was laid:
Her mortal with celestial nature blends,
And wrapt in extacy, the saint ascends.'

This passage alone, notwithstanding two or three incorrect and flat lines, is sufficient to evince that the authoress, Mrs. Susan Fraser, possesses some sparks of poetical fire.

'Ere night, St. Rosa's sisters strew'd with flow'rs
Camilla's path, and rais'd their choral pow'rs:
Solemn and sweet their tuneful voices swell'd,
As o'er her spotless form the pall they held:
It drops:—enchantments, melodies expire;
The tapers sink with gleams of dying fire;
The sisters lead Camilla to her cell;
She bids Anselem and the world farewell!

'Meantime the knight, in humble garb array'd,
Thro' the known haunts of Citta Vecchia stray'd:
The victor yet the sacred altars spar'd,
Nor yet the ancient usages impair'd.
In vain Camilla's fate her knight deplores,
And o'er her untrac'd flight his sorrow pours;
Yet oft his pensive eye unconscious falls,
On high St. Rosa's venerable walls;
Oft, in the evening hour, inclines his ear,
To list the rising tones, so soft, so clear;
Nor dreamt the cherish'd treasure of his heart,
Bore in the vesper hymn the sweetest part.'

Lucilla one of the sisterhood, who is represented as more sensual than devout, makes an artful but ineffectual attempt to involve the knight in an unhallowed amour with herself. Lucilla vows vengeance, and that vengeance is gratified by the destruction of Camilla under the pretext that she had admitted the knight within 'St. Rosa's sacred shade.' The knight does not long survive her, he opposes the sacrilegious ravage of the French, and seeks the spirit of Camilla 'in the silent grave.' The story itself is not very distinctly told, and there are several instances of harshness and negligence in the diction and the verse.

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'To meet Anselem's *bend* she graceful rose.'

'Alike the polished fore-head's *showy height*.'

'The pensive fair heeds not the *rays*,
That on her unveil'd beauty, searching *plays*.'

'On valour's ashes shed a tribute *warm*:
And give a glory to the Saviour's *form*.'

The other poems consist of Versifications of Ossian,' a Morning-walk to the Levant steps Gibraltar,' 'Imitations of the Spanish,' 'Patriotic songs of Spain,' 'Translations from the German,' and miscellaneous pieces. The morning-walk at Gibraltar contains several passages which merit considerable praise. The following song is a very spirited production, and breathes the true fire of patriotism. It is among the Spanish songs and adressed to Elvira.

'Should this heart, that beats for thee,
Be still'd amid the battle's rage,
Let the thought of victory.
Elvira's widow'd woe assuage:
For that hour in holy heaven,
The patriot crown to me is giv'n.

'Hush the sigh, repel the tear!
O, never, never mourn my fate!
Sprinkle flowers on my bier,
As cold I enter Seville's gate:
With smiling joy Alphonso own,
Whose patriot soul to heaven is flown.

'Shew my sons the wounds that flow;
Then give their infant hands the spear;
Let them then the contest know,
That robs e'en infant hearts of fear:
Send them, unmov'd, to bear their part;
And give your country all your heart.'

ART. 23.—*Poems on various Subjects. By Henry Richard Wood, Esq.* pp. 128. 5s. Baldwin. 1809.

THE longest of these poems is a love story entitled 'Edwin and Laura.' Edwin after a long absence, which distress of circumstances had occasioned, returns to visit his Laura, to cheer her with the news of his good fortune, and to assure her of his constancy and love. But on arriving at the cottage he finds that his fair one had vanished, and a friend informs him that she had after some resistance given her hand to another. This causes Edwin bitterly to lament the misery of his lot, and to inveigh against the inconstancy of the sex. A short extract from this part of the poem will enable the reader, without our official animadversions, to appreciate the poetical powers of Mr. Wood.

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'Inconstant sex,' the mourner cried,
At once our bliss and bane;
The wretch on you who founds his hopes,
Shall ever find them vain.

'Destined by bounteous heav'n to prove
Man's chiefest good below;
To add a secret charm to life,
And solace every woe.

'You feign a soft, seducing guise,
To lure him to your snare;
You flatter with an angel's voice,
Then leave him to despair.

'But most for him, who loves you best,
You spread the treach'rous wile;
Some dire misfortune lies conceal'd
Beneath your very smile.'

We leave it to the female acquaintance of Henry Richard Wood, Esq. to punish him in any way they think best for this libellous effusion. We only request them in compassion to us poor critics not to sentence *him to write a recantation* in *verse*.

ART. 24.—*Kenneth and Fenella. A Legendary Tale. By the Rev. F. S. Walley, D.D. pp. 55. 2s. 6d.* Hatchard. 1809.

WE shall let Dr. Walley himself explain the circumstance which gave birth to this tale.

'On reading the Statistical Account of Scotland, and Guthrie's History, I was forcibly struck with the murder of Kenneth II. by Fenella; which appeared to me so fine a subject for a tragedy, or a legendary tale, that I wondered it never had been taken advantage of by men of poetical talents. To the former I found myself unequal; the latter I have attempted—and of my attempt the public must be the judge. It is the best effort of one whose imagination is clouded, and whose ardour is cooled by old age and infirmities. But this unfinished, and perhaps injudicious sketch, may awaken superior talents and taste, to draw from it a fine and a finished picture. The subject is the more interesting, as it is not only founded on undoubted history, but as it is also intimately connected with the admirable tragedy of Macbeth; perhaps, the most impressive and perfect of all the dramas of the greatest poet that ever lived. What he imagines lady Macbeth to *have been*—Fenella really *was*. And this resemblance is the more striking, as Guthrie supposes that Fenella was either the grandmother or the great aunt of Macbeth, and that the murder of Duncan, who was Kenneth's great grandson, was in consequence of the perpetuated feud and animosity between the

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families, arising from the just execution of Fenella's only son, by the king's commands, and her subequent assassination of Kenneth.'

Length of years must, we suppose, plead the Doctor's excuse for the want of *poetic fire*.

——gelidus, tardante senectâ,
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœtæ in corpore vires.'

NOVELS.

ART. 25.—*The Letters of a Peruvian Princess. By Madame de Grafigny. Also, as a Sequel, the Letters of Aza. By Ignatius Hungari de la Marche-courmont. To which are prefixed a Life of Madame de Grafigny, and a short biographical Notice of Marche-courmont. Translated from the French by William Mudford.* pp. 221. 6s. Sherwood, 1809.

THIS is altogether an interesting tale. Zilia, who is one of the virgins of the sun, was destined to be married to her relation Aza, who was heir to the sovereignty of Peru. But the unexpected invasion of the country by the Spaniards prevented the consummation of her happiness. Zelia is carried off by these ravagers from the temple of the sun, and embarked on board a ship, which is captured by a French vessel on its passage. Zilia is carried into France. The captain of the vessel who is a man of generosity and honour, is enamoured of her charms; but the fair Peruvian preserves the constancy of her attachment to Aza in the most adverse circumstances. Aza is himself transported by his conquerors into Spain, where he labours for a time under the misapprehension that Zilia is dead; and he conceives a passion for a Spanish girl. A report to this effect reaches the ears of Zilia and excites her sorrow, but does not destroy her love. The continuation of the work by de la Marche-courmont, which is very inferior to the original of madame de Grafigny, contains various letters, which terminate with the reunion with Zilia, and the departure of the lovers for Quito, in their native clime. The letters of Zilia breathe a refined and elevated passion mingled with just sentiments of virtue and correct views of life. Her descriptions of the French character and manners during her stay in France, are often strikingly correct. The picture which is exhibited of the constancy and the delicacy of her attachment, which renders the work unlike some of those circulating poisons in the form of novels, which require an antidote to their otherwise deleterious effects.

MEDICINE.

ART. 26.—*Practical Observations on the Nature and Cure of Strictures in the Urethra. By William Wadd, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.* pp. 88. Callow. 1809.

IN this pamphlet Mr. Wadd has detailed the various improvements in the application of caustic substances to the seat of this deplorable malady. From his own numerous opportunities of seeing the different effects of the caustic and the bougie in strictures of

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the urethra, he seems to think that the latter mode of practice is the safest and the best.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 27.—*The Pleasures of Benevolence; or the History of Miss Goodwill; intended as a Companion to the Sorrows of Selfishness. By a Lady. pp.* 150. *3s. bound.* 1809.

THE habit of benevolence, whether contemplated in its influence on the internal disposition or the external conduct, contributes so much to the peace and happiness of the individual, that we consider its culture, though viewed only in its present consequences, to deserve more attention than any other moral quality. Whatever work it be which tends in any degree to nurture the principle of this habit in the youthful mind of either sex, will always receive our encouragement and approbation. There is certainly such a tendency in the present work, which makes amusement the vehicle of instruction.

ART. 28.—*Summer Excursions through Parts of Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Herefordshire, Derbyshire, and South Wales. By E. I. Spence, Author of "the Nobility of the Heart," and "the Wedding Day."* 2 *vols. pp.* 367. Longman. 1809.

MISS Spence is an agreeable traveller. Her remarks are lively, her anecdotes numerous, and her descriptions accurate, individuated and distinct. Those, who read for amusement, will find it in her work; and those who read for instruction will peruse it without having any reason to regret that their time has been mispent. From the account of Miss Spence we learn that methodism is rapidly rising to its meridian absurdity in the principality of Wales.

'I was sorry to observe the parish church of Llandilo quite deserted, and the place chiefly filled with sectaries, who crowd from all parts to listen to itinerant preachers. An immense multitude of people assembled in the market-place to hear one of these preachers, who continued above two hours making such a hideous noise in an unknown jargon, and uttered with such vehemence, as could inspire but little true devotion, that it is impossible to describe such extraordinary, irregular worship.

'A sort of methodistical mania is rapidly spreading throughout South Wales. A gentleman in pointing out to me the church of Llannon, informed me that often there were not half a dozen persons to join the parson and clerk, whilst the chapel was overflowing with a numerous congregation.

'During the last year, I have since been informed, upwards of one hundred and twenty chapels have been erected, and near eight thousand persons admitted into the methodist society.'

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ART. 29.—*Paetus and Arria, a Tragedy; in five Acts. To which is prefixed, a Letter addressed to R.B. Sheridan, Esq. on the present State of the Stage.* 2s. 6d. pp. 74. Lackington. 1809.

IN his prefatory letter to T. Sheridan, Esq. the author asserts that all access to the stage is '*carefully* barred against all, except those who have power or interest in the theatres.'—To this cause he principally ascribes the present scanty exhibition of dramatic talent, and the degeneracy of the stage. When an author's play is rejected he must necessarily experience considerable mortification. This mortification he will probably endeavour to retort upon the managers, whose taste and discrimination he will dispute; and whose conduct he will ascribe to envy or resentment, to ignorance or prejudice. But we believe, though these causes may occasionally operate, that authors are not always right, nor managers always wrong. In the present instance we agree with Mr. T. Sheridan, that this tragedy, though it contains several poetical passages, is not calculated for theatrical representation.

ART. 30.—*Dedicated to all whom it may concern. Valentine's Day; or the amorous Knight, and the Belle Widow. A new and original Comedy; in three Acts, prefixed by a Poetical Appeal to the Critics. By one Anonymous.* 8vo. pp. 124. 3s. 6d. Vernor.

WE thought, on the first sight of this performance, that it contained a satire on some living wight; but, if there be any such intent on the part of the author, it is so subtle that it has escaped our observation. The quantity of *comic matter* which this pamphlet contains will probably be best estimated by those who pay three shillings and six-pence for the perusal.

ART. 31.—*The Meteor; or a short Blaze, but a bright One. A Farce, in two Acts. By J.B. Gent. With a prefatory Advertisement by the Author.* pp. 42. 2s. For the Author, 11, Catherine Street, Strand.

THE author says that this farce was begun when he had scarcely attained the age of nineteen. There is a moderate portion of vivacity and merriment in the performance, but some of the situations are rather unnatural, as where the father of Harry on first meeting him after the loss of his property, proposes a mock-trial in order to see whether his son possesses any talents for the law. One judge's and two counsellors' wigs are sent for. The servant is placed on the bench, and the father and the son plead against each other. Some parts of the piece are spirited: but probability is too much violated, and the conclusion is abrupt.

ART. 32.—*Thoughts and Remarks on establishing an Institution for the Support and Education of unportioned respectable Females. By the Author of the 'Step-Mother,' 'Letters to young Females,' 'Constantia Neville, or the West Indian,' &c.* pp. 248. 8vo. Longman. 1809.

THE benevolent authoress of this work has long been forcibly

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struck with the common errors of female education, and with the desolate situation of numerous females in this country, in the middle or even higher ranks of life, who possess small and incompetent incomes, or are totally destitute of the means of support. As some remedy for these evils and some alleviation of this distress, she proposes the establishment of protestant nunneries, which might serve at once as places of education for the young and places of refuge for the unfortunate. Under proper regulations, we are not aware of any solid objections, which could be made to such institutions. A protestant nunnery would differ from a popish, not merely in the mode of worship employed in the chapel, but in two great points of internal arrangement. No females could be suffered to be immured for life, by the arbitary mandates of parents, and any of the females, who had voluntarily sought such an asylum, would be permitted to quit it when they no longer found it agreeable to their inclinations. Such institutions would be highly useful by furnishing a supply of governesses properly qualified both by moral and mental culture, to undertake the task of educating others. The want of stable principle, or of requisite knowledge in persons of this description is the subject of a general complaint. How many wives and daughters of clergymen, officers, &c. &c. who are left in narrow and destitute circumstances, would hail the establishment of such institutions, in which some of them might find solace and subsistence, and others might be qualified by a salutary discipline to become useful members of society, and to return with interest to the public the benefits which they derived from the house! How many females of confined incomes might be enabled by this means to enjoy a variety of social comforts which they could not otherwise obtain! The authoress who signs herself Helena Whitford, suggests some judicious practical details, which are well deserving consideration by those who are willing to embark in such an attempt to assuage the misery, or to augment the happiness, of the most helpless but amiable part of their fellow-creatures.

Art. 33.—*Outlines of an Attempt to establish a Knowledge of Extraneous Fossils on scientific Principles. In two Parts. By William Martin, F. L. S. Author of Figures and Descriptions of Petrifactions collected in Derbyshire, pp.* 239. 8o. White. 1809.

EXTRANEOUS fossils seem to be considered by the author as those, which possess an organic structure which has originally been that of a plant or animal. In the present work Mr. Martin establishes the following positions, that, 'all natural bodies without life, found on, or beneath, the surface of the earth, and which are not susceptible of putrefaction, belong to the fossil kingdom. Such bodies are either reliquia or minerals.' 2. That 'an organic structure, immediately or derivatively that of a plant or animal, is the essence of an extraneous fossil or reliquium. By this alone is it characterised or distinguished from a mineral,' 3. That 'it is the organic form alone on which the arrangement of reliquia must be

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founded.' 4. That 'the primary divisions of the arrangement (orders, genera, &c.) should agree with such natural divisions of plants and minerals, as are determinable by the form of the fossil subject.' 5. That 'the specific differences in reliquia depend on the specific differences of form in the original bodies. One species of plant or animal can give but one real or genuine species of extraneous fossil.' 6. That 'specific distinctions of reliquia being founded only on the organic form, it follows that their geological and mineralogical affections, with their modal diversities, &c. merely characterize specimens.' 7. That 'the specific descriptions of reliquia are to be given according to the principles of botany and zoology—those of the specimens according to the specimens of mineralogy, and geology.' 8. That 'the nomenclature of reliquia should always manifest the extent of our knowledge with respect to the original bodies.' Mr. Martin appears to have exhibited much judgement in his classification and nomenclature; and his work is particularly valuable from his having repeatedly confirmed by his own experience a large portion of the facts which he has advanced.

List of Articles, which with many others, will appear in the next number of the C.R.

Bland's Poems.
Jones's Illustrations of the Four Gospels.
Russel on Scrophula.
Poyer's History of Barbadoes.
Stawell's Georgics of Virgil.
Hoare's Tour in Ireland.
Cursory View of Prussia.
Biggs's History of Miranda's Expedition.

ERRATA.

Page 45	line 18	for œvum	read aevum	
48	—— 43	for genethliaca	read genethliacon Lucani.	
53	—— 17	for quantam	read quantum.	
55	—— 1	for que	read quae.	
56	—— 36	for ωπολυειν	read παραλυειν.	
59	—— 39	for Ηερι	read Περι	
57	—— 26	for הדא	read הזא.	

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ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

Of Books published in May, 1809.

Adams—An Inquiry into the Laws of Epidemics, with Remarks on the plans lately proposed for exterminating the Small Pox. By Joseph Adams, M. D. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Annual Medical Register, comprising a Review of every Publication relating to Medicine and Surgery, which appeared during the Year 1808, with an Historical Sketch of the Discoveries and Improvements in these and the collateral sciences, within the same Period, &c. &c. 8vo. 9s.

Army—Annual Army List for 1809. 8vo.

Asiatic Researches, vol. IX. 8vo. 12s.

Blair—A Grammar of Chemistry. By the Rev. D. Blair, 3s. 6d.

Bowles—Poems never before published. By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles. 8s.

Brown—The Elements of English Education, intended for the Improvement of Youth of both Sexes. By J. Brown, 5s. 6d.

Bathmendi: a Persian Allegory, 1s. 6d.

Bengal—Remarks on the Dress and Discipline of the Bengal Army. 5s

Browne—Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1806, at the Bampton Lecture. By John Browne, A.M. 9s.

Butler—Letter to the Electors of England, on the Necessity of a Reform in Parliament, containing some Expedients calculated to produce it. By the Hon. Henry Butler, 1s.

Cartwright—Reasons for Reformation in Parliament. By John Cartwright, Esq. 1s.

Churton—The Life of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, chiefly compiled from Registers, Letters, and other authentic Evidences. By Ralph Churton, A. M. 8vo. 21s.

Cobbett—Elements of Reform, or an account of the motives of the advocates for Parliamentary Reform. By William Cobbett, 2s.

Dalyell—A Tract chiefly relating to Monastic Antiquities. By John Graham Dalyell, Esq. 8vo. 9s.

Dibdin—The Professional Life of Mr. C. Dibdin, from 1758 to the end of 1810. By Himself, No. I.

Dutton—The Study of History rendered easy, by a Plan founded on Experience. By Miss Dutton, 3 vols. 12mo.

Erskine—The Speech of Lord Erskine on malicious and wanton cruelty to Animals, 1s.

Essays on the Sources of the Pleasures received from Literary Composition, 8vo. 8s.

Furnass—The Practical Surveyor; By the Rev. J. Furnass, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Gentleman's Magazine—A Selection of curious Articles from. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.

Goadby—Observations on some of the most important Parts of the Art of War, as applicable to the present State of Military Tactics in Europe. By J. Goadby, Esq. 2s.

Hall's Chronicle, containing the History of England during the Reign of Henry IV. and the succeeding Monarchs to the End of the Reign of Henry VIII. In which are particularly described the Manners and Customs of those Periods. Collected with the Editions of 1548 and 1550. Royal 4to. 3l. 3s.

Hamilton—Exercises in Religious Knowledge for the Instruction of young Persons. By Mrs. E. Hamilton. 12mo. 2s.

Hamilton—The Works of the Rt. Rev. Hugh Hamilton, D.D. late Bishop of Ossory, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

Heber—Palestine, a Poem, recited in the Theatre, Oxford, 1803. By Reginald Heber. 4to. 12s.

Hope—The Costume of the Ancients. By Thomas Hope. 2 vols. Royal 4to. 4l. 14s. 6d. or one vol. royal 8vo. 2l. 12s.

Jones—The Family of Saptrail, or

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the Heir of Montalt, a Novel. By Harriet Jones. 4 vols. 24s.

Laurence—A Dissertation on the Loges of St. John. By R. Laurence, L.L.D. &c. 3s.

Leigh—Grieving's a Folly, a Comedy by Richard Leigh, Esq. 2s. 6d.

Laughton Priory, a Novel. 4 vols. 20s.

Macdonald—Travels through Denmark and part of Sweden during the Winter and Spring of the present Year, 1809. By James Macdonald. 2 vols, small 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Mackenzie—The Irish Guardian, or Errors of Eccentricity. By Mr. Mackenzie, 3 vols. 15s.

Milner—An Inquiry into certain vulgar Opinions, concerning the Catholic Inhabitants and the Antiquities of Ireland. By the Rev. J. Milner, D.D. &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Monte Video, or the Officer's Wife and her Sister, a Novel. 4 vols. 18s.

Moore—Collections for a topographical, historical, and descriptive Account of the Hundred of Aveland, Lincolnshire. Part I. By J. Moore. 5s.

Panthea, Queen of Susa; a Tragedy in five Acts. 2s. 6d.

Parnell—The Speech of Henry Parnell, Esq. in the House of Commons, April 18th, 1809. 1s.

Potchett—A Sermon on the prevailing Corruptions of the Age. By the Rev. W. Potchett. 1s.

Robertson—A popular Treatise on Medical Police, and on Diet, Regimen, &c. By John Robertson, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.

Russel—Letters of Lady Rachael Russel, from the Manuscript in the Library at Woburn Abbey; to which are prefixed an Introduction, vindicating the Character of Lord Russel against Sir John Dalrymple, &c. and the Trial of Lord William Russel for High Treason, extracted from the State Trials. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. Royal 8vo. 15s.

Savage—The Librarian; containing an Account of scarce, valuable, and useful books, Manuscript Libraries, Public Records, &c. By James Savage, of the London Institution, 2 vols. 8vo. 13s. or either volume separately 6s. 6d.

Scarpa and Wishart—A Treatise on Aneurism. By Antonio Scarpa. Translated by J. U. Wishart, 8vo. 15s.

Searle—A Sermon at the Assizes at Winchester. By the Rev. C.J. Gough Searles.

Shee—Elements of Arts, in six Cantos. By Martin Archer Shee, R.A. 8vo. 13s.

Spain—Letters on the Affairs of Spain, and Spanish America, with Observations on the Revolutions of the Continent, 2s.

Squire—The Beggar and his Benefactor. By Miss M.C. Squire, small 8vo. 5s.

Stewart—A Descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental Library of the late Tippoo Sultan of Mysore. To which are prefixed Memoirs of Hyder Aly Khan, and his son Tippoo Sultan. By Charles Stewart, esq. M. A. 4to. 4l. 4s.

Surgeon's Vade Mecum; Small 8vo. 6s.

Sutherland—An Appeal to the Public relative to the Misrepresentations contained in the evidence of Mr. Charles Greenwood at the bar of the House of Commons. By Mrs. Sinclair Sutherland, 2s. 6d.

Thoughts upon the present State of our Affairs, shewing the Necessity of an Administration formed on the basis of an union of Parties, 2s. 6d.

Tinney—The Rights of the Sovereignty vindicated, with particular Reference to the Political Doctrines of the Edinburgh Review, &c. By John Pera Tinney, 5s.

Toulmin—Memoirs of the Rev. Samuel Bourn. By Joshua Toulmin, D.D. 8vo. 7s.

Wheler—The History and Antiquities of Stratford-upon-Avon. By R. B. Wheeler. 8vo. 7s.

Williams—Remarks on the Recognition of each other in a future State. By P. Williams, Esq. 2s.

Wilson—Letters on Ancient History. By Miss Wilson. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVII. JUNE, 1809. No. II.

ART. I.—*Illustrations of the Four Gospels, founded on Circumstances peculiar to our Lord and the Evangelists. By John Jones. pp. 672. 8vo.* Longman. 1808.

THE learned, ingenious, and reflective author of these Illustrations, says in his introduction that we are not to expect in the present performance,

'classical quotations, learned references, or verbal criticisms, but an analytical detail of the sayings and works of Jesus Christ, together with the explanations of obscure passages, founded on facts, as far as they could be collected from historical investigation, or deduced from the circumstances of the case, by an active, but regulated, imagination.'

The author next says that,

'the doctrine of the association of ideas, which, in the absence of artificial order, is the only law that regulates the human mind,' 'is a broad and distinguishing feature in the present publication;' and that 'the law of association, when properly attended to, and skilfully applied, as it tends, while it elucidates the meaning, to confirm the truth of the evangelic records, will form a new æra in the history of christianity.'

We shall see as we proceed, some of the purposes to which Mr. Jones applies this doctrine; but we are afraid that it will not stand him in such good stead as he seems to imagine. We do not precisely know what Mr. Jones means when he asserts that 'the application of this principle will form a new æra in the history of christianity.' Does he mean that, from henceforth, all doubts respecting the divine original of christianity will be removed, that the evidence will, in future, be more luminous, and the conviction of the truth consequently less hesitating and obscure? We do not see how such a result is to ensue from the means which

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the learned author proposes to employ. For if our Saviour and his disciples were guided by such a principle as Mr. Jones imagines, in what they said, we think that it would tend to prove the gospel a mere human composition.

If a divine and supernatural influence were employed in producing the gospel, it must have been designed to counteract the ordinary associations of the human mind. For a divine or miraculous influence is never exerted in vain; but to what purpose could it have been exerted, if this doctrine of the association of ideas, of which the author so highly extols the operations, could have confirmed the truth of the evangelical history without any extraordinary aid? Besides, when we are told that, 'the doctrine of the association of ideas is, in the absence of artificial order, the only law that regulates the human mind,' and that the application of this principle is sufficient to 'confirm the truth of the evangelical records,' the sagacious theologue seems to have reasoned as if the evangelists sat down to write their several narratives, without an object, or a plan, and that they suffered themselves to be carried in the course of their relations, wherever the eccentricities of this principle of association, or wherever any real or fancied resemblances might conduct the mind. But we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the evangelists were not directed by some predominating motives and some determinate plan. These motives and this plan would naturally and necessarily induce them to prefer one mode of arrangement to another, and to group the events and their circumstances together in such a manner, as the active principle of volition ratherthan the blind force of association, or in other words, as choice, rather than chance impelled. When we come to examine the gospel of John, we shall endeavour to prove that this was actually the case, and that this evangelist, instead of leaving his narrative to the confused order, which the sole guidance of association would naturally produce, grouped the materials of his history together in such a manner, as seemed most likely to answer the specific end which he had in view.

Mr. Jones supposes with Michaelis that 'John the evangelist wrote his gospel to confute the errors of the Gnostics and those of the Sabians,' or those who asserted John to be the Messiah. But he does not think that the German critic was successful in dissipating the obscurity of the gospel, by the light of this hypothesis. For, says the sagacious author of these Illustrations,

'if he (Michaelis) had perused the works of Irenæus and the *recognitions* ascribed to Clement, *with proper attention*, he would

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have come at the truth in a direct road, and probably would have met with complete success. Irenæus, lib. iii. c. 3, asserts that John published his gospel to exterminate the errors of the Gnostics.'

We are very willing to pay all due deference to authority; but no authority has any influence with us, that is not supported by a preponderance of argument. We hope to be able to show by the most cogent evidence, that John had no intention whatever to refute the errors of the *Gnostics*, nor to subvert the theory of *Gnosticism* in the composition of his gospel. John seems to have had a far greater and more useful object in view than to correct the mistakes, or to expose the absurdities of a sect.

Mr. Jones will certainly allow that the evangelist John must himself have been a better judge of the design with which, and of the end for which, he wrote his account of Jesus than Irenæus, in whose traditionary information but little confidence ought to be reposed. Now St. John has himself expressly told us, xx. 30, 31, that his account of the life and doctrine of Jesus might have been carried to a much greater extent, but that he had made a selection of particulars for the express purpose of establishing the conviction of this momentous truth, that Jesus was the Messiah; a truth which he regarded as eminently favouring the production of virtue and of happiness. Πολλὰ μὲν οὖν καὶ ἄλλα σημεῖα ἐποιησεν:— Jesus had exhibited many other signs or proofs of his Messiahship, but those which John had introduced into his memoirs he thought sufficient to dissipate all doubt respecting the real character of Jesus.

All the great and astonishing actions of Jesus, which John relates in the course of his narrative, were designed principally as evidence of his Messiahship; where this was not the specific object for which they were related, the reader will find that it is always on account of some discussion respecting the Messiahship of Jesus, to which they gave rise. The first of these σημεια, or signs of his Messiahship which John records, is that which he displayed at a marriage-feast in Galilee. After the relation of this miracle the evangelist says, ἐπίστευσαν εἰς αὐτὸν οἱ μαθηταὶ αὐτῦ, they considered it at the time, as a credible proof that he was the Messiah. A short time after this Jesus went to Jerusalem in order to keep the Passover, when he drove the money-changers, &c. out of the temple. Here Mr. Jones affirms that there is an anachronism in the narrative of John, of which he discovers the cause in his favourite principle of association. He says that,

'the similarity between these two events, namely, the bitter disap-

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pointment of the populace, caused them to be united in the mind of the writer; and he absolutely blends them together in the same paragraph; though in fact they were separated by the whole extent of his ministry.'

Now we must confess that we do not discover any such similitude between the two occurrences, of converting the wine into water, and of the purifying the temple from the sordid traffic which defiled it, as would have caused the writer, by the connecting force of association, to incorporate both in one paragraph. Instead of any close associating resemblance between the two transactions, we discover none in the manner, the circumstances, or the result, except as far as both tended to prove the Messiahship of Jesus. In this instance at least we think that very little sagacity is required to discern that Mr. Jones has not been happy in the application of his principle.

The evangelist John, instead of grouping his facts together, as Mr. Jones supposes, as the wayward principle of association might impel, appears to have classed them in *chronological* order; and we consequently find that he details some of the *signs* which Jesus exhibited of his Messiahship in every succeeding year of his ministry. He arranges the particulars of his narrative according to the division of the passovers. We see nothing at all improbable in the supposition that the expulsion of the money-changers, &c. happened twice; or, if it did not, we are more inclined to believe that the incident which is related in Mark xi. 15—17 has been inserted in the wrong place, than that John, who was a constant attendant of Jesus has deviated in this instance, from that chronological order, which, in other respects, he has uniformly observed.

We shall now proceed in our proofs that the gospel of John was not written for the purpose of refuting the errors of the Gnostics, but of establishing the important truth of the Messiahship of Jesus. John himself has told us that this was the purpose for which he wrote; and our regard for his candour and veracity will not suffer us to believe that he had any other objects in view than those which he has *himself distinctly explained.* Passing for the present over the introductory paragraph to these memoirs of John, which some of our learned friends suppose to be an early interpolation from the little connection which it seems to have with the rest of the history, the first proof which the author produces of the Messiahship of Jesus, is the express acknowledgment of the Baptist, i. 34—6. This confession of the Baptist induced two of his disciples to follow Jesus as the

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Messiah, 37—42. Nathaniel professes his conviction of the same truth, 50.

In c. iii. 1—21, the discourse with Nicodemus seems to have been inserted on account of the strong and perspicuous declaration which Jesus makes of his Messiahship, and of the happy consequences which would be the result of a belief in that important truth. In the same chapter 23—36, the Baptist is again introduced to bear his testimony to the same truth, which he had previously announced. In c. iv. 26, the Messiahship of Jesus is proclaimed by himself in Samaria and assented to by the Samaritans, 42. Jesus then exhibits a second sign, δευτερον σημειον, of his Messiahship, by healing the son of the nobleman at Capernaum. The evangelist has yet made no direct nor even covert allusion either to Gnostics or to Gnosticism. The healing of the cripple at the pool of Bethesda, c. v. appears to have been related not more as a sign of the Messiahship of Jesus, than for the sake of detailing the discussion to which it gave rise, in the course of which Jesus repeatedly asserts his claim to that exalted character, 22, 25, 26; and he supports it by accumulated arguments 32—47. The narrative in vi. 1—14 which records the feeding of five thousand persons with five loaves and two small fishes, is carefully coupled with the conclusion which it suggested, ὁτι ἑτός ἐιιν ἀληθῶς ὁ προφήτης ὁ ερχομενος ἰις τον κόσμον. This relation also furnishes an opportunity of contrasting the real with the supposed character of the Messiah, of rescuing it from the grossness of popular prejudice, of separating the false motives which multiplied the votaries of his kingdom from those which he himself approved, and of establishing a correct estimate of the permanent advantages, the imperishable satisfaction which would result from cherishing the momentous truth which he taught, vi. 24—59.

The whole of the discourse of Jesus in c. vi. has a close reference to his Messiah-character in which he represents himself as a teacher, whose doctrine, if it were once fixed in the mind and affections, would confer permanent felicity. What he said had so little to gratify the secular hopes and impatient selfishness of his auditors, that many of them left him in disgust; but it impressed this conviction on his disciples, that he was the Messiah, 69. The account of the feeding of the five thousand persons, which precedes this discourse, and the discourse itself, are in strict unison with the only scope of John in writing his gospel, to prove the Messiahship of Jesus, and to elucidate the true nature and object of that character.

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'This is written to convince you that Jesus is the son of God; and that this conviction, by operating on your minds and conduct, may be crowned with the fruits of virtue and of happiness,' xx. 31.

What is said in the beginning of c. vii. was evidently designed to introduce the account of the contending opinions which were entertained respecting his pretensions to the character of Messiah, of which there is a very lively representation in the quick transitions of the dialogue in c. vii. in the irritation that is excited by opposition, in the impatient contradictions and the fervid replies! The fluctuating sensations of the Jews respecting the true character of Jesus are well contrasted with his internal unshaken consciousness of veracity. We request the reader to peruse vii. 10.—53. with attention, not only for the exact delineation which it contains of the polemical feuds which, at that time, agitated the Jews respecting the Messiahship of Jesus, but because it proves how earnest the writer was in his endeavour to establish the claims of Jesus to that exalted character.

The animated vindication of his Messiah-character which Jesus had delivered in c. vii. together with the petulant objections, the angry opposition, and fluctuating scepticism of the Jews, seems to be resumed in c. viii. 12—59. A similar scene is exhibited in c. ix. in which the narrative of the healing of a blind man gives rise to a vehement altercation among the Jews, the great drift of which is to prove the Messiah-character of Jesus. In 22, we find that the Sanhedrim had prohibited the application of that character to Jesus under the penalty of excommunication. In 37, Jesus himself distinctly avows that character to the blind man whose sight he had restored. In c. x. 1—18, Jesus defends the reality of his pretensions, the integrity of his character, and the purity of his designs. After this the violent dissentions which prevailed among the Jews respecting his character, his pretensions and designs are again vividly described; but the scope of the whole, as it is represented by the evangelist, was evidently to impress those for whom his account was written, with a conviction of the Messiahship of Jesus.

The beautifully circumstantial account of the revival of Lazarus in c. xi. is made subservient to the illustration and confirmation of the Messiah-character of Jesus 25—27, 42—45. The Jewish hierarchy had now determined on the destruction of Jesus and were insidiously machinating the accomplishment. In the remaining portion of the history the evangelist seems carefully to have selected such particulars as tended most to evince that truth which it was his primary object to establish. In c. xii. 1.—36. Jesus, though his mind was perturbed with the gloomy apprehension of

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approaching death, makes his public entry into Jerusalem. He argues, 24—27, respecting the moral fitness of the event which excited both his sorrow and his fear; while he repeatedly inculcates, 44—50, the important truth, which the Jews were so unwilling to believe, and which John wrote his gospel to confirm.

The beautiful anecdote in c. xiii. 1—11, seems to have been recorded not more as a proof of the humility, with which Jesus tempered the dignity of the Messiah-character, than as an example of that tender, that sympathising regard which he felt for his disciples, and which ought to unite all the subjects of the Messiah-kingdom, whatever may be the difference of their rank or circumstances, 12.—17. The instance of that sagacity by which Jesus foresees and foretells the treachery of Judas, 21, is recommended by Jesus himself as one of the many proofs of his Messiah-character. His words are, Απ αρτι λεγω 'υμῖν πρὸ τὲ γενέσθαι, ἵνα ὅταν γενηται, πιστευσητε, ὅτι εγω ειμι. I tell you this before it comes to pass, that when it does come to pass, it may *add to your conviction* that I am—*the Messiah*. The valedictory and consolatory discourses of Jesus, which occur between xiii. 31.—38. xiv. xv. xvi. are perhaps altogether more impressive, more truly pathetic and sublime, considering the character, the situation, and circumstances of the speaker, than any thing which is to be found in all the writings of antiquity. They paint the Messiah-character of Jesus in the most dignified, and, at the same time, the most interesting, amiable, and endearing point of view. If ever magnanimity, truth, sincerity, devotion, piety, gentleness, benevolence, friendship were personified, they are seen exquisitely delineated in the language and sentiments of Jesus in this all-important crisis of his religion, his character, and his life. The character of the Messiah is placed by John on this occasion, in the most resplendent light. While Jesus opens every source of consolation, of hope, and joy, of devotion, and of charity to his distressed and hesitating disciples, the reader will observe that those consolations, those joys, that virtue and that charity were all to centre in the Messiah-character of Jesus, and in the conviction which the disciples had of the reality of his pretensions, xiv. 1, 2, 6, 11, 12, 14, 15, 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 27, 28; xv. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20; xvi. 4, 7, 15, 20, 22, 26, 27.

Ch. xvii. contains an exquisite specimen of the glowing and affectionate devotion of Jesus, in which he seems to pour from his soul all its tenderest and most serious thoughts. But in this we may observe a desire to inculcate what it was the principal object of the evangelist to impress, a belief in the

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Messiahship of Jesus, conjoined with a vivid assurance of the felicity which his followers would ultimately experience. Thus in verse 3 we read:

'This is life eternal to know thee, to be the only true God, and Jesus whom thou has sent, to be the Christ.'

These words are, in fact, a summary of the gospel in general, and they more particularly and specifically express those truths, to confirm which John composed his memoirs of Jesus. The words in v. 3. contain the doctrine which is taught, and the blessed result which will follow from the affectionate observance of it in the heart. In this prayer, Jesus in a very natural manner, shews his belief in the conviction of his disciples, while he at the same time, expresses a lively heart-felt solicitude respecting their apostacy.

'I have imparted to them that doctrine which was thy gift to me; they are thoroughly convinced that thou didst appoint me the messenger of *thy will.*'

'O holy father preserve them stedfast in that doctrine which thou didst make known to me, that their lives may be as consistent with what I have taught as my precepts have been with thy will.' 'I have instructed them in thy doctrine, and the world hates them, because they are unlike the world, as I am unlike the world.' 'I do not implore thee to remove them out of the world, but to keep them from its insidious wiles; cleanse their hearts by the efficacy of thy truth; for the doctrine which I have taught, but which is only thine, is truth itself.'

It is singularly interesting to observe in this prayer how forcibly Jesus feels, in this distressing hour, that vivid self-satisfaction which is the grateful product of a life spent in the practice of all the virtues which are suited to the circumstances of the individual. 'I have shewn forth thy attributes on earth; I have accomplished the work which thou ordainedst me to undertake.' 'I have made thy doctrine clear to all those who are not deaf to remonstrance nor insensible to conviction.'* In this prayer we may also observe several repetitions of the same sentiment, which shew the earnestness of the speaker, and such a recurrence of the subject to the mind, as almost to prevent the intrusion of

* The Jewish idiom, which in general excludes second causes, refers almost every thing to the *immediate* agency of the Deity. Religious belief, though it be the effect not of inspiration, but of evidence operating on the mind, is still considered the product of supernatural power. The above, though a *paraphrastic* translation of the words, is an accurate representation of the sense. Rev.

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other thoughts. This description seems closely adapted to the situation of the speaker.

In the description which John gives of the last sufferings of Jesus, he makes a selection of such circumstances as seemed best calculated to leave this impression on the mind of the reader, that Jesus was to be believed to be the Messiah, and that his doctrine was the basis of eternal bliss The ground of his judicial punishment is stated by the incensed populace, xix. 7, 12, 15, to consist in his assumption of the character of the Messiah. This is more definitely explained in John than in the other evangelists; and is to be accounted for, not by supposing that he wrote to refute the Gnostics, but to accomplish the design which he himself has so forcibly expressed, xx. 31, Ταυτα δε γεγραπται, ινα πιστευσητε ὁτι ἰησῦς ἐστιν ὁ χριστος, ὁ υἱὸς τῦ, θεῦ καὶ ἵνα πιστευοντες ζωὴν ἔχητε ἐν τῳ ὀνοματι αυτῦ. These words express the object of the whole book, and this John endeavoured to accomplish, by a *selection of such particulars* as tended most directly to prove it. The other evangelists heap their relations together in a manner *less* consistent with a pre-determined method, but John has evidently adopted a *chronological arrangement* in the composition of his gospel. He does not, as Mr. Jones seems to suppose, write as association prompts, and blend his materials together, without any *determinate plan.* He had previously and deliberately chosen a particular mode of narration for a particular purpose; this mode he constantly observes, and of this he never loses sight. He does not write, as the theory of Mr. Jones would lead us to believe, to refute the tenets of a particular sect, but to establish those momentous truths which are the *condensed substance of the mission and the doctrine of Jesus.*

We have prosecuted this inquiry into the gospel of John, not because we love controversy but because we venerate truth. In the course of our researches we have been induced to believe that the hypothesis of Mr. Jones, that 'the gospel of John is from beginning to end levelled against these impostors' the founders of Gnosticism, to be destitute of proof. John himself has expressly told us the design with which he wrote his gospel; and the traditionary account of Irenæus or of the spurious author of the *Recognitions* and *Homilies*, deserves but small comparative consideration. But, though we fear that the learned author of this work has like many other ingenious men consumed a great deal of time in constructing a baseless theory, yet we must confess that in numerous instances we have been instructed by his erudition, struck by his sagacity, and delighted by the perspicuity and beauty of his style.

Mr. Jones considers the *logos* in the first chapter of John,

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as intended to denote the divine attributes, and he thus paraphrases the two first verses of the introduction to this gospel. 'From the beginning there existed a God, and those perfections denominated Logos, resided in God: they are so essential to God that they constitute his nature, and from the beginning he exists in the exercise of them.'—Our objection to this explanation is, that it appears to have no immediate relation to the gospel, nor to the design with which it was written, nor to the wants of those for whom it was composed. It certainly could not be necessary to tell the Jews what they knew sufficiently well from the Old Testament, that 'God existed from the beginning,' and that he never existed without his attributes; for how could it be otherwise? God can no more exist without his perfections than a man can breathe without his lungs, but it must seem a little incongruous in the evangelist to begin his memoirs of Christ with a solemn declaration of this indisputable truth. We have, for some time, been of opinion that the λογος, which is here mentioned, means simply the Christian doctrine; and that as the enemies of that doctrine had in the time of John derided it as a modern innovation, a production of yesterday, and had consequently placed it in a subordinate rank to the Mosaic dispensation, John begins his account of this doctrine by asserting its superior dignity to every other system, as having been from the beginning, adapted by God himself to the nature of man and to the moral constitution of the world. When Tindal asserted that Christianity was as old as the creation, he said what was true in one sense, though not perhaps in that in which he designed it to be understood.

In explaining the introduction to the gospel of John, and indeed in explaining many other parts of scripture, much difficulty is occasioned by the different senses which the same word is made to assume in the same sentence, or in different parts of the same work. Thus the word λογος, sometimes means generally the Christian doctrine; John xvii. 17. xii. 48, sometimes the teaching of that doctrine; xvii. 20, and at others the person by whom it is taught, i. 14. Numerous other significations of the same work might be produced. The following appears to us to be the sense of the three first verses of John; of two of which we have just exhibited the paraphrase of Mr. Jones.

The principles of that doctrine which Jesus taught, are coeval with the creation of all things, and have for ever existed in the divine mind, and been incorporated in the moral constitution of the world. The Christian doctrine is there-

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fore truly excellent and divine, God is its original author, and there never was a time when it did not exist in the mind of God, by whom all things were made. We refer αὐτῷ to θεὸν in the preceding verse, and we will now continue the paraphrase which we have begun. God, who alone has life in himself, and who gave life to all sentient nature, imparted the light of the Christian doctrine to intellectual man. This light, on its first dawning, was obscured by a mass of ignorance and prejudice, which obstructed its rays and prevented its diffusion. A man was sent from God whose name was John. He came to announce the approach of this doctrine, and to prepare the hearts of men for its reception. He was not the appointed teacher of the doctrine, but his office was to bear testimony to the truth of him who was to teach it. The true teacher of the doctrine came into the world to communicate it to every man who was willing to embrace it. While he was in the world the world was enlightened by the doctrine which he taught; though it did not acknowledge him as a teacher sent from God. His own countrymen, to whom he came, received him not as the Messiah; but as many as received him, or believed in his mission, and cherished his doctrine, became sons of God; pious and devout, ameliorated in heart and mind. It was not the accident of birth, it was not the descent from Abraham, it was not a system of human contrivance, but it was the divine doctrine of the Messiah, operating on the understanding and affections, which produced this extraordinary change. A man like ourselves (σαρξ) was made the teacher of this doctrine, and he dwelt among us, and he excited our admiration, and our love by the moral perfections which the Father had commissioned him to display. This is the teacher, of whom John bore witness when he declared, 'this is he of whom I said that he who cometh to teach after me ought to be preferred before me, for I am inferior to him in wisdom and in virtue.—From the treasure of his goodness, from his moral and intellectual store, we have all received a portion of benefit; and the less favour of the law, has been replaced by the greater kindness and more inestimable blessing of the gospel. For the law was introduced by Moses, but a system of more mercy and truth has been established by Jesus the Messiah. That pure and blameless religion which is most worthy of the perfections of God, and best suited to the imperfections of man, was never thoroughly understood till it was taught by that beloved son, the favoured Messiah, who is intimately acquainted with the mo-

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ral government of his father, with the plan of his providence, and the secrets of his will.

We trust that the paraphrase which we have here given, expresses the whole meaning of the original; and, at least, it will hardly be denied that it makes sense of the passage, and a sense which harmonizes with the design for which the gospel was confessedly composed. This is more than can be said of most of the interpretations which we have seen.—The passage itself has occasioned a profuse expenditure of erudition, and some commentators have ascended for the true explanation to the high empyreum of the Platonists, or groped for it in the dark labyrinth of the Gnostics. Some have endeavoured to catch it in the dissections of etymological subtlety, or to extract it from the laboratory of grammatical refinement. But the evangelists were neither philosophers nor philologists. They were acquainted with no other metaphysics than what ordinary observation will supply, they had no logic but that of common sense, and they used words in the way that they found them used by others, without staying to consider whether they were critically exact, idiomatically pure, or philosophically precise. The meaning which they intended to convey in any obscure and difficult passages, is rather to be sought in the common and popular acceptation of the words, in the diurnal idiom of the language in which they thought, as well as of that in which they wrote, than in the philosophical nicetiea of modern criticism, or the delicate discriminations of recent philologists.—Great difficulties, as we have before remarked, often arise in the interpretations of scripture, from the use of the same word in different senses even in parts of the same context, or from making the same word in a different sense, the predicate of different parts of the same proposition. Modern logic would not endure this perplexed and perplexing process of ratiocination. But the evangelists were very inexpert and aukward dialecticians; and hence their meaning may often be more safely obtained from a comprehensive examination of the whole context than from a minute attention to any single sentence or particular proposition.

It is now time to exhibit a few specimens of these scriptural Illustrations of Mr. Jones. Though we do not assent to the theory which pervades them, with respect to the Gnostics, and though we think that the author in some of his expositions has laid too much stress on the philosophical principle of the association of ideas, yet we have often been both instructed and gratified by the learning, sagacity, good sense, and sober piety of many of his remarks.

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'No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven; even the son of man which is in heaven.' This verse has a manifest reference to what we read of Moses, when on the mount with God; 'Moses alone shall come near the Lord.'—Exod. xxiv. 2. And after being on the mount with God, he goes down to sanctify the people, xix. 10. Extraordinary events, like established institutions, modify, it is well known, the language, and produce new figures or modes of speech among the people who witness them, and hold them in remembrance. This effect appears to have been produced by this memorable incident in the history of the Jewish lawgiver: And *to go up to God, to go up to heaven, to see God,* are expressions founded upon it, but which signify, without intending any *local* ascent, simply to *learn the will,* to *know the counsels of God.* On the other hand, to *come down from God, to come down from heaven,* are phrases, which from the same cause signify to *reveal the divine will* to the people.'

We were much pleased with the following observations:

'Our Lord well understood, and he taught his disciples to understand so likewise, that the existence and the possession of demons were doctrines not founded in truth, but the offspring of pagan superstition; and that those maladies which were ascribed to their agency, really proceeded from natural causes. To be convinced of this, we need only consider that Jesus and his apostles, though they usually conformed to the popular language, sometimes regarded, as evils natural or moral, those disorders which others ascribed to the instigation of the demons.'

'But if Jesus was no believer in demonology, how came he to use the language of those that believed it; and thus, instead of rectifying, to countenance the popular delusion? The people were too ignorant and too bigoted to receive instruction on the subject; and not to adopt their modes of speech, when conversing with them was impossible, without appearing captious or unintelligible. Besides, a free and philosophical discussion respecting the demons lay rather within the province of enlightened reason than of divine revelation; and so circumstanced was our Lord, that he felt the necessity of proceeding with the utmost caution in teaching even those few fundamental truths which were the immediate objects of his mission. It was his custom, and the custom was sanctioned by the soundest reason, to oppose, in direct terms, no errors, to inculcate no truths, however important, the obvious tendency of which was to alienate, or to inflame, his countrymen. The spiritual nature of his kingdom, the abrogation of the Mosaic law, the reception of the gentiles to share in the privileges of the Jews, are among the leading doctrines of the gospel; yet so great was the tenderness he felt for the prejudices of his hearers, and so comprehensive were his views as to the best means of ultimately triumphing over them, that he never openly inculcated truths so offensive: and he was content, during his ministry, to do little more than evince the divinity of his mission,

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and prepare the world for receiving the distinguishing tenets of his religion, when he himself resided no longer on earth.

'He exercised the same precaution with regard to the existence and possession of demons. If an object existed near and dear to his heart, it was to destroy *idolatry*, and to introduce among the nations at large a pure system of faith and practice. He knew that the doctrine originated in heathenism, that it still formed a principal part of it, and that when in due time, and by proper means the parent stem would be eradicated, the branch sharing its fate would wither of itself. From the memoirs of his ministry we learn, that though the subversion of polytheism, with its sad consequences, was the grand object of his religion, he did not attack and refute it in detail. He did not himself attempt, nor did he teach his apostles, to clear away in detached and minute parcels the rubbish of superstition. On the contrary, he aimed, and instructed them to aim first, by the gentle arts of love and persuasion, at fastening on the conviction of the converts the fundamental truths of the gospel, and then tearing up, as with a supernatural engine, having its fulcrum in heaven, its arms extending to the extremities of the earth, and its motions directed by the power of God, and thus removing at once the whole globe of paganism from their minds.

'But though Jesus appears to use the popular language, he did say what could in those circumstances be said with effect, to subvert demonology; but he wisely left the system itself to fall by the prevalence of his doctrine, and by the gradual improvement of the human mind. Nothing more, he knew, was necessary to accomplish its destruction than to prove that it was not a subject of revelation, but that it had originated in heathenism; that it is as opposite to reason as it is inconsistent with the character and government of God; and that, finally, he could not reasonably be supposed, as using, while among men, the language of men, to countenance a superstition which it was the acknowledged object of his kingdom to annihilate.

'There occurs in his history one striking instance which proves that our Lord was sensible of the common error on this subject; but, instead of refuting it, which would have been foreign to his purpose, he with astonishing sagacity and promptitude, seizes it as an allegorical veil to insinuate an important analogous lesson respecting the nature of vice. He had been curing a demoniac, and his enemies charged him with being a confederate of Beelzebub. In the sequel of the discourse, he tells them, 'when the unclean spirit is gone out from the man, it passes through dry places in search of refreshment, but doth not find it. Then it saith, I will return to my house whence I came out; and on its coming, findeth the house ready for its reception, swept and set in order. Then it goeth, and taketh with it seven other spirits more wicked than itself; and they go in, and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worst than the first,' Matt. xii. 43—45.

'Under the mythological notion respecting unclean spirits, with which he was furnished by the previous conversation, Jesus deli-

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neates the case of a man who, for a time, relinquishes his vices; but his habits being too deeply rooted to be thoroughly reformed, he returns to his accustomed indulgences with an appetite rendered more violent by temporary abstinence. What can be more clear than this example, that, in the opinion of Jesus, the only demons which take possession of men are evil habits? What method more wise, more proper, could he have adopted to undermine the commonly received notions, than thus to resolve what others ascribed to the agency of demons, into the native or acquired affections of the human mind.'

The remarks which we shall next quote are those on the peculiar mode of instruction which was practised by Jesus.

'Our Lord, while he surpassed all other moral instructors, in point, in brevity, in energy, in the selection of his topics, and in the prompt felicity of language, by which he expressed or illustrated them, essentially differed from them in this, that his discourses turned upon events yet in futurity, such as the nature, the growth, and the final success of his gospel, together with the effects it would produce on those who should embrace it. As the events, to which he alluded, were yet unknown, his hearers were neither capable of understanding, nor disposed, from their prejudices, to receive his doctrine. For this reason, he wisely adopted a mode of teaching, not unusual with the sages of antiquity, namely, that of conveying his meaning by *parables*. The Hebrews use this as a general name to express any figurative speech; and in the gospel, a parable differs from a metaphor only in this, that it is a metaphor *continued*: it is a compendious allegory, constructed with so much taste and accuracy, as to have an external literal sense, obvious to all, and an internal, metaphorical sense understood only by the initiated.

'At the time of delivering them, the external signification alone was comprehended by the people. To the disciples in private Jesus explained the internal, which, as relating to events not yet developed, he calls 'mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.' By this use of the term, and it is the only occasion on which Jesus did use it, the much disputed, or rather much perverted, meaning of *mystery* is ascertained with the utmost precision; and the sense of it is not any thing *incomprehensible*, as beyond, or contrary to reason, but a figurative speech, which while yet unexplained, is not comprehended. The parables, which Christ delivered on this occasion, in respect of the multitude, to whom he wished not to explain himself more fully, were *mysteries*. He, however, unfolds them to the disciples; their purport is fully understood; their obscurity or uncertainty vanishes, and they are mysteries no longer.'

On the words 'which is shed for many for the *remission of sins*,' Mr. Jones very acutely remarks that

'The expression, if properly examined, will appear to state, not the *terms* or *condition* on which sins are forgiven, but the *end* of our

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Lord's death. This will be the more clear, by giving the clause a literal and exact version; 'Which is shed for many, for the *dismission* of sins;' that is, Christ shed his blood, or, in other words he laid down his life, in order to induce, in order to supply, all Jews, as well as Gentiles, with an adequative motive to *dismiss* their sins; that being purified from their iniquities, by repentance and reformation, they might be received into favour with God. This was a matter of high importance for our Lord explicitly to state. The Pharisees, priding in their privileges, as the descendants of Abraham, thought they might continue in the indulgence of their favourite vices; and the Gnostics maintained, that as the followers of Christ, they were under no obligation to forsake their sins. In opposition to these opinions, our Lord inculcates, that it was the indispensable duty of all men, whatever might be their rank or nation, to become virtuous and holy; that the direct object of his death was to produce repentance and amendment in his followers, and not to offer an apology or compensation for such immoral habits, as they deemed too dear or too obstinate to be abandoned. Finally, the Jewish converts, being the peculiar people of God, imagined, that they alone enjoyed his favour, or that the Gentiles were not to share in the blessings of the Gospel; and in allusion to this mistake, Jesus insinuates, that the benefit of his death would be extended to every man, however distinguished by birth or condition, who under the influence of the motives to virtue afforded by that death, should dismiss his sins. As the errors which Jesus had in view, were peculiar to the Jews, Matthew, who wrote for that nation, has alone recorded them. The death of Christ, in connection with his resurrection, is the only foundation of belief in a future state; it is therefore, the event from which the value and efficacy of his gospel are chiefly derived.'

The subjects, which have particularly engaged the learned disquisitions of Mr. Jones in the present work are the following, which we cannot forbear stating because we hope that it will induce the theological student to purchase his work, from the attentive perusal of which he will derive considerable benefit.

'1. Introduction to the gospel of Luke. 2. The introduction of John. 3. The mission and preaching of the Baptist. 4. The testimony of John concerning Jesus. 5. The imprisonment and death of John. 6. The temptation of Jesus. 7. Jesus removeth to Capernaum; calleth his disciples. 8. The marriage feast. 9. The conversation of Jesus with Nicodemus. 10. Jesus discourses with the woman of Samaria. 11. Sermon on the mount (part I.) 12. Sermon on the mount (part II.) 13. Sermon on the mount (part III.) 14. Sermon on the mount (part IV.) 15. Jesus cleanses the leper, and cures the Centurion's servant. 16. Jesus stills a tempest, and cures the demoniacs at Gedara. 17. The cure of the paralytic person, the call of Matthew, and the discourse

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of Jesus with the Pharisees. 18. The cure of the woman who had the bloody issue, the raising of Jairus's daughter, and the two blind men restored to sight. 19. The blind and dumb demoniac. The discourse concerning the sin against the Holy Ghost. 20. The Pharisees require a sign from heaven. His mother and brethren seek to speak to Jesus. 21. The mission of the apostles. 22. Christ's instructions to his apostles continued. 23. The message of John; the testimony of Jesus in his favour. 24. The return of the disciples. The woes pronounced against Capernaum and Bethsaida. 25. Jesus walks in the corn fields; cures the man that had the withered hand; and exposes the attachment of the Pharisees to ceremonial observances. 26. Jesus teaches in parables. 27. Jesus visits Nazareth. 28. Jesus cures the infirm man at the pool of Bethesda. 29. Jesus miraculously feeds the five thousand. 30. Jesus discourses with the multitude about bread. 31. Jesus discourses with the Pharisees concerning tradition. 32. Jesus cures the daughter of the Syrophenician. 33. Jesus feeds four thousand persons, and cures a blind man. 34. Jesus foretells his sufferings; the transfiguration. 35. Jesus cures the dumb child; teaches his disciples humility; and pays the tribute. 36. Jesus takes his final leave of Galilee, in order to go into Judea. 37. Jesus discourses with the Jews, concerning his mission at the feast of tabernacles. 38. The woman taken in adultery. Jesus farther discourses with the Jews. 39. The cure of the man who was blind from his birth. 40. The parable of the good shepherd. 41. The parables of the unjust steward and the rich man and Lazarus. 42. The resurrection of Lazarus. 43. Jesus is entertained at Bethany, enters into Jerusalem. 44. Some Greeks wish to see Jesus; A voice from heaven: He discourses concerning his mission. 45. Jesus prophecies concerning the destruction of Jerusalem. 46. The parable of the ten virgins. 47. The parable of the talents. An account of the last judgment. 48. Institution of the Eucharist. 49. Jesus foretells the denial of Peter—hears the servant of the high priest—his agony in the garden. 50. The motive of Judas in betraying his master—his death. 51. The events which accompanied the crucifixion of Jesus; he is wounded by the soldiers. 52. Jesus expostulates with Peter; his ascension. Appendix. 1. The cause of harmony and dissonance in the four gospels unfolded. The hypothesis of Mr. Marsh stated, and refuted. 2. Farther remarks on the Logos. 3. The commonly received interpretation of the temptation of Christ refuted. The hypothesis of Farmer on the same subject, refuted. 4. Remarks on the Greek article in the New Testament.

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ART. II.—*A Translation of the Georgics of Publius Virgilius Maro, with the original Text; and Notes critical, and illustrative of ancient and modern Husbandry. By William Stawell, A. M. Rector of Kilmalooda, in the Diocese of Cork.* Longman. 1808.

'IF notes had accompanied Mr. Sotheby's version,' says Mr. Stawell, at the end of his introduction, 'mine certainly should never have seen the light.' Why not then publish the notes only? Supply the deficiency of Mr. Sotheby, and never pretend to rival him in that excellence which he is allowed to have displayed?

And yet we cannot help thinking Mr. Sotheby is allowed too much. He has given a most faithful and in many passages a most poetical version of the Georgics; but in the prodigies accompanying the death of Cæsar; in the praises of Italy; in the Scythian winter, and pestilence of the Alps; and, above all, in the Orpheus and Eurydice, he has fallen very short of Dryden—he has, in a word, rendered every part of the didactic and agricultural poet excellently; but has failed to represent with adequate spirit the poet of elevated sentiment and of bold imagination. We should rather perhaps, say that these passages have been preoccupied. Here Dryden was happy, was at home, was successful. He felt strongly, and strongly painted what he felt. To quote his transcendant beauties would be invidious—to quote the inferior graces of Mr. Sotheby would be equally destructive of the fame of Mr. Stawell. For all he pretends to is mediocrity—and that he does not often reach.

But to come to example. Page 5, we have the following opposition of translation to original—or rather laws of quantity opposed to laws of Latin.

'And thou, Tegæan Pan!'
Adsis O! Tegeæe favens!

Mænălus is kindly marked short in the antepenultima. And Athēna (by way of a synonyme for Minerva) long. Now really we thought this at first the superfluity of prosody. But alas! it proves to be a work of supererogation performed by a gross sinner. For Mr. Stawell is a wholesale dealer in false quantities.

For instance, and yet we hardly know *how* to pronounce this line.

'Horrid, bearing Japetus huge to light.'
Cæumque, Japetumque. P. 39.

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In the following passages we unfortunately cannot mistake the author.

'Glaucus, Panopé, Ino's son adore.'

Glauco, et Panopeæ, &c. P. 57.

'Aminean too.'

Sunt et Amineæ vites, &c. P. 81.

(Obiter—We may just remark that 'dure' is written for endure' in this page; as 'pal' is for 'appal' in another.)

P. 127. We have Sperchĭus and Taygētus. A German could not have done more.

P. 139. 'Assaric' is a vile abbreviation for 'Assaricus, as 'Argite' is for 'Argitis,' 'arbute' for 'arbutus,' and sundry others. 141. Again 'Taygētus.'

P. 147. 'Cyllārus.'

155. 'Tanāger'—ignorantly supposed to be long in the marked syllable, because the same syllable is long in the inflected cases from the meeting of a consonant and liquid.

185. 'Onāger'—wrong, from the same cause of mistake.

203.—'Tisiphōne' This is indeed a *furious* error—not a splendid one.

213. 'Cybēle,' certainly authorized, but more usually short with the letter l, and long with the letter b, Cybēbe. Nor let the despisers of quantity sneer at the difference. Trifling as the sanction may be, authority is the only sanction we can have in many similar cases.

217. 'Priăpus.' We fear the rector of Kilmalooda has unpardonably offended this irascible deity.

219. We cannot help cursorily noticing (though upon another subject) the bad taste of rhyming the first line of a new paragraph with the last line of the preceding. Particularly where the whole picture is so beautiful as that which Virgil has drawn of the Corycian old man.

'Taygēte' page 231. 245. 'Eph're' for 'Ephyre;' 'Dēiopea'—ibid.—And 'Clymĕne' again kindly marked. 247. 'Hyp'nis' for Hypanis.' 265. 'Had mark'd and 'TORE' for '*torn*' in a passage the author particularly commemorates in his note.—Numerous as these errors are, we assure our readers we could swell the list, particularly of grammatical faults.

But not to dwell any longer on the disagreeable detection of particular blemishes, let us proceed to some more general

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remarks, applicable to all the translators of Virgil, and we fear thoroughly condemnatory of Mr. Stawell.

It would be superfluous indeed to point out the difficulties of accommodating our English idiom to a correct and at the same time a truly poetical version of any Latin author. Spirit and fidelity have ever been at variance in the execution of this task; and we know not one translation in our language which has given a perfectly faithful representation of its original, and enriched the compositions of its own country with a good poem. Pope has conferred the latter benefit upon his countrymen; but the venerable Grecian would have stared indeed at the finery in which he is clad by his translator, could his spirit have appeared in the grotto at Twickenham. His *spirit* however certainly did appear there—at least it was transfused into the English Iliad—and we mean not to censure the noblest translation which perhaps any language can exhibit, when we mention its allowed disagreement with the *manner* of its original. We contend that this disagreement is unavoidable, that the problem of reconciling exactness with animation in a copy of this kind has never been solved—and is indeed incapable of solution.

Now if this be true, and surely any observing scholar will be convinced that it not only is but must be the case, in all our versions of ancient authors, how much more forcibly must the remark apply to the translations of Virgil than to those of any other poet. The peculiarities of Virgil's style are compression and majesty.

Almost every Latin phrase requires dilation to be expressed in English. But Virgil's phrases, nay his very epithets, are pregnant with meaning, and it is impossible to render them even into prose correctly, without much amplification. Here then the first characteristic of his style is obviously unattainable. In short the fact is, style cannot be copied in a different language—a language radically and entirely different.

But, as to the second quality of Virgil, who will pretend to carry his national predilections far enough to assert, that the English language is capable of the dignity of the Latin? What shall we do with our Gothic articles and pronouns, with our hissing terminations, and whole disjointed grammar?—Milton has indeed given us an example of a dignified style—but is it English? Is it not dignified because it is latinized, because the natural order of our language is inverted? But this is not the place to discuss a question of considerable importance to our poetical taste. With the exception of Milton, our writers, perhaps wisely, have not pretend-

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ed to be majestic, so that this excellence of Virgil is not only unattained, but even unattempted. And as in the former quality of compression, so in the latter of majesty, we believe his style to be inimitable by the English.

What then remains to be done by the translator? much indeed, and amply sufficient if well done, to gratify those readers who are unacquainted with the language of his original.

First, let him preserve all the matter of his author. But let this be done, not with a servile closeness, but with the feeling and spirit which the passage suggests. Let him throughout remember, that he is writing to please an English reader—and if a Latin sentence be stubborn, and untranslatable, after many attempts, let him boldly substitute a paraphrase, as little diffuse, and as like a translation as he can. Let him not only previously become acquainted with every difficulty of his author, but let him have unravelled it by the aid of the best commentators, and his own freely exercised judgment. Then, without interruption or delay, let him read his original through and through, have it in short by heart, rather than by rote, and begin his task all glowing with ancient images, sentiments, and expressions.

The verse still remains to be considered. And who can doubt that Dryden, sometimes taken as an exclusive model, sometimes as he is corrected and smoothed by Pope, should here be the mirror of our fashion? Away with the false vigour of rude and broken versification.—Let us not return to Hall and Donne, when we have later and nobler models—let us not put up with Ennius and Lucilius, when we have Virgil and Horace in our hands. Though we may live in an age of prosaic vulgarity or of vicious refinement, let us not to avoid these faults, fly back to the rugged measures of our forefathers—let us return no farther than to our Augustan age, and endeavour—vain and hopeless as the struggle is too sure to prove!—nobly, we say, endeavour to fix exclusive attention on those examples of propriety, of grace, of true spirit, and just harmony of versification, which are to be found in the writings of Dryden and of Pope. For the drama indeed we should go farther back.—It is enough on this head to think of the greatest of names, but for heroic, satirical, descriptive, and didactic poetry—for tale, translation, and epistle—let us devote our study, our admiration, and our imitation to the two great improvers of our verse—the legitimate standards, in a word, of perfection in English poetry.

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We have attempted to describe the difficulties of translation in general, and have particularly applied our remarks to Virgil.—We have said something of the duties of a translator, and have mentioned the best models which he can select. It remains for us to observe how far Mr. Stawell has overcome these difficulties, how far he has discharged these duties, how much he has attended to these examples. But first let us still farther guard against a misconception of our praise of Dryden's Translation of the Georgics.—We know it to be loose and slovenly; often incorrect from carelessness; often diffuse from intention, when it might have been much closer, and still poetical. But we contend that these faults are to be found only in the more dry and difficult parts of the original. That miserable hurry and distress in which Dryden wrote, could have been but little alleviated by an examination of the ancient plough, and the rules of Italian husbandry—but in the episodes, where rural beauty or its devastation are described, and still more where the noblest and most affecting images are to be introduced, there we see the father of English harmony in all his genius, in all his animation, in all his vigorous and natural flow of poetry. On these occasions,

> 'His present state, his future lot,
> His cares, his wants, were all forgot—
> Cold penury, and age's frost
> In the full tide of song were lost.'
>
> *The Lay of the last Minstrel.*

Nor let us be thought to detract too much from the well-earned honours of Mr. Sotheby, when we only say that in passages which particularly excited the attention of our noblest poet, he has been inferior. In all the other parts of the Georgics, (and let it be remembered this is much the larger proportion) he has excelled Dryden, and of course every other competitor.

But we shall be expected to support by some extracts our general bad opinion of Mr. Stawell's performance.

Let the following suffice—Georgic 1. line 56—of the original.

> 'See Lydia's mount her saffron odours boast,
> And India freighted from her ivory coast.
> In frankincense the soft Sabæans trade,
> But the stripped Chalyb vends the Spanish blade;
> The odorous castor Pontus sends abroad:
> While thou, Epirus, all thy care bestowed
> On Mares triumphant on the Olympic road.'

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"*Thou bestowed,*" is a most elegant innovation upon the accidence.

Page 23 of the translation.—We have an apparent Iricism—After having said, (most preposterously indeed as to expression in the second line)

> 'Then steel was temper'd from the mineral land,
> And the saw's thin blade grated in the hand;'

Mr. Stawell tells us

> 'The wedge was all those early ages knew,
> To cleave the timber that in splinters flew.'

but had he placed this couplet in a parenthesis, and merely written 'earlier,' or 'earliest ages,' instead of 'early,' he would have avoided the imputation so commonly, and often unjustly, thrown upon his countrymen.

It is with great pleasure that we find ourselves able to select one passage of spirit from the version of the first Georgic—it is indeed a city in the desert—a single eminence in a weary flat.

The description of the storm in autumn affords this agreeable contrast to the rest of the book—we except the four first lines.

> 'Oft when the farmer, with regardful fear,
> Has called the sickle to the ripened ear,
> And cut the barley drooping in his hand,
> While dry the stalk, and yellow looked the land,
> I've seen the winds in madding fury meet,
> Whirl the full harvest from it's rooted seat,
> Light stems and stubbles tost in eddies round
> Till the black tempest deadened all the ground,
> Oft too the floods in lawless deluge rise,
> Gathering immensely from the watery skies,
> And clouds embodied brood along the main,
> To load the tempest with their dismal rain:
> Down pour the heavens; the elemental fray
> Both toils of man and ox hath swept away;
> Ditches o'erflow, the swelling rivers roar,
> And ocean's surge boils fretting to the shore.
> The Almighty wrapt in deepest night retires
> To hurl from flaming hand his forky fires,
> And earth astonished, as the thunders roll,
> Trembles convulsive to her utmost pole.
> The beasts have fled—through all the world appear,
> Mortals made lowly by a prostrate fear.
> With burning bolt he dashes Athos down,
> Or Rhodope, in smoking ruins blown.

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The proud Ceraunia lift their heads in vain;
The God has felled their mountains to the plain,
Thick falls the rain, the winds redouble more,
Now fill the woods, now howling lash the shore.'

In the description of the prodigies on the death of Cæsar, Mr. Stawell abounds in weak bombast, and inharmonious tameness. For instance

'Through the hushed trees a mighty voice was heard,

Very well—but mark what follows:

And spectres wondrous pale have oft appear'd
At dead of night: alas! unheard-of woe!
The cattle speak; rivers no longer flow;
The earth gapes wide; ivory idols weep;
And drops of sweat o'er brazen statues creep.'

The succeeding lines are a turgid rhapsody.

'Eridanus, the monarch of the floods,
With whirling fury deluges the woods,
His tortuous course the madd'ning torrent holds.' &c. &c.

In the second book we have a curious translation of some lines upon grafting.

'Lo! the rough arbutes scion-nuts sustain,
And apples strong have decked the barren plane:
Chesnuts have flourished with their beechen bow'rs,
And pears on quick beam shed their hoary flow'rs—'
And craunching swine beneath the elm have broke,
Acorns inserted from the stately oak.'

Again, on grapes:

'What flattering verse thee, Rhœtian grape, can tell!
But thou contend not with Falernian cell—
Aminean too, from whence the stoutest wines,
Imolus to thee, and Phanæ's prince, resigns!—
The lesser Argite, who no rival fears,
To flow so much, or dure so many years—
Nor shall the bard his praise to thee refuse
Thou Rhodian wine reserved for sacred use;
Nor thee in silence pass, Bumastus grape,
For clusters fam'd of large and swelling shape.
Nor are their numbers equal to report,
Their various names, so multiplied each sort;
Nor boots it much their number to discern,
Which he who vainly should attempt to learn,
May also wish—&c. &c.'

It may, however, be said that the two preceding ex-

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tracts are translations of unpoetical passages in the original. Let us give Mr. Stawell an opportunity of displaying himself in the version of those noble praises of a country life. Line 490. Georgic ii.

'Happy the sage whose mind no terror awes,
To Heaven explores the universal cause;
Who tramples fate's inexorable power,
And greedy Acheron with sullen roar!
Blest too the swain who old Sylvanus knows,
To Pan and rural nymphs fulfill'd his vows!
Nor fasces him nor royal purple moves,
Nor discord rending false fraternal loves;
Nor Dacians from conspiring Ister 'pall,
Nor Rome distracts nor kingdoms doomed to fall.
Nor envies he the opulent or great,
Nor sighs repining at the poor man's fate.
His fruit he gathers from the loaded boughs,
Which on the swain his willing farm bestows
Nor restless seeks for popular applause,
The madding Forum, and its iron laws.'

Our progress through this tedious translation has not been without some resemblance of the journey of Æneas through the realms of darkness—but with this unhappy difference that *our* guide has never conducted us to the purple light of the Elysian fields, the

amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.

Though some of the notes which Mr. Stawell has subjoined to this volume, are trite and puerile, yet his illustrations of the comparative improvements of the present farmer are useful and creditable to his observation. He has studied this part of his subject with considerable success: and his extracts from previous writers are often judicious, and always afford proof of industry and research.

ART. III.—*Journal of a Tour in Ireland, A. D.* 1806. *By Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. F.R.S. F.A.S.* 8vo. Miller. 1807.

THERE is a sort of mock-modesty in entitling the work now under our inspection a 'Journal!' When the reader is informed that out of little more than four hundred pages, upwards of one hundred and sixty are occupied in a pre-

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face, an introductory history of the country, and in general remarks on the antiquities of Ireland, and the state of civilization of its inhabitants, he will admit that this term is too confined.

Sir Richard is fond of introducing French words occasionally, and he is an artist; why did he not borrow a word from picture-catalogues, and call his book a '*journal raisonne?*' It would have sounded as well, and would not have been less to the purpose than 'gite,' 'disagremens,' detour,' and others, with which he has jostled out as many sober English words, which would have expressed his meaning better, and have had the advantage of being intelligible to all his readers.

The preface contains an enumeration of the various books which tend to illustrate the local history and antiquities of Ireland; but we were thunderstruck at finding an impassable barrier between *us* and Ireland. The majestic beauties of that country are no beauties to reviewers; we, unhappy men! are for ever excluded from participating in that delight with which the sublime scenery of the lakes of Killarney inspires Sir R.C. Hoare, and other favourites of fortune: *and for why?* 'The tourist must make himself *independent*.' O! good Sir Richard! give us but the receipt for making that excellent thing! 'He must travel with his own carriage and with his own horses.' Oh! for the deepest groan, the most lamentable howl that ever graced an Irish *wake!*

The introduction contains a very short account of the early state of Ireland, a more particular one of its invasion in the reign of Henry the Second, and a concise biographical history of the most distinguished characters engaged in that arduous enterprize. The last division of the introduction is curious, as it contains a description not only of the characters, but of the persons of these invaders, extracted from the 'Historia Vaticinalis' of Giraldus de Barri. The character of Richard, earl of Chepstow, better known by the sirname of Strongbow, is so exactly the reverse of what we should have expected in one of so heroic a character, that we cannot refrain extracting it:

'The earl was somewhat ruddy and of a sanguine complexion, and freckled face; his eyes grey, his face feminine, his voice small, and his neck little, but somewhat of a high stature.'

This contradiction of character and figure, reminds us of the gallant earl of Peterborough. Physiognomists must find much difficulty in reconciling the virtues of these two heroes with their outward appearance.

Sir Richard C. Hoare sailed from Holyhead on the 23d of

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June, 1806, arrived at Dublin the following day, and experienced the first of many inconveniences to which 'his own carriage' subjected him, and which we shall have future occasion to notice. It is a duty we owe to all *poor men*, to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of whisking through Ireland in a man's own carriage. At the custom-house,

'the proprietor must value his carriage as he thinks reasonable; and he is charged on that valuation four and a half per cent.; but here the matter does not end; for besides the duty to government I paid no less than twelve different officers of the customs.'

The tourist speaks with admiration of the public buildings of Dublin, and compares the view of the custom-house from the opposite shore, to Canalletti's views of Venice. It is not our design to take the reader round the metropolis of Ireland, nor to drag him at the author's chariot-wheel through the country which he traverses; but we shall occasionally beg his attention to an interesting description, or endeavour to point out to him the justice and ingenuity of his remarks, or (when we meet with them), their opposite qualities. We cannot, however, allow the author to leave Dublin without expressing our satisfaction at his account of its most distinguished edifices. We wish he had adopted the term *Norman* to indicate that style of architecture, which prevailed between the Norman invasion, and the introduction of the pointed style; that era supplies a chasm, and makes a very fair division in the style of *our English* architecture, and there can be little doubt, that the character of the same art in Ireland was influenced by that event. If by the pointed arch 'still retaining its Saxon decorations,' he means to indicate that the pointed arches of Christ Church are distinguished by other ornaments than such as are often seen in the earliest pointed arches of this country, as *lozenge, nail-head*, and other mouldings, evidently borrowed from their Norman predecessors, a minute description of them would have been interesting to the antiquary, and far from irrelevant to the avowed object of this tour.

From Dublin the tourist proceeded on a north westward route and, passing through Castle Knock, arrived at the village of Clonee. We will quote part of page 19, not on account of its importance, but to shew the reader how he manages that department of his work which may strictly be called a journal.

'Village of Clonee; on the left Dunboyne, and Normans Grove on the right. Miserable cottages made of mud and thatched: many of them left in ruins since the rebellion in 1798: roads ex-

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cellent and flat; lands cultivated with corn, potatoes, and *pastures*, but slovenly farming. Changed horses at the Black Bull, a single house, which gave us no very favourable specimen of the Irish inns. One of the parlour windows still bears the mark of a bullet shot into the room during the rebellion. From the Black Bull inn to Trim, miles twelve, road flat and excellent, &c.'

The above appears a mere extract from a common-place-book, and should not have been submitted to the public in the present careless state. 'Lands cultivated with pastures' is a most slovenly expression, though we acknowledge that no man in his senses can mistake the author's meaning. We also see no reason why, as he has told us the distance from the Black Bull to Trim, he has not mentioned that from Dublin to the former place: this omission is we acknowledge of little consequence, as all such defects are supplied by a subjoined itinerary! 'The road *flat*,' is at least an ambiguous expression, and may apply either to their not being raised in the middle, or to their passing over a level country.

Continuing his tour in an almost northern direction, the author arrives at Fore, an ancient town situated near Lough Line, and remarkable among other things for the ruin of 'a cell of an anchorite, the sole of the religious of this kind in Ireland.' Sir R. Hoare, who quotes the above, with a description of this holy man's way of living (which is very curious) from Sir Henry Piers, adds that a ruined chapel under the hill bears testimony that a hermit resided there so late as the year 1616. One part of the 'holy man in the Stone's' establishment was comfortable enough; he had 'proctors,' who begged for him all over the kingdom 'corn, eggs, geese, turkeys, hens, sheep, money, and what not;' and if they brought him a tenth part of what was given him, he was enabled to 'fare as well as any priest of them all!' P. 24.

Sir Richard Hoare is by no means a dry matter of fact journalist: trifling incidents, neither instructive nor entertaining, do however occasionally find their way into his journal. For instance, on changing horses near Mullingar he informs us, that 'the post horses met us at the entrance to the town, where the hostler harnessed the *riding* horse on the *off-side*, and did not perceive his mistake till asked by us 'if that was the custom of his country?'

The tourist is on his way to Killarney, and the reader will anticipate with pleasure the account which an artist and a man of taste will give of the boasted scenery of its lakes: we must however keep him in suspense for a minute or two, as we have a few observations to make by the way. It cer-

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tainly gives an ignorant reader a great notion of an author's learning to find an unknown object illustrated by a reference to one still further removed from his comprehension; but as it has the inconvenience of leaving him sublimely in the dark, perhaps a more familiar comparison will answer his purpose better.

On the canal at Tullamore, 'a covered boat, like—' like what? why like the boats on the Paddington canal, any sober-minded man would have said; but no, that would have been vulgar and cockney-like; never as long as you live give way to common-place and obvious comparisons; seek for something out of the way, which not one reader in a hundred can understand. Well, what is this covered boat like? 'like the *coche d'eau* in Holland and Flanders, fitted up for the convenience of travellers.'

The same page (33), which contains the above flippant passage, this explanation in which nothing is explained, affords also what we think a just criticism on the castellated mansion of Lord Charleville: we seldom see reason to doubt the soundness of the author's judgment, or the elegance of his taste in decisions of this nature. His censure is directed to the design of a large tower, rising from the centre of the building, 'which at an immense height is perforated by four large arches; and thus its massive solidity and grandeur are completely destroyed.'

After taking a circuit nearly in the centre of the island, the author is pursuing his route in a direction almost south, and crosses the Shannon at Killaloe. The face of the country through which he has hitherto passed exposes a succession of ruined churches, castles, gentlemen's seats, lakes, and bogs; with little remarkable either in town or village, except occasional antiquities in the former, and every appearance of poverty in the latter; cultivation being very unequally dispersed over it: Kilmallock exhibits a very singular spectacle, it was a fortified town, and had formerly a strong wall, and five gates: of these two only are now remaining; and from the dilapidated church, and the circumstance of many well-built houses having only the outer walls standing, with the above-named picturesque accompaniments, 'it has the appearance of a town suddenly deserted and left in ruins.' It has been named, the author informs us, 'the Balbec of Ireland.'

After passing through Limeric, where he met with little worth notice, Sir Richard Hoare arrived at Adair, a place remarkable for the ruins of three monastic edifices, the property of Lord Adair. Here he ventures to prescribe what he esteems a very bold and unpopular remedy, to ruins too much loaded and obscured by ivy; 'the judicious applica-

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tion of the pruning-knife.' We have often witnessed the heavy effect of a ruin too much encumbered with this luxuriant appendage, but we fear the frequent use of the knife, except it were alternately employed to cut away a whole member of the plant from its junction with the principal stem, would produce a very harsh and uncouth appearance; and although in the method we have hinted at, the young ivy clinging to the wall and shooting forth its light and elegant branches would for several years ornament without concealing the most delicate tracery; the building would necessarily suffer by the tearing away the old branches from the chinks into which they had insinuated themselves. We have sometimes observed very beautiful effects of this nature produced by storms of wind, or snow, which have broken down large portions of ivy to the ground, and made room for the growth of young and vigorous shoots: which climbing the open space, have by their delicacy formed a most agreeable contrast with the heavy gloom of the uninjured parts of the parent stem.

Although we agree with the author in his condemnation of too great a load of ivy on the walls of a ruin, we do not participate in his enmity to 'trees, weeds, and briars,' but should be sorry to find its venerable interior 'cleansed' of such appropriate accompaniments. We would have as much of these removed as interfere with the comfort of the spectator, and destroy that breadth of effect which is indispensable to grandeur; but to root out the briar which clings round the mouldering column, to hoe up the burdock, the fern, the arum, and many other plants that give verdure to its scattered fragments, to deprive it of the gloom of the elm or plane, of the elegance of the ash or birch, or of the more humble and appropriate ornament of the hazle and elder, would be, in our opinion, no less injurious to the character and interest of a decayed structure, than to erase from its walls the moss, the lichen, and the pellitory, and instead of their rich and harmonious tints to present us with a glare of scraped stone, patched with snow-coloured plaster. This severe application not of the *knife*, but the *axe*, recommended by an artist too, was unexpected: we really should have thought ourselves ignorant of the author's meaning had we not found him, pursuant to the same mistaken principle, in the same paragraph, proposing to recal the mind of the traveller to the history of past times, by filling up the vacant sepulchral niches with new statues 'of monks, abbots, and cross-legged knights, habited in the proper *costume* of the times.' Mr. John Carter is recommended in a note as the *only* artist capable of giving 'appropriate designs for such

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sepulchral effigies.' We believe that this praise is not undeserved, but we had rather see his talents exercised in the restorations of decayed sculpture in our cathedrals, where the colour of new stone would produce no violation of harmony, nor its perfection discover its recent date.

Although our tourist declines entering into a detailed description of the beauties of the lakes of Killarney, he succeeds in exciting our interest and curiosity by some of his cursory remarks on their scenery. Of Mucruss lake he observes,

'The majestic Turk forms the southern banks of this lake, and rises perpendicular from the water's edge. The northern boundaries are formed by a long and narrow peninsula, which divides Mucruss from the Lower Lake, and terminates at Brickun Bridge. All this line of coast deserves particular attention, and very minute examination: nothing can exceed, in singularity, the forms of the rocky excavations, or in beauty of effect the harmonious tints of the rocks and herbage.'

We are told of lovely islands overspread with the holly, or the arbutus, of most gigantic growth; on the island of Innisfallen, one of the former measured ten feet in circumference, and the growth of the arbutus is often no less astonishing.

The wild character of the Upper Lake seems to have had more charms for our author than the less extravagant beauties of Glenau and Mucruss; but he shall once more speak for himself on the subject.

'The strata of rocks in this lake are totally different from those in the Lower Lake and Mucruss Lake; the latter being chiefly limestone, which admits of those fantastic varieties I have before mentioned. These are of green stone, which near the water assumes a blackish hue, whilst the upper parts are spotted with white. Nature has here proved herself an admirable painter in adapting the light and airy tints of the limestone rock to the gay and luxuriant shores of Glenau and Mucruss; and the more dingy shadows to the bold and savage features of the Upper Lake. After dinner, we coasted the southern shores and bays of this lake, where the long-extended range of rock and wood called Cromiglaun, excited universal admiration; and we all agreed to give the due preference to this scenery.'

We do not wonder at finding 'the collected beauties of this favoured spot' preferred to any thing in Italy, Switzerland, or England; we have been informed that the elegant and classical mind of Mr. Fox assigned to it the same pre-eminence.

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Though we admit that no correct idea of such a scene can be conveyed by the pen, and even believe that a hundred readers would have formed as many different ideas from it; we are fond of sometimes treating our imaginations with a loose rein, and could with pleasure have spurred them round and round the whole compass of this enchanting scenery.

The account (which, according to Sir Richard, is no account at all) of these lakes, has put us into so good a humour that we are almost ashamed to notice two orthographical mistakes in it, 'straitness,' instead of *straightness*, and 'insolated' for *insulated*; these errors must be attributed to the printer.

We now follow the author to Cork, where he amuses us very agreeably by his anecdotes of a sailing-club,* composed of gentlemen who reside on the shores of the harbour; and whilst perusing his alluring recital we cannot suppress a sigh that we were not partakers of this manly and elegant recreation.

At Rostynnan, the ancient seat of the Inchiquin family, is a statue of Lord Hawke, his back towards the city of Cork. The reason which is given for this unexpected sight of an admiral turning his back on a sea-port town, and on his peculiar element, is, that the city of Cork ordered the statue, and when it was completed murmured at the expence; upon which the noble Inchiquin said, 'that he would pay for it,' which he did; and, as a rebuke, placed the admiral's statue on a pedestal, with his back turned towards the ungrateful city.

Sir R. Hoare had formed his idea of the Giant's Causeway from the name which it bears, and consequently expected something grand or tremendous; his disappointment on finding it unconnected with these qualities, induced him, we think, to exaggerate its want of interest, by declaring, that 'from its flatness the causeway is totally overlooked until pointed out by your guide.'

A range of basaltic columns, stretching forward three or four hundred feet into the sea; many of them of the height of thirty feet and upwards, does not appear so insignificant an object as to escape entirely unnoticed at a moderate distance, and under a serene sky. Hyperbole of the degrading

* This, by contrast, reminds us of the whip-club, a society of young men lately established in this country, who esteem nothing so honourable as the character and manners of a stage-coachman; who have fixed on themselves the contempt of every man of sense; and who ought to be *whipped* out of polished society, *reined up* in a mad-house, and *cut* off from all right to hereditary succession.—R.

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kind, ought always to be avoided in local descriptions, as the reader makes no allowance for it, as he does for extravagant praise, and is consequently misled by it. The remark, that this scenery is more interesting 'to the natural philosopher and mineralogist than to the artist,' is, we have no doubt, perfectly just.

In a note, page 258, we find an unmerciful sneer at the pedestrian tourist; or, as the author seems to consider him, pedestrian *labourer*. Why are the beauties of nature to be monopolized by the wealthy? Why is Ireland to be 'a SEALED COUNTRY to men who cannot traverse it in their own carriage?' The author has forgotten his many omissions and disappointments in consequence of bad roads and bad weather, his unlucky tumble, (the effect, we are confident, of clumsiness from want of exercise,) on entering the cavern near the causeway, which prevented his taking 'a grand subject for the pencil.'—We will refresh his memory:

He neglected seeing the ruins at Askeaton, though little out of his way, because he received *contradictory accounts of the roads*. P. 53.

'From the inconveniency attending a chaise and post-horses, I could not visit an interesting and classical spot, not far distant from my road, Kilcolman, the residence of our poet Spenser, where he composed his Fairy Queen.' P. 126.

We do not wish to insinuate that this is an acknowledgment of the greater independency of a foot traveller; it is only a lamentation for *his own horses*.

'Charleville. The fracture of a spring confined me to this dull town for the remainder of the day.' P. 129.

'A church in ruins upon an eminence to the right.

Quære. Is it not built within an earthen inclosure?

'The rain prevented my viewing it.' P. 132.

'In a field close to the road-side on the right, I observed a large stone with some smaller near it, which appeared to me to bear the marks of a ruined *cromlech*; but a violent shower of rain still confined me within my carriage. I mention these little particularities, as hints to travellers, who may have leisure and fine weather to examine if my suppositions are well founded.' P. 133.

Enterprising antiquary! We were prepared to concede to the tourist the advantage of a carriage, in rainy weather; but it seems we should have granted too much. The traveller who turns himself out of his chaise in a shower of rain, creeps

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into it again shivering and dejected; and, according to the state of the weather, is flushed into a fever, or chilled into an ague: whilst the pedestrian, after enjoying the object of his journey, dances merrily on, only quickening his pace to acquire heat enough to resist the effects of his recent or continued wetting.

In pages 134, 152, 164, 176, 190, 218, 237, and probably in some others, the reader will find complaints of want of time and opportunity, disappointments in respect to horses or roads; or exultation, (as in the page last mentioned,) on finding that his 'carriage was able to get within a very short distance' of an interesting monastic ruin.

We mentioned a note at p. 258: the reader, we think, will be unable to recollect in any author of credit, a passage more supercilious, or affected.

'Pedestrian tours have of late years been much practised, and even recommended, (*œconomie à part*) as being the *best* method of seeing a country: but, I must own, I can only see *one* advantage on their side, i.e. economy; for, independent of the unwelcome reception which *pedestrian* guests often meet with at inns on their road, and many other *disagremens* and disappointments, I never can believe, that when the limbs are harrassed and fatigued by a long walk; that either the eye will view, the mind consider, or the pencil delineate, with the same pleasure, good taste, or discrimination, those objects in nature, for the observation of which the tour is destined, and the pedestrian labour undergone.'

The 'unwelcome reception' mentioned in this note, we may conclude from p. 329 (where the '*wine and poultry*' of Ireland are spoken of with great praise,) will consist, in an exclusion from the best of those excellent viands; an objection, which we should have expected from the mouth of a city alderman, and not from the pen of an artist, and antiquary.

The comforts of the table, he is, we make no doubt, well qualified to appreciate; and we wish him long life and health to enjoy them: but how can he take upon him to decide on the effects of pedestrian exercise? a reviewer, might as well talk of the flavour of Burgundy, or expatiate on the delights of a turtle-feast. He connects the term *fatigue*, with *distance:* though in fact it only relates to habit, or constitution: what is the greatest fatigue to one man, is hardly exercise to another; and what is toil, at the commencement of a journey, in the course of a few days becomes pleasurable; and is a powerful *stimulus* to mental exertion.

The pedestrian, is seldom actuated by other motives than the love of acquiring knowledge, or a desire of procuring amusement. Nine out of ten, who travel in their 'own carriages,' undertake a tour because home is stupid; and

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that they may be able to say 'they have travelled.' We willingly allow them the opportunity of making such a boast; and admit, that whilst they receive no good from it, they do very little harm; but we cannot allow the sneers and discouragements of one of them, (one from whom we expected more liberality,) to depress the humble pedestrian; and persuade him and the world, that he can neither 'view,' consider', nor 'delineate', 'with the same pleasure, good taste, or discrimination,' as the more splendid mortal, who dashes over the country with 'his own carriage, and his own horses.' It might with equal justice be affirmed, that genius has flourished more under the smiles of fortune, and the patronage of a court, than amidst the privations of narrow circumstances, and the pressure of misfortune.

Of all the antiquities of Ireland, the round tower, is that which has occasioned the greatest diversity of opinion in respect to its original destination. Some, suppose them to have been watch-towers; others, that they were erected for the reception of anchorite monks. Sir R. Hoare joins in the opinion that they were used as prisons for penitents, and General Vallancey, with a natural prejudice in favour of their remote antiquity, attributes them to the old Irish, or *Aire-Coti,* worshippers of fire. We do not pretend to settle so well contested a dispute; but we cannot perceive how the situation of the door is to be accounted for by the use to which the author appropriates the round tower: its *height from the ground,* must have been intended to keep people out rather than *in*; and were it not for the circumstance of the frequently *low situation* we should have inclined to the first mentioned opinion. We wonder at not finding a conjecture that they were erected for astronomical purposes. When Ireland was famous for its missionaries, and remarkable for the protection it afforded to learning, it would have been astonishing if the science of astronomy had been unknown or unpractised. The priests in particular would have devoted themselves to this study, and the circumstance of the *tower being always near the church*; is satisfactorily explained, as is also the use of the four large windows in the upper story, which is not obvious in any of the former surmises. An astronomer must be able to command his own privacy, and what is so good a security for it as a door at a distance from the ground, through which he may draw up a ladder after him? This supposition, refers the round tower to the fifth, sixth, or seventh century: a date not far remote from that assigned by Sir R. Hoare.

The 'general remarks' attached to the 'journal,' are to us by much the most interesting part of the work. It is

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to these we have been referring in our observations on the round tower; they contain, indeed, a clear arrangement of the various classes of antiquities to be found in Ireland, and some important remarks on the situation of the poor; we mean to give the author the highest praise, when we say, that on the last subject, he thinks and feels as a man.

We do not think the body of the work very entertaining, or very instructive; but it must be valuable to the tourist who adopts the author's mode of travelling, and follows his route. It will not materially detract from the fame of the translator of the Progress of Baldwin; because it bears every mark of haste and negligence, and is evidently published for the information of others, without any idea of gaining credit to himself.

ART. IV.—*Edwy and Elgiva, and Sir Everard, with other Tales and Poems. Second Edition. By the Rev. Robert Bland, 8vo. pp. 264.* Longman. 1809.

ART. V.—*The Four Slaves of Cythera, a Romance in ten Cantos. By the Rev. Robert Bland. 8vo. pp. 276.* Longman. 1809.

OF the two volumes, now under review, (which through the good offices of Mr. Ballantyne, present an elegant and uniform appearance to the admirers of literary ornament,) the first is principally a republication of two poems which we have already noticed with considerable praise, and, so far, claims none of our attention at present; since, except the division of the longer tale, (Edwy and Elgiva) into two cantos, we distinguish no alteration whatever in either of them besides that of type and paper. The additional poems in the volume are also, for the most part, familiar to us, having appeared before as an appendage to the 'Translations from the Greek Anthology.' These are 'Paris and Œnone,' 'the Wraith,' 'To my Friends during Illness,' 'the Savage,' and two or three less considerable pieces, of which Mr. B. now for the first time avows himself the author, except of 'the Wraith,' which, he informs us, is the communication of a friend.

Besides these, however, there are a few poems in the volume which are now printed for the first time, and, but for which, we should not have thought of noticing the publication, at present. In 'the ghost of Conlath,' which is founded on one of the pieces ascribed to Ossian, Mr. B. has em-

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ployed a variety of the ballad stanza, and has perhaps shown himself (which we consider as very low praise indeed) not incompetent to rival the best ballad-rhymers of the day. It is more praise, however, to say that the mysterious and *ghostly* air of the original has been happily transfused into the copy. The circumstances of the story are well known to the readers of Ossian; (that is to say they were well known to at least half the literary world half a century ago, but in the present day the same description embraces a much smaller class of the republic) to those who are unacquainted with the original it is enough to state that the ghost of Conlath, a warrior-friend of the bard, rises before his eyes in the dead of night and adjures him, for the sake of its repose, to sing the praises of its deeds on earth. Ossian strikes the harp and repeats the loves of Cuthona and Conlath. The spirit listens with delight and retires, well pleased, to its grave. This is the simple outline; but the manner of it is every thing. For our own parts, among the many spectres which haunt our couches and interrupt our midnight slumbers, we have rarely witnessed so solemn and ghost-like a departure.

Ossian is now just arrived at the conclusion of his song.

'Rivals both for young Cuthona,
In the deathful combat rave;
Both alike in bleak Ithona
Fought for love, and found a grave.'
—As he sang, the spectre's hue
Paler yet, and paler grew.

'Mighty Conlath! Mournful vision!
By the power of Cona's strain,
Mighty Conlath! Mournful vision!
Seek thy narrow house again!'
—Fainter yet the shadow grew,
Nearly lost upon the view.

'In the hollow witch-wind shrieking,
Spirits flit around my hall;
Thee the warrior-dead are seeking,
Conlath, thee the Spirits call.'
—Dim from sight the spectre past,
Riding on the rustling blast.

We shall indulge ourselves in making only one more extract from this volume, and that from the-oft' told tale of Narcissus and Echo. We shall leave our readers to judge for themselves whether it has ever been better told, or as well told before, and shall only observe by the way, that we know no living poet who is in our opinion equally qualified

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with Mr. B. for transfusing into his native language the true spirit of the elegant Roman, the vivid freshness of his scenery, the voluptuous tenderness of his sentiment, the grace and harmony of his numbers.—And his opinion we have formed as much (or more,) upon the best parts of Mr. B.'s own original compositions, as upon this little fragment in which he challenges a more immediate comparison. Our extract must, however, be short; because the other volume demands the principal share of our attention in the present article.

'Hard by, a silvery fountain cold and clear
Reflected all the forest scenery near,
No wandering shepherd there had stoop'd to drink,
Nor mountain goat, nor flock, disturb'd the brink,
Nor bird had dipp'd a flagging plume, nor beast,
Nor brittle bough, had broke the water's rest;
Moss and sweet herbage grew on every side,
And aged woods the noon-day sun defied.
Hither the boy with hunting tired, and heat,
Lured by the margin sought a cool retreat;
And as he drinks he seems to thirst the more,
Slave to a passion that he scorn'd before;
He glows enamour'd of a shadowy face,
And strives a hopeless vision to embrace;
Fix'd as a marble statue yet he gazed,
Charm'd with himself, and at himself amazed:
The star-like eyes that shot a trembling ray,
The ringlets worthy of the god of day,
The polish'd cheek and ivory neck, the grace
That temper'd all,—the bloom that flush'd his face,
Seem'd as some nymph within the crystal wave,
Touch'd with desire, had left her coral cave;
The fancied nymph his boyish heart inspires,
That idly wantons, and himself admires.
In smiles his love appears—the shade beguiles
Its foolish lover drest in answering smiles;
He would have kissed his own reflected charms,
And clasp'd an image melting from his arms.
And oft to fold, unknowing what, he tries,
And the same error mocks and sooths his eyes.
Ah youth, too credulous! the fountain maid,
Who warms thy bosom, is but empty shade,
A form impassive that from thine arose,
Moves with thy motion, rests with thy repose.'

It is perhaps needless to observe on this passage with how much delicacy and how slight a deviation from the sense of the original, Mr. B. has suppressed or converted the only circumstance in Ovid's glowing description, which will not admit of a literal interpretation without an offence to virtue.

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We add the following passage from the introductory remarks on this delightful fable, in order to justify, from the author's own words, our former opinion. We think it impossible to doubt, in perusing it, that Mr. B. is thoroughly qualified both to feel and to express the true spirit of the Roman poet.

'From the extreme beauty of climate or of scenery which animated the poets of Greece and Italy, arose those vivid and charming descriptions of the country, which northern poets may coldly attempt to imitate, but must despair to equal. In those regions of grandeur and fertility, a present deity seemed to appear in all the works of nature. Every place bespoke the presiding influence of some power of terror or benevolence. The forests, mountains, streams, and caverns of old, had each their separate and appropriate inhabitants. Every favoured spot called to mind some tale or legend, by which it was ennobled. Fauns, dryads, oreades, and nymphs of fountains and streams, accompanied the journeyer on all his excursions, and threw an air of enchantment over the retreats in which they are supposed to dwell.

'Of all the poets, Ovid availed himself the most of this beautiful superstition. It is in vain that we look through the Seasons of Thomson, a work exclusively devoted to rural matters, for those noble and inspiring views which the Roman presents. In love, at court, in the country, and in banishment he was every-where, and in every vicissitude of fortune, a poet. Though addicted to the city, and its gallantries, in retirement, no mind was more sensibly affected by the appearances of nature, the change of seasons, the 'senium venerabile lucorum,' and the stillness and repose of places haunted by their genii. His nymphs, who at times have intercourse with mortals, his 'elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,' leave the impression of reality. A laurel tree, a reed, or a flower, afford subject for some legend reporting their origin, and every object in the creation, has, at some period been animated.'

Without entering into the question whether Mr. B. may not, to the lovers of Thomson, appear to undervalue the real excellencies of that most pleasing poet, we must acknowledge his criticism to be perfectly just, so far as regards the difference between the English and the Latin bard; a difference as conspicuous as that which exists between the rural scenes of our own country and the fabled haunts of Sperchius or Taygetus, of Etna, or of Tempe. Distance of time and place produces the effect of a miracle on our tastes and habits. Thomson will never be a fair object of comparison with Ovid, from whom he is perfectly dissimilar in every point of view; but should he survive the lapse of eighteen centuries from the present moment, he will perhaps, by some future nation of critics on the shores of the

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pacific ocean, be regarded with the same veneration (and with justice) that we now profess to feel for the remains of Theocritus or of Moschus. To them our London may hereafter be what the Athens or the Syracuse of antiquity is to us; our Richmond may be their Tempe; our Thames, their Tyber or Enisseus.

The last poem in this volume is of so singular a description that we hardly know in what manner to treat it. It is probably meant as broad farce; but we are apprehensive that it is a great deal too broad and too nonsensical for the age. If, in this refined nation, there are now living any who are able to lay their hands on their hearts, and gravely say they enjoy the most absurd extravagancies of the whimsical Rabelais, or (which perhaps comes nearer to the mark) that they can fully enter into and comprehend that species of humour for which the early burlesque writers of Italy are remarkable, to them and them only we can safely recommend this strange effusion of our author. But the temper of mankind in general is grown too serious to relish any thing so wilfully outré. Whether this accession of gravity be an addition of real wisdom, or, if it be, whether on such subjects it is not 'folly to be wise,' may perhaps admit of an argument.

We now enter on our examination of 'The four Slaves of Cythera,' which we have read with a great deal of amusement in many parts, with very high delight in others, but in some with languor and indifference, and not unfrequently with disappointment and disapprobation. If the most laboured passages are wrought up to a higher pitch of spirit and beauty than any of those which we formerly admired in 'Edwy and Elgiva,' and 'Sir Everard,' if upon the whole we are enabled to pronounce that Mr. Bland, as he grows more familiar with the Muse, has improved and refined his style of composition, we shall have at the same time to remark instances of carelessness and caprice, and more weighty objections to the design and conduct of the fable, than any which we found to allege against the general merits of his two earlier poems.

Four christian knights, of as many different nations, Sir Alfred of England, Hubert of Rhodes, Florio of Italy, and Eglamour of France, returning in company from their pilgrimage in the Holy Land, are made prisoners by a corsair, and carried into the harbour of Cythera. Here they are immured in four separate dungeons by order of Hamet, lord of the island, whose four daughters (so fortune in a laughing mood ordained) have the windows of their respective apartments directly opposite to the grates of the captives, each to each. The consequence may be easily foreseen by

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the merest dabbler in eastern fiction. Every one of the four knights falls instantaneously and deeply in love with his respective princess, and every princess returns the compliment, with her whole heart, to her respective knight. Zoraida, the loveliest of Hamet's daughters, falls to the lot of Alfred, the noblest and bravest of the Christian champions. A mutual interchange of festive gallantries takes place by means of the convenient lattice, and something more substantial passes between them than sighs and billets-doux, and infinitely more gratifying to a lover of taste and sensibility—

'A basket stored
With fruits and dainty conserves for his board.'

What a delicious prelude to an amorous entertainment! These favours Alfred receives with all becoming gratitude, and is soon afterwards honoured with the commands of the fair giver to attend, as one of her father's slaves, at the next pleasure party on the water. He obeys the flattering mandate with alacrity; and who shall paint his rapture at finding himself seated in the same barge with her whom his heart had so long, and for such solid reasons, adored in secret? His satisfaction was not, indeed, altogether without alloy, since the principal place in the 'gondolay,' that, of course, nearest to the princess, was occupied by the fat and portly majesty of Zulemah, a Saracen lord, to whom Zoraida was, by the will of her father, solemnly betrothed. Nevertheless Alfred was not of a disposition to suffer any disagreeable reflections to intrude themselves on moments so precious. He laughed, sang, jested, and played the fool *à merveille*, so as finally to captivate the good graces of the stupid Zulemah almost as securely as he had before won the heart of his bride. Zoraida is induced by this circumstance to appoint him the messenger between herself and the fat lord, an office which he undertakes more readily than might have been expected, considering the situation of his own hopes and wishes.

By degrees, however, a few *natural* apprehensions creep into his mind that Zoraida has ungenerously made him the sport of her caprice, the instrument of her idle humours. He ventures to expostulate, and his remonstrances produce an explanation on the part of his fair enslaver more favourable to her love than to her honesty. He discovers that Zulemah, and not himself, is the instrument that she delights to play on; and that every precious gift and token of which he has been the bearer from the fat lord, has been treasured up by the unthankful receiver for the sole purpose of raising a sum

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large enough for the ransom of himself and his friends. It does not seem to occur to either that there can be any thing ungenerous in this sort of proceeding. The business goes on in due order. The ransom is paid—and Hubert, Eglamour, and Florio, depart for their native lands under a strict engagement to return to Cythera whenever summoned by Alfred, their friend and deliverer.

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus—

And this seems to be the case with our author in the present instance. It is to be supposed that each of the liberated knights has all this while been carrying on his separate intrigue with one of the three remaining princesses. How comes it to pass then that they so quietly accept their discharge from prison without forming any plans for the accomplishment of their amorous designs, or breathing any sighs for the abandonment of them? But let this pass—our business is with Alfred, who now, in a Moorish disguise, and under the borrowed name of Selim, returns to the place which had lately been his prison, and engages himself as a domestic with Hamet to superintend the management of his gardens. We are not informed where or how the pretended Selim picked up sufficient horticultural knowledge for the part he has undertaken to act; but all things are feasible and easy to a young christian knight, eager alike for the possession and the conversion of a beautiful lady, whose soul is in danger of damnation.

However Sir Alfred acquired his skill, it is certain that he displayed it in so superior a manner as absolutely to win the heart of Hamet, who (for a pagan) is the most civil, inoffensive, good-tempered easy old gentleman that ever hobbled on a gouty toe. There are, indeed, passages in the poem that might lead us to infer (though it is in no place positively asserted) that Sir Alfred was the first person who introduced the English style of gardening into Greece; that he was the Brown or Repton of Cythera; and, if so, it is no wonder that Hamet had taste enough instantly to prefer him to any of his Saracen horticulturists, whose art had probably never extended further than the formation of a semicircle, a crescent, or a quincunx. The fact is that the old gentleman was so highly pleased that he immediately turned off all his own garden-slaves and gave directions to Selim to supply their places with such as were better capable of understanding and pursuing his more ornamental plans. Couriers are instantly dispatched by Selim to his three trusty friends, who, true to their allegiance, repair to his standard as soon as summoned,

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and range themselves in due order under the ensigns of the blue apron, hoe, and shovel.

The next care of the head gardener is to cause it to be reported to his master that he has an excellent voice in singing, and is withal, a fellow of infinite wit and humour. The old gentleman makes an early experiment as to the extent of these qualifications, and finds them greatly to exceed his expectation. But, too good-natured to keep any pleasure to himself, he appoints a day for his four daughters to come and listen to the vocal powers of his servant.

In a bower purposely prepared and ornamented with the greatest taste by our amorous gardener, the four ladies, with their good old father, sit and listen to his pleasant stories, while the three knights his companions, lie in ambush hard by to observe the passing scene, and take what advantage chance may afford of the occasion. The first song of Selim turns, as might be expected, on the subject of love; for to what other strains can a gentle troubadour tune his lute, while his mistress sits by to listen and approve him?

'Thy wiles, fair Rosamond, and budding age,
That bow'd a monarch to low vassalage;
The dainty labyrinth, and silken thread,
That brought the stealthy lover to thy bed;
That lilly bed on which thy beauty claim'd
The prize of lustre, and those lilies sham'd,
Where fears intrude, lest pleasures self should cloy,
And add new rapture to the stealth of joy;
Their secret vow that echo tells aloud,
With blabbing spite, to Eleanor the proud;
Then hush'd the lay of merriment, to paint
The jealous queen and Henry's soft complaint.'

Sweet as was the lay, perchance it was more amorous than suited the virgin modesty of its auditors. Selim marks with the timidity of real love the growing blushes of Zoraida.

'Her cheek, and bosom tinged with modest red,

And instantly changed his strain to sing of the lion-hearted Richard wearing out his life in sad captivity, and the well-known artifices of his favourite minstrel to work his redemption.

'Still as he went, the warbling lute he strung,
And 'Richard, oh my king!' he fondly sung,
Oh Richard, oh my king! what tyrant's hate
Constrains thee, humbled, from thy high estate?
If pride inspire him, that he still denies
Thy gracious presence to thy people's eyes,

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Full twenty earls of England's noblest race
Shall quit their homes for thy sad dwelling-place;
If avarice tempt the traitor to controul
By servile fetters thy indignant soul,
Her gold shall Albion send across the main,
And heaps of freighted treasure break thy chain.
Oh Richard, oh my king, for thee I stray,
Faint, cold, and lonely, saddening on my way,
With feeble limbs, and heart that turns to thee,
Panting to break thy hard captivity.'
Till, as it chanced, the plaintive numbers fell
Upon the captive listening in his cell;
And when the weary minstrel now was mute,
And oft bedew'd with tears his idle flute
Blaming his art, a murmur seem'd to breathe
Soft on his ear, the prison gate beneath:
'In me that Richard lives—redeem with gold
Your prince enthrall'd by Austrian Leopold.'

Again the harper paused—the fair again
Applaud the skill and cunning of his strain;
But from their praise averse, he caught the while
More dear applause in mute Zoraida's smile.'

But, however delighted his fair Zoraida might have expressed herself with the romantic love of her poet, old Hamet begins to think it somewhat dull, and entreats him to vary his strain and give them some less noted story, picked up in the course of his own wanderings; Selim obeys, and, after some beautiful lines by way of introduction, containing the death-bed advice of Arnaud, an ancient Provençal poet to Eustace his favourite follower, (from whom Selim asserts that he himself received the legend) breaks out into 'the lay of Jolante.' This is a poem of some considerable length, and containing passages of uncommon elegance and sweetness, not perhaps supported by a sufficient interest in the story, and (which is Mr. Bland's greatest and most serious defect) told in a manner so confused as not to be, at the first reading easily intelligible. As it is, however, the only specimen he has yet afforded us of his address in the management of the *heroic stanza*, we shall select the beginning of it by way of quotation. Besides that, in our opinion, it evinces real taste and power in the execution of this new species of versification, we think it conceived in the true spirit of the melancholy song of the Troubadour.

'Again return the flowering seasons, prime
For sweetest fragrance, on their buxom wing
Warm breezes float; and stranger to our clime
The sun relenting gives another spring,

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Quickening each heart to pleasance like the time,
The youth to wanton, and the bard to sing.
Me too it cheers, and bids my pulses beat,
With healthful temper and enlivening heat.

'My tuneful brothers waken'd by the scene,
Each to his bonnibelle some tale recites,
How by the gleamy moon-light faintly seen,
Light elves and fairies, quaint and merry sprites,
Gambol and dance their ringlets on the green,
And trick dull mortals on their road by nights;
But I must sing to fill an aching void,
From seasons gone in vain, and unenjoy'd.

'Backward I turn, and when I view the past,
As on a livid lake I fix my eyes,
Gloomy, but troubled by no dangerous blast,
The dull and lazy space behind me lies:
Before me spreads a drear and wintry waste,
And deeps unsounded, and o'erclouding skies;
To the blank past most gladly would I fly,
From storms that threat in dire futurity.

'Fain would I couch upon a careless bed
In idle sloth to hush my soul's unrest,
Fain would I fly to pleasure, but instead
Heart-fretting pain for ever chains my breast.
Hope, memory, glory, all to me are dead,
Or rise by flashes to delude at best.
School me, just heavens, to bear the grievous weight,
Though bruis'd to conquer, and outscorn my fate.

'Yet grant me, heavens, and I will call ye kind,
(Though hovell'd, cruel poverty, with thee,
I yield a wither'd blade to every wind,)
To know the dreams of heavenly poesy;
That no dark visitation cloud my mind,
And fancy's cell be unimpaired and free.
Enough—while fancy lives triumphant yet,
Flow on, my song, and teach me to forget.'

Obiter,—Mr. Bland's style being in general so simple and unaffected as it is, which we have always considered, without disparagement to his many other excellences, as one of the highest merits he possesses, how can he be so defective in true taste and judgment as to allow himself the repeated introduction of such fantastic words and phrases as 'prime for sweetest fragrance,' 'buxom wing,' 'bonnibelle,' 'gleamy moonlight,' all crowded together in the short passage which we have just quoted, besides a variety of similar, *whims* scattered at intervals through the volume, which we think more

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worthy of Rosa Matilda or Miss Owenson, than of a poet whose natural good sense is strong enough utterly to despise the aid of wanton prettinesses. We give Mr. Bland this caution with the most friendly intentions, because it appears to us to be a failing of very late growth in his style, being much more seldom to be found in his former poems than in that now under our inspection. At the same time we would not have him suppose that we object to the casual introduction, especially into a romance, of such words as are authorised by Spenser and sanctioned by the adoption of some later poets; we have not noticed as objectionable, either 'pleasance,' or 'the soul's unrest,' which, on the contrary, although terms of no familiar occurrence, are peculiarly appropriate in themselves, and rendered venerable by the practice of some of our best authors.

To proceed—the lay of Jolante being completed,

> ——————'A tear was seen to pace,
> Bright, cold, and gentle, down Zoraida's face;
> The minstrel mark'd it, and, but aw'd by fear,
> Had with his lips dispell'd the pious tear.
> 'Selim,' she said, 'thy mournful themes excite
> A holy calm more soothing than delight.
> Well hast thou said, that Eustace could impart
> A healing balsam to the bleeding heart.
> The fatal rivalry, the villain friend,
> And constant love rewarded in the end,
> Well has the youthful troubadour display'd,
> And held in honour reverend Arnaud's shade;
> For in his lay, when wicked men defame
> Fair virtue's cause, and put the good to shame,
> In sooth, 'tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet, to hear
> How heaven and truth are arm'd to make them clear.
> Eustace, though wanderer in thy youthful age,
> Some other land may yield thee harbourage;
> And though it shun the noon-tide of thy day,
> Late honour haply shall reward thy lay,
> Unfruitful lustre o'er thy evening shed,
> Or, like a grave-lamp, burn to light the dead.'

But, notwithstanding the high and in our opinion well placed encomium of Zoraida, the lay of Jolante did not give universal satisfaction to its auditors. Hamet demands a merrier tale, as more suitable to his taste, and more equal to his comprehension; and Selim, thus provoked, commences the lay (which we must suppose him all along to have had in his contemplation) in which, under the false names of Theodore, Isabelle, and Guzman, he (not very obscurely) shadows out the circumstances of himself, his mistress, and

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her father. The following pretty song, supposed to have been written by Theodore in order to induce his mistress to elope with him, is really intended for the personal application of Zoraida.

'My vessel is gallant, and smooth is the wave,
My crew and my comrades are faithful and brave,
Be to-morrow the day, and bright noontide the hour,
Then prepared for escape let us enter the bower;
And lest our departure thy father delay
My art shall beguile him and lead him astray.
Then, lady, to fly if thy heart be resign'd,
Leave a ring for a token revealing thy mind.

'For scantly my finger shall stray o'er my lyre,
Ere a stranger shall enter and baffle thy sire,
And raising his forehead enseam'd with a scar,
Shall rumour of tumult, and havoc of war,
With a tale of false import shall break his repose,
And lead him from home to encounter his foes.
Then, lady, to fly if thy heart be resign'd,
Leave a ring for a token revealing thy mind.

'Then away with thy lover, and trust to the gale,
That auspicious to love shall embosom the sail:
No storm shall imperil thy course o'er the flood,
But sweet halcyons murmur thee bodements of good;
Unharm'd by rude breakers thy vessel shall urge,
While the breezes but warble, and ripple the surge:
Then, lady, to fly, &c.

'Nor deem that I woo thee away from thy home
O'er waters unfathom'd, fair lady, to roam,
In some pitiless region to make thy retreat,
By winter ingloom'd, or distemper'd by heat;
For gay are our vallies that laugh to the beams,
Where the fruitage is glowing, and healthful the streams;
Then, lady, to fly, &c.

'And brave are our knights, and our ladies are fair,
The courteous, the grave, and the noble are there;
And the courteous, and noble, and grave shall agree
When they gaze on thy charms, to do homage to thee;
While the love that began in the dawn of our prime
Shall be nurtured in silence, and foster'd by time.
Then, lady, to fly if thy heart be resign'd,
Leave a ring for the token revealing thy mind.'

In order to comprehend the melo-dramatic incidents which follow, it is necessary for the reader to pre-suppose, not only that Zoraida is acquainted with the person of the

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disguised minstrel in whom she has all along recognised her enamoured captive; but that her three sisters, without having made either her, or each other, acquainted with their particular secrets, are also apprised that their respective lovers are concealed behind the arbour near enough to hear all that is going forwards, and not only so, but imagine that Alfred is a person hired by each of them for the express purpose of making his mistress acquainted with his design of elopement. We say it is necessary that all this should be pre-supposed by the reader; for the poet himself, eager to plunge *in medias res*, and too impatient to waste time in giving the requisite instructions, has afforded us no previous information by which it is possible to conjecture the actual situation of his dramatis personæ with regard to each other, and the story is hardly to be understood except by a re-perusal after light has been thrown upon it by subsequent occurrences. This inattention to perspicuity and regularity in his narrative is, in our opinion, the greatest of all the defects which can be imputed to Mr. Bland in the conduct of his story; and it becomes still more glaring in the description of the escape, some parts of which are dreadfully confused and inextricable.

But to return. The foolish old Hamet laughs loud, long and repeatedly, at the fabled Guzman, and plumes himself on the utter impossibility of his own sagacity being in like manner imposed upon. Every lady secretly laughs, believing the *moral* of the tale applicable to herself alone, and, when the goodly company have left the arbour, every knight steals, one by one, from his hiding place, and repairing to the spot where his mistress had reposed finds a ring or other token left there in imitation of Isabelle, and as a pledge of her consent to the elopement. For, wondetful to relate, the lovers were upon this occasion gifted with the same acuteness of perception with their mistresses, and each secretly fancied that the good-natured Alfred was merely intent on facilitating the amorous views of his friend. Thus all four become at the same time acquainted with the willingness of their several fair ones to withdraw themselves from the protection of their father's roof, and each, unknown to the others, employs the next twenty-four hours in preparing the means of elopement.

Alfred spends this important interval in arranging with an ancient mariner, whose friendship he had previously secured, the time and place of his waiting with his bark in readiness for their departure. At length the hour returns which had been previously fixed by Hamet for hearing more stories in the arbour. The ladies are again seated around their father,

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and the fictitious Selim has again taken his stand before them, when three successive messengers enter, bearing marks of the utmost dismay and agitation, with the intelligence that an enemy has landed on the opposite coast of the island. Hamet makes a long and farcical resistance to their importunate requisition of his presence on an occasion of so much danger, and is at last induced only by their threats of immediate vengeance in case of his non-compliance to move reluctantly and slowly towards the scene of battle.

It is perhaps needless to say that the three messengers are Alfred's comrades, and that old Hamet has suffered himself to be gulled by precisely the same stratagem that he had just before been laughing at in the story of Theodore and Guzman. And here it may be observed that, in framing this incident, the poet must have boldly bid adieu to all the rules of nature and probability, and can rest his defence only on the principles of the broadest farce. On this ground we are ready to meet him, and to admit that the situation is as truly ludicrous as any that can be easily imagined. Nor does it become at all less whimsical as the poem proceeds. No sooner is the old father got rid of, than every knight sets himself with the greatest eagerness about the accomplishment of his several enterprize. Having, we suppose, first arranged their respective plans with the favorite sultana, they stand upon the beach eagerly waiting the appointed hour, when, instead of meeting only his expected love, each is struck with horror and affright, on seeing her followed or preceded by those to whom his imagination immediately assigns the character of spies and informers. Perhaps this absurd contretems is not improved to so high a pitch of colouring as it was capable of, and it is besides rendered the less striking by the rapidity and confusion in the narrative, which we are not sure that we completely understand ourselves, but are confident that it is impossible to convey it with sufficient distinctness to our readers in an abridged detail. Matters are supposed, however, to be soon cleared up, so as to give universal satisfaction, and no accident intervenes to arrest the flight of the three pair of fugitives.

Meanwhile the fourth pair, Alfred and Zoraida, whom some circumstance or other had detained longer than the rest, pursue their walk through the forest to the port where he expected his faithful mariner to await him. After many alarms they imagine themselves to have at length gained in safety the appointed spot, when they are suddenly overtaken by the fat prince Zulema and his guards, and, together with Mortaign their intended pilot and conductor, dragged back to the castle of Hamet.

We have mentioned Mortaign; and ought in justice to Mr.

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Bland to mention him much more particularly, since his character is by far the most original in conception and the most highly finished which the romance contains. But it is impossible to do it justice within the limits of so short and rapid a sketch, and if we extend the bounds of our analysis, it will no longer be in our power to say any thing of what remains to be said concerning the general character and principal beauties and defects of the poem. All that is necessary to be known seems to be that this Mortaign was in his youth driven from his paternal inheritance on the banks of the Loire by the ravages of war, that he then betook himself to the trade of a pirate, in which he had made his name long formidable and horrible to all christian nations, till in his old age, remorse for his manifold sins was at length awakened in his breast, and he resolved to wear out the remainder of his days in prayer and penitence on the solitary island of Cythera. In this situation it was that he first became known to the christian knight, and was induced to embark in his design partly from personal affection, partly from a longing desire to revisit his own country, and partly, we may perhaps venture to presume, from the pious wish of aiding in the conversion of a Turkish lady to the true faith.

The grief and despair of old Hamet at the elopement of all his daughters it would be difficult to express; and, indeed, notwithstanding his being a dog of a Mahometan, we cannot forbear expressing our opinion that he was rather ill-treated by them in that affair. Very prudently, however, he makes up his mind to bear his loss as well as he is able, and to remedy the disaster, as far as it is not remediless, by taking more especial care of the only remaining treasure which chance has restored to his possession. For this purpose, while he issues orders for the speedy execution of Alfred and Mortaign, who are in the mean time closely immured in the same dungeon, he seeks a safe and suitable companion for Zoraida's solitude, and finds her whom he requires in a slave who offers herself, of sage and matronly aspect, with a deportment majestic, though subdued by grief, of manners gentle, soothing, and affectionate, and such as bespoke the memory of much higher fortunes.

To this new friend Zoraida soon becomes strongly attached by sympathy and love; nor is Matilda (the name of this christian slave) at all less attracted by the beauty and misfortunes of her mistress. Mutual confidence succeeds and the hidden sorrows of Matilda's heart find relief in the unreserved communications of friendship. Thus begins the story of her past life and misfortunes.

> 'Blest was my fate, in youth a happy bride,
> To all of good, to all of great allied,

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And, but for war and baleful thirst for fame
That ruled my lord, I yet had known the name,
Nor left him slumbering in a distant grave,
Nor, galled by sad reverses, pined a slave.

'But heaven that calls us from the world away,
Wills that our joys should last but for a day;
And lest on things below we fix our eyes,
Charm'd with existence, and forget the skies,
Freedom from ill is happiness at best,
And e'en the very summit is but rest.
For not in youth we pluck a thornless rose,
And all our after way is dark with woes.
A bosom husband, parent, child, and friend,
Before our summons to the grave descend,
That, sadly robb'd on every coming year
Of something loved, that changed our wishes here,
Life weary grown, we loath our dark sojourn,
And wish to follow whence is no return.

'In happy ease, high-honour'd and renowned,
At England's court we saw a year go round;
A languid frame, a calm reflecting mind,
A heart to gentle offices inclin'd,
To peaceful studies turn'd my chosen lord
From deeds of carnage that his soul abhorr'd;
On arts, that sorted with his nature, bent,
No more he sought the gorgeous tournament,
But left the shout of victory and fame
To sterner souls, and limbs of sturdier frame.
Well pleas'd I mark'd him bent on letter'd lore,
And Nature's book with piercing ken explore;
The moon's cold waning; from what hidden source
The fountains flow eternal in their course;
The baleful lights that shoot athwart the skies,
And stars of health that night and morning rise:
These and the varied use of fruit or flower,
And minerals of dark or saving power
He strove to search; and as through Nature's laws
He traced some wonder to its primal cause,
Rapt in the bold pursuit, his soaring mind
Touch'd at heaven-gate, and left the world behind.
But next with ardent scrutiny he ran
From Nature's wonders to the works of man;
For books, and travell'd men, who held resort
From every quarter at the English court,
Such wonders told, atchieved by human hands,
As made him burn to visit foreign lands.'

Matilda proceeds to give an account of her wanderings through the world with her husband, in compliance with his

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insatiable thirst for the acquirement of knowledge. After visiting the court of Constantinople, they set out on their return by sea through the Levant and Mediterranean, when an accident of the most painful nature detained them at the island of Cythera. The greater part of the crew had gone ashore to pass the hours of a summer night during which their vessel lay at anchor in the bay; and, among the rest, Matilda. All the men belonging to the party, tempted by the beauty of the night, wandered in different directions into the interior of the island, and the women left alone in the tent on the shore, were far from dreaming of danger, when suddenly a fierce and gloomy ruffian burst in upon their retirement, and tore from the arms of Matilda her infant daughter. Unmoved by the shrieks and agonies of the distracted mother, he conveyed away the little treasure, leaving only the sound of his accursed name behind him—and that name was *Mortaign!* From this inauspicious moment, Matilda had never seen or heard of her darling infant more. But when, after the return of the crew, hour after hour had been vainly spent in the endeavour to retrace the stolen treasure, at length the vengeance of the exasperated Christians fell on the unoffending inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and exhausted itself in the horrors of midnight assault and conflagration. The miserable father meditates a yet more singular revenge. Before quitting for ever the abhorred coast, he sees the infant son of some Turkish lord, wandering at a distance from its guardians, in the recesses of a garden, by the side of which the vessel was moored. He leaps on shore, seizes on his prey, and carries off in triumph the reprisal sent by fate. As the first transports of grief yield to the influence of time, the place of the little Rosabelle in her mother's heart, was gradually supplied by the opening perfections of the changeling boy. Both parents agreed to educate him as their own son, and called him by the name of Alfred. Many other circumstances are added, too tedious to be here repeated, but which leave no doubt either with the reader or with Zoraida, the hearer of the story, that this Alfred is the same with the unhappy youth now about to suffer for love of her in the dungeons of her father.

Meanwhile the story of Matilda verges to a conclusion. Alfred had not yet attained the years of manhood when De Courcy (his father by adoption) not yet tired of wandering, resolves to visit the holy sepulchre. Matilda who had never yet abandoned the partner of her earliest affections, insists on her privilege to bear him company. Years had now passed away since their separation from Alfred; De Courcy had perished in the Syrian desert, and after a long

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series of strange and various adventures, Matilda herself had finaly become the slave of Hamet, lord of Cythera.

The conclusion of this eventful story, so far as regards the two personages now on the stage, may perhaps be already anticipated. Matilda ends her relation by recurring to the image of her long-lost daughter, whose infant person she describes with all a mother's fondness, and adds the recollection of one peculiar mark of identity, the impression of a rose-bud on her breast. The tale proceeds in the words of the poet himself:

'Not to cold elfs I sing, but those alone
Who every change of varied bliss have known,
The bitter dregs of misery have drain'd,
Have felt a pleasure to its utmost strain'd,
And rapture drawn so finely that it pain'd;
For only those can paint the wild delight,
When kindred souls by some rare chance unite,
When each to meet another self has sigh'd,
And sought, for ever baffled and denied,
The heart's dull void and idle space to fill
With something still unfound, regretted still:
But should we find, as onward we pursue,
Whom the soul chose, allied by nature too
Whate'er our keen ambition hoped before,
The pomp of power, or mines of golden ore,
With all of honour and with all of joy,
Were to that treasure but a worthless toy.

'Matilda's joy I leave to those alone
To tell in words, who feelingly have known,
When blushing now, now changed to deadly pale,
She saw Zorajda drink the wondrous tale,
Till all o'erpower'd upon her neck she fell,
Her very child, her own lost Rosabelle.'

The only remaining object with both, is to hasten to the cell of the captives, and concert such measures as may, if possible, yet save them from the ignominious fate to which they are doomed. For this purpose, intelligence is instantly conveyed to old Hamet of the wondrous tale which Matilda has to unfold; and, as it opens upon his astonished ear, his thoughts are recalled to the memory of events long passed and almost forgotten, which finally terminates in a new and yet more surprising discovery, that the supposed Alfred, the pretended Selim, is no other than his own son, who had been lost in infancy before he was even known to his father, and in whose place the courtiers, responsible for the fate of their master's child, had substituted a spurious daughter in

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the person of Rosabelle. Mortaign is, as may be supposed, the unraveller of this mysterious and twisted plot, and is pardoned his past iniquities in virtue of his late confession, and of the happiness which it has at length spread over the whole family so lately devoted to woe and misery.

The conclusion is strictly conformable to the practice of romance. Alfred, so long educated in the christian faith, can by no arguments be prevailed on to return to the superstition of his forefathers; and Hamet, finding that his son disdains to be converted, rather than be left alone, consents to be initiated himself in the mysteries of the true religion. His three daughters already christians, return from Italy with their several lords, to be present at the solemnization of the espousals between Alfred and his Zoraida; soon after which, the old father relinquishes without a sigh his solitary lordship of Cythera, and accompanies *the four happy couples* on their voyage to the land of Christendom.

Mr. Bland in general may lay claim to the praise of perfect originality throughout his poem. One striking instance to the contrary alone, perhaps deserves to be particularly mentioned, the conversation (in the first, or second, canto) between Alfred and Zoraida, which must remind every reader of Prior's Henry and Emma, but more from its general construction than from any immediate resemblance of words and sentences. The beauty of the passage referred to may, however, claim forgiveness even from the critics least disposed to pardon instances of literary imitation.

We have been unable, in the course of this analysis, to give any specimens of Mr. Bland's peculiar talent for descriptive poetry; for which we have given him ample credit on former occasions, and of which the Four Slaves of Cythera afford many brilliant passages, though not so profusely scattered as in the Edwy and Elgiva and Sir Everard.

With regard to another quality, for which the present poem is more peculiarly distinguishable from both of those which preceded it, that of humour and occasional satire, we find considerable difficulty in expressing, and even in making up, our opinion at all. Whatever may be Mr. Bland's merit in this respect, we are very apprehensive that it will not be generally relished or understood. What we said of the concluding poem in the first of the two volumes under review applies with equal force to every passage of a similar nature which occurs in his principal work. The farce is *a great deal* too broad for the fastidious spirit of the age, and the contest is rendered still more glaring by Mr. B.'s own fastidiousness (which is easily discernible) on most subjects of general criticism.

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But if we have some doubt whether Mr. B. is strictly defensible on this point, on another, where it is equally probable that he will be at issue with the public taste of the age, we are and ever shall be ready to support his cause to the utmost of our abilities. We have heard it said that he is much too simple and unornamented for the true standard of English poetry, but if it be admitted, (as we think it must) that there is no indecent familiarity or debasing vulgarity in his style; that his versification is always correct, manly, and expressive, and his thoughts equally free from drivelling childishness and weak bombast, we conceive that the objection resolves itself into this, that he has sense to see and feel that poetry is rich enough in her native charms without the aid of foreign ostentation and glitter.

ART. VI.—*The History of Barbadoes, from the first Discovery of the Island, in the year* 1605, *till the Accession of Lord Seaforth,* 1801. *By John Poyer. 4to. pp.* 608. Mawman. 1808.

THE present ample quarto will, no doubt, be an acceptable present to the inhabitants of Barbadoes, or to those who have property or connections in the island. To the general reader the transactions of this small island will be less interesting; but even the general reader will peruse some of the details in this volume with a degree of interest, proportioned not to the actual magnitude of the transactions, but to the virtues or the talents of the actors, compared with the confined sphere in which they were placed. We see the same passions developing their effects, which operate with so much force in larger communities.—We behold a spirit of ambitious usurpation, or of selfish rapacity, often actuating the executive government, and resisted with no common pertinacity and patriotism by the legislature or general assembly, and the people. We often see the legislature of this island resisting the encroachments of the executive, and manifesting a spirit of liberty, which is not always displayed even by an English parliament.

Among the political characters mentioned in this volume, there are several which we regard with unfeigned satisfaction, as men whose talents were uniformly directed to the public good. Were we to signalize one of these beyond the rest it would be Sir John Gay Alleyne, who was, for many years, speaker to the general assembly. The public life of this man was directed exclusively to one great object, the good of the state in which he was born.

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'The welfare of his country,' as Mr. Poyer says, 'was the primary wish of his heart; but, like many other patriots and philanthropists, his eminent services experienced no return but that of ingratitude.—When he retired from the public scene, even the poor unsubstantial tribute of a vote of thanks was withholden from the venerable patriot.'

We shall not attempt to analyse the narrative of this work, but shall notice a few particulars, and make a few extracts, which the general reader is likely to deem most worthy of perusal.

The fees of office in this island, though fixed by a law, seem still to be left in an unsettled state, as if no law had been passed.

'This evil,' says Mr. Poyer, 'is principally owing to the mischievous policy of bestowing the most lucrative employments in the island on persons resident in England. These offices are executed by deputies, who farm them from the patentees at an annual rent, far exceeding their real value. The remedy is obvious. Were all patent offices executed by their principals, the legal emoluments of each would be a sufficient compensation to an able, upright officer, without resorting to the unjustifiable means now practised; the money, which is now remitted to Great Britain, to pamper the needy minions of a court favourite, would be expended at home; and, in the course of its circulation, replenish the sources from whence it had been drawn. The executive authority would be strengthened, and the country, in general, benefited by the accession of the talents of a number of intelligent men, employed in the various departments of government.'

The following is the original narrative of the affecting story of Inkle and Yarico, divested of the embellishments of poetry:

'An English ship having put into a bay, sent some of her men ashore to try what victuals or water they could find; but the Indians perceiving them to go far into the country, intercepted them on their return and fell upon them, chasing them into a wood, where some were taken, and some killed. A young man whose name was Inckle, straggling from the rest, was met by an Indian maid, who, upon the first sight, fell in love with him, and hid him close from her countrymen in a cave, and there fed him till they could safely go down to the shore, where the ship lay at anchor expecting the return of their friends. But at last seeing them upon the shore, the boat was sent for them, took them on board and brought them away. But the youth, when he came to Barbadoes, forgot the kindness of the poor maid, who had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave. And so poor *Yarico* for her love lost her liberty.'

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'It will readily be perceived, how much this simple tale has been embellished by the creative imagination and descriptive powers of Addison. And it is painful to add, though it is too obvious to escape observation, that similar artifices and exaggerations have been successfully employed in later times to inflame the passions and prejudice the minds of the credulous misinformed Europeans on the subject of West Indian slavery. It does not, however, appear, that the lady possessed any remarkable share of delicacy, since it is reported by Ligon, who was personally acquainted with her, and received many offices of kindness at her hands, "that she would not be wooed by any means to wear clothes." Nor does she seem to have been much affected by the ingratitude of her perfidious betrayer, "Her excellent shape and colour, which was a pure bright bay; and small breasts, with nipples of porphyrie," were irresistible attractions, and she soon consoled herself in the arms of another lover. In short, "she chanced to be with child by a christian servant, and lodging in an Indian house, amongst the other women of her own country, and being very great with child, so that her time was come to be delivered, she walked down to a wood, and there, by the side of a pond, brought herself *a-bed*; and presently washing her child, in three hours time came home with a lusty boy, frolic and lively." Who could suppose that this is the same unfortunate female, of whom so much has been said and sung by moralists, poets and historians; whose hapless fate has caused such lively sensations in the tender minds of Europe's philanthropic sons? No apology, it is presumed, will be thought necessary for this minute and authentic account of the celebrated *Belle Sauvage*, whose wrongs have been amplified and recorded by the ablest pens; and whose imaginary sorrows have drawn the tear of sympathy from the brightest eyes.'

In the year 1675, Barbadoes was desolated by one of those dreadful hurricanes which often occur in the West Indies, but this storm was associated with a singular circumstance which incline us to quote the description which Mr. Poyer has given of the event.

'The new governor fixed the seat of government at Fontabelle; but he had not enjoyed this situation long, when the country was almost laid waste by one of the most tremendous hurricanes that ever scourged a guilty land. Neither the palace, nor the cot, escaped the destructive violence of this awful visitation. Neither tree, nor house, were left standing, except the few which were sheltered by some neighbouring hill or cliff. The face of the country exhibited one continued scene of desolation. So complete was the destruction of the sugar works, on the several plantations, that it was nearly two years before they could be repaired, or put into a condition to renew the business of sugar-making. Nor was the crop of provisions spared from the general devastation; and, to add to the calamity, eight valuable ships, laden with the produce of the country,

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were sunk or stranded, in Carlisle Bay. In Speight's Town every house was either blown down or materially injured. Several families were buried in the ruins of their fallen habitations; and there was scarcely one but lamented some relation, friend, or acquaintance, swept to an untimely grave. Amidst this scene of ruin and misery, the fate of Major Streate and his fair bride deserves to be remembered for its whimsical singularity. They had been married that evening, at the plantation called Anderson's, but the pitiless storm, regardless of the sanctity of the marriage bed, blew them from their bridal chamber; and, with relentless fury, lodged them in a pimploe hedge. In this bed of thorns they were found the next morning, incapable of manifesting those tender attentions which their new-formed relation demanded, or affording each other the assistance which their comfortless condition required.'

The reflections which the author has scattered through this work usually evince great good sense, and they are often very forcibly expressed. The observations which Mr. Poyer makes on an impolitic law, which was passed by the legislature of Barbadoes soon after the hurricane, which we have mentioned above, show that the author is acquainted with the great principles of political œconomy; and that the force of his remarks is not impaired by any imbecility in his diction.

'To check the nefarious practices of forestallers and monopolizers; to diffuse the blessings of plenty, and to avert the horrors of famine; or even to guard against the distresses attending a partial failure of the means of subsistence, are undertakings of so much humanity and beneficence, that any proposal for effecting them will readily meet the approbation of benevolent minds, and gain the applause of those superficial thinkers who compose the bulk of mankind. But these important objects are not to be attained by arbitrary prohibitions. Commerce visits only those climes in which it is cherished by the genius of liberty. Trade, like water, should be left to form its own level; and, although many moderate and sensible men may object to this maxim, as affording too great latitude to commercial monopoly, there certainly is less danger in leaving the merchant to exercise his own discretion, than in cramping and depressing the spirit of mercantile speculation, by rigorous and injudicious restrictions. High prices, and a scarcity of provisions, will be the fatal consequences of destroying or discouraging a competition in the market, by prohibitory regulations. The mutual wants of mankind, form the active principle which gives life to commerce, and by which alone it can be safely regulated.

'The traders of Barbadoes may be divided into three distinct classes; the importer, the retailer, and the huckster; all of whom are useful in their several vocations. Through them, the commodities imported from abroad are dispersed among the people, in such quantities, and upon such terms, as are best suited to the necessities and conveniencies of the consumers. The two former classes

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are not infrequently united in the same person. They ought, however, to be considered separate. The merchant who is engaged in extensive concerns, and imports large cargoes of provisions, generally finds it more convenient and advantageous to dispose of his commodities to the retailer, in large quantities, and at a proportionable reduction of price, than to await the tedious and precarious sale of them to the consumer. Sometimes the case may be different; at any rate, it would be tyrannical and unjust to deprive him of the option.

'The retailer, again, confined to an inland traffic, by the smallness of his capital, or a timidity to adventure, derives an advantage in buying the articles in which he deals by wholesale, and revending them at an advance, which yet exceeds not the prices at which they might have been bought from the importer, had he retailed them. His profits consist in the difference between the wholesale and retail prices. This excess is commonly less in Barbadoes than in any other part of the new world, evidently owing to the competition which prevails among that description of people in this island: a circumstance that will ever prove the most effectual counterpoise to combinations among forestallers and regrators, and is the main spring by which trade will correct its own aberrations.

'To elucidate this doctrine, let us advert to a case which frequently happens. During a general scarcity of articles of the first necessity, a vessel laden with corn and flour arrives with a supercargo on board. It may not be conformable to the orders, nor suit the convenience of this factor to retail his cargo. Dispatch is the life of business, and the vessel may be required to discharge her cargo, and to return without delay; yet, were the absurd laws against monopolizing executed with a spirit equal to that which dictated them, no merchant could venture to purchase the whole, or any part of the cargo, by wholesale to revend; because, in so doing, he would render himself obnoxious to punishment as a forestaller. The consequence is obvious; the vessel, by a ridiculous policy, is driven from our ports, and the people, in a state of *tantalism*, continue in want of those supplies which, but a moment before, had been within their reach. Or suppose the market should be sufficiently tempting to induce the supercargo to land his goods; to compensate himself for his trouble, expense, and detention, he will sell them at the highest retail prices. Thus a stranger will enjoy those lucrative advantages which, under a wiser and more equitable system, would have centered among our own countrymen.

'This species of traffic which the law, under the specious pretext of preventing forestalling and regrating, most unwisely discountenances, far from being detrimental, is, in fact, highly beneficial to the public. A large capital is thus employed, which, in so small a community, would otherwise remain inactive and useless; the importer is accommodated and benefited by facilitating his sales; it gives energy to industry; affords bread to a considerable number of useful citizens; and furnishes the consumer with the articles of domestic accommodation in more convenient quantities, and as cheap as he could have purchased them from the original importer. It some-

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times happens that the value of the merchandise is enhanced after getting into this intermediate channel of diffusion; but this is not so much owing to any radical defect in the system for which I contend, as to the intervention of casualties to which mercantile affairs are peculiarly liable. The prices of goods are augmented by various causes independent of monopolizers. Supplies from abroad may be intercepted by the enemy, or may experience a temporary suspension from opposing elements, and other disastrous means. In all these cases the holders of provisions will, unquestionably, embrace the favourable opportunity of reimbursing themselves for the losses which both importer and retailer too often sustain from accidents, which no human sagacity can foresee, nor human judgment prevent. And where is the harm in this? The planter strives to obtain the best price that he can get for the produce of his fields, and surely the merchant is entitled to the same privilege in the disposal of his commodities.'

The freedom of the press, on which, in the present advanced state of civilization, the liberty of the subject so immediately depends, is well understood by the historian of Barbadoes. Under the government of Lord Howe a weekly paper was established under the title of the Barbadoes Gazette, the circulation of which greatly tended to enlighten the sentiments of the people, and to produce a more vigilant regard to public opinion in the conduct of the magistrate.

'There is,' says Mr. Poyer, 'no stronger principle in human nature than the fear of shame. The freedom of the press derives its utility from its influence over this powerful spring of action; and furnishes the only weapon which can be safely and effectually employed against folly and corruption acting with authority. The man in office who fears not to offend against the laws of his country and his God, when he can do so with the *prospect* of legal impunity is often restrained from the commission of injustice and oppression by the dread of having his crimes revealed, and of being held up to the scorn and execration of mankind by means of an open press. Hence the arbitrary ruler, the corrupt magistrate, and the profligate legislator, of all countries, have ever been inimical to the liberty of the press, and anxious to deprive the subject of the privilege of canvassing the measures of government, and scrutinizing the conduct of those who are placed in authority over us. Happily, by the principles of the British constitution, the people are themselves the guardians of this inestimable privilege; and it is hoped that, in the hands of a jury of Barbadians, it will never be impaired, nor surrendered to the rude gripe of depostism.'

We shall not detail the accounts which so often occur in this volume of the disputes which have at times happened between the different governors of the island, and the general assembly. On most of those occasions the assem-

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bly appear to have manifested a laudable degree of firmness, and an enlightened love of liberty.—Among the governors we meet with a few instances of folly, of avarice, and injustice; —but the majority appear to have exhibited as much virtue and talent as are usually found in such appointments.—Their characters seem to be impartially appreciated by Mr. Poyer.—Mr. P. has not given any account of the natural history of Barbadoes, which would have made a considerable addition to the value of his work;—and have excited a more lively and general interest in the perusal.—But what he has done, he has certainly done well; and the execution of the artist seems to surpass the value of the materials.—Perspicuity, and force characterize the style of this history; and indeed the narration, the sentiments, and the diction are entitled to considerable praise.

ART. VII.—*The History of Don Francisco de Miranda's Attempt to effect a Revolution in South America, in a Series of Letters. By James Biggs. Revised, corrected, and enlarged. To which are annexed Sketches of the Life of Miranda, and geographical Notices of Caraccas.* pp. 312. 7*s.* 6*d.* Goddard, Pall-Mall. 1809.

IN the preface to this volume it is said that 'the facts came within the observation of the writer, or were obtained by careful inquiry.' These facts are contained in a series of letters; in which, from the desultory mode of the relation it is difficult to trace any distinct and orderly narrative. The author, who had joined the expedition of General Miranda, in hope, as he tells us, 'of honour and its reward;' was embarked on board the Leander, a ship of about two hundred tons burden, which had been fitted out at New York, by that mysterious adventurer. The professed object of Miranda was to revolutionize the continent of South America, to deliver the inhabitants from the Spanish yoke, and to establish a republican form of government. This might appear a very philanthropic attempt on the part of General M. but it does not seem to have been so regarded by the inhabitants, who made no efforts to second his *generous* intentions.

Miranda, like other great schemers, had reckoned without his host. He had relied on the warm and zealous co-operation of the colonists; but they had either no confidence in his promises, or felt no sympathy in the political sentiments which he manifested in his proclamation. Miranda, who

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had not learned a lesson of humility by serving under the *egoistical* Dumourier in the Netherlands, seems to have greatly over-rated his own capacity of mischief, to have aggrandized his own self-importance beyond all reasonable dimensions, and to have imagined that if he only showed himself on the coast of Spanish America, thousands would flock to his standard, and inhale the spirit of liberty from the soil on which it stood.

Miranda had certainly inspired these, or similar hopes, in the body of his followers; but they were miserably disappointed by the event. The Spanish colonists, who are, perhaps, even more than the inhabitants of the parent state, under the dominion of the priests, manifested no desire to throw off the superstition of tyranny, or the tyranny of superstition. It is not certain that the people felt what Miranda termed the oppression of the mother country; and, if they did, they did not wish to venture on a hazardous revolutionary experiment, under the conduct of a man of very equivocal character, at the head of a motley group of free-booters, and adventurers of every denomination.

The following is an account of the curious spectacle which was exhibited on board the Leander, which was to bear the tidings of liberty and independence to the Spanish main.

'One side of the quarter-deck,' says the author, 'is occupied by a printing press, at which several young men of that profession are busy in striking off the general's proclamations to the people of South America, and setting the types for printing our commissions. The other side is taken up with two groupes of Mars' youngest sons, employed with military books; some studying, some reading, and others looking at the pictures. His excellency is at the head of one of these parties, philosophizing on various subjects, and passing from one to another with his peculiar volubility. At this moment he is painting the dangers of a military life. He ends every recital of hardships by telling the young gentlemen how much honour results to those who bear them with fortitude. Notwithstanding this encouraging conclusion, the youngsters look rather aghast! which he observes in silence.

'When the old gentleman gets upon this topic, which he does almost daily, he never fails to inform his pupils of his own feats and sufferings when he was young, and in the wars. His countenance, which is always extremely expressive at such times, gives evidence of the great pleasure he feels in dwelling on 'disastrous chances' and 'hair-breadth 'scapes.' I confess to you, I am sorry to find he loves greatly to talk of himself, and likes those best who appear most willing to hear him on this subject; for I believe that vanity and egotism, which are qualities destitute of any recommendation whatever, are generally associated with other traits that have no claim to approbation. I must confess, too, that he appears not a

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little tinctured with pedantry; a pardonable fault in an academician, but not so respectable in a hero and statesman.

'Next is seen the armourer's bench, with all his apparatus for repairing old muskets, pointless bayonets, and rusty swords. This tinker has his hands full, as our arms are none of the best, and seem to have been already condemned in some other service. Whoever purchased them for the expedition, was either no judge of arms, or he has been kinder to himself than his employer.

'A few feet from the place where I am now writing, is a noisy set of animals called volunteers, going through the manual exercise under the direction of a drill serjeant, who looks as bold as a lion, and roars nearly as loud. I hope he may feel as fierce when we shall have something serious to do. In the vicinity of these fellows, the regimental taylor, and half a dozen of his cross-legged disciples are placed surrounded by the materials and implements of their trade. A little further are several carpenters, employed in making staves for the pikes, with which our cavalry is to be armed. Beyond this the sailors are seen working with their ropes, tar, blocks, &c. and here my description ends.'

Before Miranda and his *philanthropic* band of adventurers could set a foot on the coast, two schooners, which formed part of the revolutionizing armament, were taken by the Spanish *guarda costas*. Of the persons on board these two vessels, ten were soon after hanged and beheaded, and the remainder sentenced to several years of laborious servitude at Omoa, Porto, Rico, and Bocca Chica. This disaster was only the prelude to other misfortunes. The Leander was obliged to alter her course, in order to obtain a fresh supply of water, of which the crew were reduced to the daily allowance of a pint each man. A mutiny was likewise on the point of breaking out among the officers of the expedition, who began to discern that they had been deceived by Miranda, who had, at the same time, deceived himself. The conduct of the general was not of the most conciliatory nature, and on several occasions, he suffered his passions, to impetuous bursts of which he was very liable, to hurry him into acts of outrage, equally unbecoming the soldier and the gentleman. On one occasion a violent fracas arose between the general and an officer of engineers, on the quarter-deck, and in the presence of the whole crew. The officer had the imprudence to utter some expression of dissatisfaction about the with-holding of his pay, when 'Miranda seized him by the throat, threw him off the ship's gunnel, where he had been sitting on one of the guns, and after repeated twirls, shakes, and twists dashed him slap on the deck.' Nor did the engineer escape without the additional mortification of feeling the weight of the general's knuckles on the ridge of his nose.

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The following anecdote will shew that Miranda was not of a temperament which is fitted to conciliate by conformity to those usages which have a considerable influence on the bulk of mankind. The captain of the Leander had revived a custom which he had observed in former voyages,

'of having prayers read to his ship's company on Sundays. This service is performed by a sedate young officer on board. The General does not appear to relish this grave work. The moment the service begins, Miranda leaves the deck, and when it is ended reappears. Two or three officers have followed his example. Does he mean to have us understand that he has no religious faith? Does he mean by his actions to deride a disposition in his followers to worship the Supreme Being? I have been told, that to some people he has ridiculed these things, though he has never done it in my hearing. If, as a philosopher, he deems religion false, as a politician he should allow it to be useful.'

The Leander successively visited Grenada, Barbadoes, and Trinidad, where Miranda made some strenuous efforts to obtain recruits, or rather dupes, among the Spanish inhabitants of the island. These credulous persons were incited to let the general fix their residence 'in the finest country in the universe,' and to 'lead them to victory and wealth.'——On the 2d of August 1806, Miranda and his hungry enthusiasts anchored within nine miles of la Vela de Coro. The fortifications were taken by assault; and the Spanish royal colours were taken down to make way for those of what was pompously termed, the *Columbian army*. On the following day the general and his adventurous host began their march 'for the town of Coro, which lies about twelve miles to the westward of la Vela; where they arrived an hour before the break of day.

'The march was conducted with so much order and silence, that the footsteps of the troops were scarcely heard. The morning was unusually serene and pleasant. A most solemn, or rather dreadful stillness pervaded the whole place. The city, as we soon found, was entirely evacuated, except by a few women, superannuated devotees, and perhaps a small body of armed men, left to guard the jail; for it remains in some doubt whether there was this force. If they were there, they escaped, for we took no prisoners under arms.'

As Miranda found the town deserted by the inhabitants, who had fled to the woods, he went to the jail, where he received the keys from the keeper, and immediately ordered all those who were confined for debt to be set at liberty. This was the only act of South American emancipation which our enterprising chief seems to have performed. The

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released debtors made the air ring with acclamations of *Vive Miranda!* when the general, in order to express his anticipations of triumph, ordered the troops near him to fire a *feu de joie*. As these troops were composed of men of different nations and languages, the command is supposed not to have been understood by all. Some thinking that the firing was intended to be serious, discharged their pieces in an horizontal direction; and the consequences proved very destructive to some of their companions who were forming in front of the jail. Colonel Kirkland, the general's private secretary, was wounded in the unfortunate affair.

Miranda remained only five days in the city of Coro, where he made fruitless efforts to induce the inhabitants to return to their homes. But the people declined the invitation which their priests did not incite them to obey. The priests could not readily be brought to co-operate with the designs of a revolutionary adventurer, whose success would probably have been fatal to the immunities which they enjoyed. No political empiric is likely to be very successful in producing a revolutionary ferment in South America, who is not seconded in his plans by the cordial succour of the priests.

'On the march from Coro to la Vela de Coro, where the *Columbian army* were happy to re-embark, without having effected the object of their expedition, the conduct of Miranda left a strong impression of inhumanity on the minds of his associates.'

'The wounded of our troops,' says the author, 'were carried in litters upon the shoulders of the men, and much they suffered in mind and body in this dreary and fearful march. Owing to the weight of the litters and the offensiveness of the wounds of some of the persons in them, the soldiers and sailors who were willing to do their utmost to help and convey off their distressed companions, but who were weakened by fatigue and hunger, could not support their burden for any length of time, and were obliged frequently to stop and change. Whenever this took place, Miranda flew into a violent rage, pretending it was an unnecessary delay. At length, he declared, that if the wounded retarded the march of the column, they should be put aside and left on the road! This he said in hearing of the wounded, who expected the barbarous threat would be executed, and they should be left to perish without assistance, or to be cut in pieces by the Spaniards. One of the men attached to a litter, conveying an officer, declaring that he was so much spent he could go no further, unless he was relieved; the General said to the soldier:—'Go on, Sir, I know what you can do;'—then turning to the officer, directing the order of march, 'suffer no complaint, shoot that man—give me a pistol here; let me do it.' This officer

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Lieutenant-colonel Roorbach, in a very spirited and becoming manner, remonstrated with Miranda upon this conduct; endeavoured to check the torrent of curses he was venting against the men; and begged him to have some consideration for the wounded and those who carried them. The moment the general threatened to leave the wounded on the road, an officer went to the rear of the column, and informed the captain of artillery and several of his companions what might take place. About twelve in number determined, if such an attempt was made, to protest against it; if that did not produce the desired effect, they resolved to resist the order at the point of their swords, being assured of the assistance of the men under their command, to whom they had already stated the barbarity of such a proceeding; and who were not less indignant on the occasion than their commanders.'

Miranda seems to have been afraid of being attacked by the Spaniards on his retreat, and to have entertained great apprehensions for his personal security. The party, however, succeeded in reaching la Vela, and getting on board their ships without any molestation. From la Vela this body of adventurers reached the island of Aruba, where a large part of the officers and the men were seized with an inflammatory fever and experienced innumerable privations. 'Many of them were without shirts to their backs or any other sufficient clothing, and without beds, stretched on the floor.'—Miranda is said to have viewed the complicated sufferings of his followers with peculiar *sang froid.* Instead of making any effort to alleviate the general distress, he sat the whole day at his quarters 'the best house in town for good living and convenience, *picking his teeth*, or talking to some of his staff,' who had as little sensibility as himself.

The expedition was finally terminated at Trinidad by the dispersion of the *army of Columbia;* the majority of which had to exchange their golden hopes for the sad reality of penury and wretchedness.

Miranda does not appear to have possessed talents nor genius equal to the great undertaking in which he had embarked. He was ambitious; but he wanted that great soul which ambition often gives; which renders the possessor capable of indefatigable exertions, which multiplies resources, which makes difficulties vanish, which inspires confidence, and by producing, as it often does, a generous magnanimity, conciliates love, and kindles admiration.—But Miranda certainly did not belong to this higher order of ambitious minds.—He had too much personal vanity for the display of real heroism; and this vanity seems to have made no small deduction from those amiable sympathies, the want of which was very incompatible with his great professions of

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philanthropy.—We do not think that our ministers acted unwisely in not entering more fully into his schemes, and in not trusting the work of South American emancipation to his hands.

Small as was the force which Miranda had, it yet appears not to have been insufficient even for the mighty atchievement which he projected, if he had possessed more heroic daring, more conciliatory manners, and a more energetic mind.—Dumourier said that Miranda was better versed in the theory than in the practice of war; but in South America he had to contend with enemies who had but a very slender acquaintance either with the theory or the practice of the art.—From the wide extent of the Spanish dominions in South America, it is difficult to bring more than one, and at most two thousand men to the defence of any one point.—But the concentrated force of Miranda was equal to subdue any opposition which such a body of men might make, and if he had gained one victory over such a host, and conducted himself with humanity and discretion, his efforts would probably have been seconded by the native colonists, who would have had no objection to throw off their civil obedience to the mother country, while they preserved their religious institutions

Miranda erred in the place which he selected for landing his troops; and he erred still more in so precipitately evacuating La Vela de Coro, where he might have acted on the defensive for an indefinite time, as he had possession of the batteries, and might have obtained recruits from the neighbouring islands.—The author says that the evacuation was not necessitated by any want of water or provisions; and we may probably ascribe this abandonment of the expedition itself to the secret consciousness of Miranda, that he was deficient in those mental and moral requisites, which alone could enable him to carry it into effect.—Though we cannot congratulate the author on the lucid order of his narrative, yet we think that much praise is due to the impartiality and regard for truth which he displays.

ART. VIII.—*London, or Truth without Treason. A Novel, 4 Vols. By Francis Lathom.* Lane *and* Co. 1809.

THE never-failing pen of Mr. Lathom of Norwich, has sent into the world another novel. In his preface, he accounts for the title of his work, by telling us that

[1] London is only selected as being the spot of association for cha-

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racters of every description; and the grand hot-bed of vice, of fashion, and of folly, from whence the seeds of crime and irregularity are disseminated over the rest of the kingdom.'

When we recollect the nonsensical trash which we are condemned to peruse in this species of writing, the sight of four volumes is rather appalling; but, as our duty obliges us to give an impartial account of every publication that comes under our eye, we will endeavour to relate the heads of a story which is not without some interest. Mrs. Beresford, a widow lady, left with an only child, a son of great promise, is represented as a woman endowed with every moral excellence, and every elegant accomplishment, that can adorn the female character. She had married a gentleman of independent fortune, whom she loved, against the will and wishes of her family, who had all formed matrimonial alliances with people of distinction and title. All connection with her family was totally dissolved on her marriage, and after the death of her husband the same coolness remained. During her widowhood, and whilst her son was at Westminster school she takes into her house a beautiful and amiable girl, by the name of Stella Woodville, the daughter of a respectable farmer who dies and leaves her unprotected. Mrs. Beresford's son falls in love with this amiable and lovely Stella; and, on his departure for the continent, discloses his passion to his mother, who approves his choice, but recommends him not to speak on the subject to her protegée till his return. During his absence, Mrs. Beresford dies suddenly, informing Stella before her death, that she had made her will, and had left her an independence, which would be sufficient to make her easy in any station in which Providence might place her; that a copy of the will was in the hands of an eminent lawyer, and the real will in one of the drawers in an Indian cabinet standing in her dressing-room with her jewels and other valuables; and that if she died before her son's return, she was to write to this attorney by the name of Wankfort.

On the death of her generous patroness, Stella writes to the lawyer and to Frederick. When the funeral was over, Stella and a faithful servant of the late Mr. and Mrs. Beresford, by the name of Philip, are surprized by the appearance of Lord Dartville, the nephew of the deceased lady, who with a Mr. Wankfort comes to take possession of the estate and personals, in virtue of a will which is said to have been made by Mrs. Beresford in favor of her nephew to the exclusion of her son. This Mr. Wankfort proves to be the natural son of the lawyer employed by Mrs. Beresford,

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who had died a short time before. During the course of the day, Lord Dartville insults Stella with dishonourable proposals, which she resents, and confines herself to her own room. When she finds that Lord Dartville has retired to rest, she descends to the dressing-room on purpose to contemplate and weep unobserved over the picture of her beloved Mrs. Beresford.

Her astonishment and fear are roused when she enters the room at seeing a good fire just made, and Lord Dartville's black servant in the act of searching the Indian cabinet. The poor black falls at her feet and implores her forgiveness, telling her a very lamentable story of a dying sister whom he was anxious to relieve; his sorrow and contrition at the attempt he had made, are well described, and the amiable Stella is induced to give him some money for the help of the poor invalid Jamba Perowhee, the black's sister. Whilst Stella is talking, Perowhee hears his master approach; and Stella alarmed retires into a closet hoping to get to her chamber by another way; here she is disappointed from the door being locked on the other side. She therefore extinguishes her candle and remains quiet, waiting the departure of of Lord Dartville, who is soon joined by Mr. Wankfort; when Stella overhears their nefarious intention of burning the will in the Indian cabinet, and of substituting a forged one, in order to deprive the son of Mrs. B. of the estate; and instead of five thousand pounds which is left to Stella, one hundred pounds is substituted. She hears the real will thrown on the fire, and the triumphant joy of Lord Dartville. Overcome by her agonized feelings, she discovers her retreat, from whence she is dragged by Lord Dartville and his associate in villainy, and made to promise to leave Briardale, the name of the residence of Mrs. Beresford, in a few hours, and to keep total silence on the subject. If she does not comply, her lover, Frederick Beresford, is to be assassinated by a hired ruffian, and she is taught that herself will not escape the revenge of the villains who have burnt the will.

On this night's transaction hang the only interest and mystery of the story; the latter is very well preserved throughout, and very well developed. At last Stella proceeds to London to try for some creditable employ, in order to avoid Lord Dartville till Frederick's return. Here she experiences various trials and mortifications; at length she meets with a very benevolent Jew, who proves a great friend to her, when in a fit of illness, thinking that she is near her death, she discloses the horrid deed of villany that weighs so heavy on her heart. In the course of her illness Frederick arrives, and

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by accident and a kind of second plot in the story which it is needless to relate, at the Jew's house, of which he soon finds Stella to be an inhabitant, and an eclaircissement takes place. A trial is the result, Lord Dartville and Mr. Wankfort are accused of forging the will of Mrs. Beresford, and the case though apparently very clear, is about to be discharged on account of want of evidence to substantiate that of Stella; when Perowhee appears, who relates his story, and the scene which occurred at Briardale-hall when he opened the cabinet. His evidence gives a different turn to the affair, and the jury find the noble lord and his associate guilty. They are condemned to death, but my lord evades a public execution by poison, and Mr. Wankfort suffers the sentence of the law. Stella and Frederick Beresford are of course married and made happy without delay.

The merit of the novel consists chiefly in the delineations of character, some of which are well pourtrayed, but there is a propensity in the author to the vulgar trick of punning; this is a species of false wit, which, however it may pass and raise a laugh in a convivial party, is terribly dull and disgusting in a literary work.—The best characters are Perowhee, Flora Muggins and her son Flannagan.—The story of Perowhee and his sister might have been rendered exquisitely pathetic and interesting; but Mr. Lathom seems to hurry too precipitately over the second or under-plot to pay attention to the advantage which his novel might derive from the consistency and delicacy of combining circumstances *neatly* and *probably* together. There is certainly some talent displayed in the novel; and had the author compressed it into two volumes instead of four, he would have made a very pretty and interesting tale.

Mr. Lathom seems most versed in delineations of vulgar characters, and indeed we must confess that he is perfectly at home in his descriptions, and has also great merit in concealing his secret in the story which he tells. But we must add that *London* is not his best performance;—he has in some measure exhausted his stock of materials, and we are apprehensive that his opportunity of seeing *real fashionable life, or real good company* is too limited to admit of his describing either with discriminating accuracy for the information of the *natives* of this island.

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ART. IX.—*A Treatise on Scrofula. By James Russell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University of Edinburgh.* 8vo. Murray. 1808.

NO disease being, in this climate, more frequent than scrofula, it is better known in its external form and character, but this acquaintance and familiarity has not hitherto led to a satisfactory mode of treatment. We have therefore received with interest a work on this subject, from the pen of a clinical professor, whose opportunities of observation have been more than commonly extensive; and those opportunities, according to the professions of the writer, 'have led various additions and improvements.'

The hereditary nature of scrofula, Mr. Russel correctly defines as consisting, not in hereditary diseased action, but in hereditary susceptibility; or a superior aptitude to receive morbid impressions. This gives a hope, that an improved prophylactic method may be introduced, which may prevent the access and invasion of so formidable a disease.

In limiting scrofula to persons of a fair complexion, we think the author follows more the authority of current opinion, than the evidence of experience; none, certainly, are exempted, not even those who have every external mark of strength and vigour; though it must be granted that the more delicate and feeble, are the more common subjects of the disease. We perfectly agree with Mr. Russell, that scrofula is by no means to be considered as dependant entirely upon a morbid affection of the lymphatic system. We are disposed even to go further, and to assert that the disease of the lymphatic system is evidently connected with the diseased state of the mucous membrane, and other parts, from which the absorbents take their origin. Where the superficial cervical glands are swollen, the nostrils and lips are also swollen. In like manner the swelling of the mesenteric glands is commonly, perhaps always, dependant upon a diseased state of the intestinal canal, with which they are connected.

The swellings, which are denominated scrofulous, are of two kinds: one is remarkable for its softness; the other has more of a firm gelatinous consistence: commonly, neither of them is attended with inflammation. They are most frequently of slow production. But instances of an opposite kind are not wanting. Mr. Russell gives us an

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example of this, in which the fact was verified beyond controversy.

'One morning, in dressing a child about two years old, the nursery-maid was alarmed with the appearance of a soft swelling on the region of the right scapula. There had been no such swelling perceived the preceding evening, when the child was undressed; it was therefore supposed to have arisen during the night, while the child lay asleep. It might possibly, however, have been of slow growth, and have been present for some time, although it passed unnoticed from the absence of pain. But next morning all uncertainty vanished, by the appearance of another similar tumour upon the region of the left scapula, situated somewhat lower down than the corresponding tumour on the right. The appearance of this second swelling dissipated every doubt; for as the child's body had been narrowly inspected the preceding evening while naked, and as no rudiment of swelling could then be discovered, the swelling which appeared in the morning must have arisen in the course of a single night; and therefore establishes the truth of a very important fact, in the history of scrofulous swelling: I, however, by no means wish to represent this as the usual rate of their growth: for scrofulous swellings are in general remarkably slow in their progress, so that any instances to the contrary are to be regarded as exceptions to the common rule. The above-mentioned case affords the most remarkable instance of a deviation from the ordinary rate of growth in scrofulous swellings, with which I am acquainted. I have indeed met with other cases of a similar nature, but not to the same extent.'

In the description of scrofulous abscesses and ulcers it is impossible not to be struck with the variety of appearances they assume, and to remark the difficulty of expressing by the way of definition, the precise distinctions of diseases as they exist. Some of these abscesses have matter nearly purulent, and approach to the nature of the common abscess. Some of them, on being opened present a fungous mass, and bear a resemblance in form to the disease termed *fungus hæmatodes*, though the difference in malignity shows them to be essentially different. Some scrofulous ulcers too have indurated edges and fungous central granulations, pain, and an ichorous discharge: such counterfeit the appearance of cancerous ulcers; nor can the nature of them be ascertained but by tracing its history from its commencement, and inspecting with accuracy the rest of the patient's body. Such circumstances bid defiance to nosological arrangement, and prove that we cannot become acquainted with diseases but by experience, and by complete histories of their progress, symptoms, and events.

On the proximate cause and nature of scrofula, Mr. Rus-

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sell does not seem to have formed very distinct ideas. That it is the effect of a sedative power; that parts of the system lose their life, as portions of cellular membrane, or of bone, and are cut off by the adjacent living parts, is obvious in certain cases. Mr. R. thinks that certain affections of the lymphatic glands partake much of the character of death; or that the parts, at least, have lost all organic power; hence they do not stimulate the adjacent parts to actions necessary to their removal. But what is the remote cause of this great deviation from the powers of health? On this point, the most interesting of all, we remain completely in the dark.

In considering the operation of the occasional causes, Mr. Russell ascribes much to an atmosphere loaded with cold vapours. He says that "from 45° or 50° to latitude 60° is the principal climate for scrofula." We wish that he had mentioned upon what facts he deems warmer climates exempt from this disease. We have not at hand the authorities to support our assertion: but we are confident that scrofula has been said to be common both in Indostan and at Otaheite. That cold and damp are the exciting causes of the immediate attack, we are ready to allow: but without satisfactory proof we can concede no more.

In the treatment of scrofula, an attention to diet should occupy the first place in the mind of the practitioner. We shall transcribe the author's sentiments on this subject.

'Of the various articles of regimen, which demand attention in the management of scrofulous patients, the article of diet is one of the most important. The languor and debility which prevails in scrofula naturally indicates the use of simple nutritious digestible food, taken in such quantity as the stomach can bear, without being overloaded. Nutritious diet is supposed to include a reasonable allowance of animal food. A violent prejudice, it is true, formerly prevailed in favour of a contrary system of management. But experience, and more accurate observation, has now fully confirmed the pernicious effects of that over-abstemious system, and has deservedly brought it into discredit. I have no doubt on the subject myself; and so far as it is allowable to argue from a single instance, I may refer to a case, in which the question was brought to the test of experiment. The elder children in a gentleman's family were reared agreeably to the precepts of the abstemious system, and became scrofulous at an early period of life. This distressing occurrence occasioned great vexation and alarm, and the parents, being people of good sense, determined to alter the system of management, and to try the effects of a fuller and more nourishing diet. The younger children, therefore, were all reared according to the opposite system, and, being indulged in a more liberal allowance of food, had the good fortune to escape any appearance of

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scrofula. It is impossible to conceive a case, in which the circumstances of the patients, on whom the experiment was made could be more exactly alike.'

We should have been much better satisfied with a correct statement of the effect of a change of regimen upon those in whom the disease is formed, than we are with the foregoing account. If a proportion of animal food prevents scrofula we should suppose it would cure it. But has it in fact been found to possess any such power? Can the children of the rich claim any exemption from scrofula? Are there on the face of the globe a more healthy race than the Irish peasantry, who are fed chiefly upon potatoes and milk, and who do not taste a morsel of meat from one year's end to another? Certainly children who eat daily a portion of animal food have more colour, and often the appearance of stronger health, than those who are bred up upon an opposite system; but these appearances are fallacious. Plethoric children, with strong colours, are more subject to fevers, inflammations, and congestions in the head and viscera: their fevers are more dangerous and more suddenly fatal. If, therefore, they are really more free from scrofula (of which we have no satisfactory proof) we still doubt whether any essential advantage is gained on the score of general health.

We think the direction with regard to wine judicious.

'Should an occasional languor or atony of the stomach take place, then a moderate allowance of wine affords a safe cordial, which often proves extremely salutary, without heating the system. The necessity of the indulgence, however, the quantity and the frequency of exhibition, ought always to be regulated according to the discretion of a practitioner, who will attend carefully to the special circumstances of the case; and when wine is prescribed, in a medicinal view, it is preferable to give it between meals, with a bit of bread, as at that time it proves more serviceable as a cordial, and is less apt to excite feverish heat, or to create acidity and indigestion.

Bathing has been much recommended in scrofula, in the form both of the warm and the cold bath. Without instituting a formal examination of their different effects, Mr. Russell, on the whole, prefers the use of the warm bath. To the rules that he lays down on this subject, we can offer no objection; but we are compelled to say that they are very trivial and common-place. Nor can we otherwise designate the remarks which we have met with under the article *climate*.

The medicines applied to cases of scrofula are either

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general, or what have been deemed specific. The use of purgative medicines is of the first class. The most celebrated of all is sea water, but Mr. Russel thinks, probably with reason, that it has no advantage over other saline purges. The other general remedies are of those denominated tonics. Of these chinchona, iron, and sulphuric acid are the most efficacious. If mercury be used in small quantities to act as an alterative, it ought, we think, to have been classed among the specifics. But we are much inclined to believe it always injurious; and when Mr. Russell recommends the use of one, two, or three grains of calomel daily (p. 72) we wish that he had cited any facts to warrant such a practice. We think also that the simple mercurial pill (*pilul. ex hydrarg. P. L.*) as a milder preparation than calomel, would be far better suited than calomel to cases of this nature.

We are surprised that Mr. Russell, when speaking of general remedies, has wholly omitted noticing the use of alkalies. Though we do not think that soda has any specific power, its utility in strengthening the digestive organs cannot be denied. Scrofulous subjects abound in acidity, and require medicines to saturate the acid, and render it innoxious.

If Mr. Russell's opinion of the efficacy of general remedies be not very exalted, specific medicines rank still lower in his estimation. He places little confidence in the virtues of cicuta. The cases in which he is inclined to give it credit he has rather darkly hinted at, than described.

'I have likewise found it of use in promoting the cure of certain *singular* scrofulous affections of the tongue, which bore a near resemblance to some *rare* venereal cases.'

Surely, had it been Mr. Russell's object to keep his reader in the dark he could not have devised a set of words better adapted to his purpose. One singular disease is said to resemble another rare disease; but in what the singularity of the one, or the rarity of the other consists, we are not favoured with the slightest hint by which to conjecture. Muriate of barytes is called a preparation of nearly similar chemical composition with muriate of lime; though the one has a poisonous basis; and the other has been taken in the dose of an ounce three times a day. By a parity of reasoning muriate of arsenic may be said to be a similar chemical composition with common salt. We learn, however, from the very respectable authority of Dr. Thompson (we suppose the learned compiler of the Treatise on Chemistry) 'that muriate of lime does no good in scrofula,' but that its

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effects have appeared on the whole to be prejudicial. We are inclined (from reasons peculiar to ourselves) to acquiesce in this opinion.

In considering the chirurgical treatment of scrofulous sores, Mr. Russell gives a caution with regard to the use of leeches, which may prevent a young practitioner from getting into an embarrassment, and from injuring his credit with his patient.

'Attention to these principles will naturally inspire caution in advising the application of leeches to the margin of an inflamed scrofulous ulcer, with a view of relieving the marginal inflammation, lest the bites of the leeches, in place of healing, should produce troublesome sores. This accident, indeed, is not a matter of the first importance; but I think it right to suggest the caution, from having had occasion to witness the inconvenience of the practice. The disappointment is the more vexatious, from being unexpected; and although the accident may be represented as a trifle, yet no patient is contented when he finds his complaints aggravated by those very means which were employed to relieve or remove them.'

In considering the effects of issues on the constitution we meet with the following remarks:

'I do not, however, mean to deny the possibility of a local external discharge proving of advantage, although it is exceedingly difficult to ascertain the precise state of the fact in a disease like scrofula: I am, therefore, not inclined to regard the indication as sufficiently definite to authorize the practice in general; at the same time, it was probably a reliance upon this doctrine which first introduced the practice of inserting issues in children of suspicious parentage, in order to avert the risk of impending mischief. The advantage of the practice rests upon the exemption from attacks of scrofula, which the early insertion of issues procures to the younger children of a family, after the elder brothers and sisters had fallen victims to it in their infancy. I have heard of several instances of families who had the misfortune to lose their two or three first children successively, having inserted issues into those of subsequent births, all of whom survived the dangerous period of life, and grew up to maturity. How far the establishment of the issues contributed to their exemption and relief, must for ever remain undetermined; but if there be reason to suppose the operation of the issues to have been beneficial and preservative, they ought undoubtedly to be inserted in like circumstances of apprehension. The practice is at least safe, and it is attended with no great inconvenience.'

How differently is Mr. Russell's reasoning in this case, from that used by him in the former, which we have quoted, where from a presumed good effect in *one* family, he inferred

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the utility of animal food upon scrofulous habits? The facts alledged in favour of the institution of a local discharge, are, if correct, much more decisive, than those in favour of animal food. But knowing the fallacy which is so frequently attached to pretended medical experience, the thousand paths which lead to error, and the reiterated observations which are necessary to the establishment of the most simple truth on a firm and incontestible basis, we think that Mr. R. has given his own sentiments with a proper and commendable degree of reserve. Had he exercised a similar caution on the former topic likewise, he would have acted with becoming prudence.

Mr. Russell concludes his work with some directions regarding the surgical treatment of scrophulous cases. We shall select what we think the passage most worthy of notice from this part, expressing at the same time our regret, that Mr. R. is not enabled to speak with decision on the practice which he seems disposed to recommend. How can a professor be said to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by a large hospital, when he has never tried the simplest of all remedies in a disease which is always a predominant malady in hospitals, and the alleviation of which he professes to have been a peculiar object of his research? But to the point. Having remarked that cases of scrofulous congestion are best adapted to the use of friction as a discutient, he proceeds.

'Friction, indeed, has long been employed for this purpose; but of late years it has been introduced to an extent, and with an effect far beyond the experience of all former practice. As yet, it has been circumscribed to the practice of a very few individuals, with whom it is said to have performed very great cures; and if upon the test of more extensive experience, it is found to answer its present very high character, I shall consider the use of repeated friction to be one of the most valuable improvements which has been introduced into practice in modern times. The safety and simplicity of the practice recommend it very strongly to favour, though I am afraid they are the circumstances which retard its adoption by the public in general. I only regret that I do not feel myself entitled to give a decided opinion on the subject, from my own experience, though I have known some instances of successful cures; but the reports of success are so numerous and so warmly supported, that I am inclined to think very favourably of the practice.

'There is no substance interposed between the surface of the swelling and the hand of the person who administers the friction, excepting a little flour to prevent the abrasion of the skin. The friction is applied regularly two or three hours every day, with great celerity, the hand being made to move to and fro one hundred and twenty times in a minute, and the course may require to be continued without interruption, for some months.'

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Having gone through the contents of this volume, we must say that the feeling with which we rise from it, is rather that of disappointment. We have looked in vain for the *additions and improvements*, either in theory or practice, which the preface of the author had led us to expect. As a general treatise on scrofula we think it very defective, there being many forms of the disease which the student will search for in vain. The descriptions are almost entirely confined to the affections of the soft parts; whilst those of the bones, such as white swellings, hip cases, &c. diseases which are of equal importance at least, are passed over in silence. The language is often unphilosophic. We are told, for example, 'that the local affection may arise from the immediate active state of the scrofulous disease,' a proposition which is to us either identical or wholly unintelligible. We have met with other passages equally objectionable. Not that upon the whole we have found much to blame. But there is little to commend; and mediocrity upon a trite subject is a perfect nuisance in every species of literature.

If much good in this disease is to be done, we believe it will be more in the way of prevention than of cure. The disease, or at least the constitutional disposition is formed before there is any external sign of it. A child, which is in appearance healthy, receives a blow, for example, or a wound; and the part instead of healing, becomes a scrofulous tumour or ulcer. The constitution was therefore tainted before the blow or wound was inflicted. In what does this diathesis consist? We dare not undertake to answer this question. But we expect little good from treatises on scrofula, till this difficulty is completely solved.

ART. X.—*A cursory View of Prussia; from the Death of Frederick II. to the Peace of Tilsit; containing an Account of the Battles of Jena, Auerstadt, Eylau, and Friedland; as also other important Events during that interesting Period. In a Series of Letters from a Gentleman in Berlin to his Friend in London.* pp. 176. 5s. Robinson. 1809.

THE political system of Prussia, as it was fashioned by the genius of the great Frederick, resembled a piece of machinery, which could be kept in order only by the master-hand by which it was constructed. Its movements soon

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became discordant and irregular after his death; and we have lately witnessed the total dissolution of the machine.

Frederick William II. on his accession to the throne found himself master of a highly disciplined army of two hundred thousand men, and a treasury of forty millions of dollars. This prince at first shewed some disposition to take an active part in political affairs, and to be his own minister; but his debaucheries had, in a great measure, incapacitated him for mental exertion; and he soon resigned the irksome task of wielding the sceptre of government to his mistresses and favourites. The extravagant sensuality of the king, by impairing his intellectual faculties had rendered him not only the slave of women, but the dupe of designing impostors, who turned his credulity to account. Bischoffswerder, a great pretender to pneumatological skill, had impressed the mind of his sovereign with a strong belief in ghosts and apparitions, and acquired an ascendancy in the cabinet.—The money which had been collected by the patriotic parsimony of Frederick was now dissipated with a lavish hand on the most worthless objects; and the men of talents whom he had collected, retired to make way for visionaries and knaves. We have ample proofs of his want of wisdom as well as of his want of virtue, in the part which he took in the crusade against France; and above all, in the second dismemberment of Poland.

In proportion to the exhaustion of the treasury, the favourites of Frederick William had recourse to the dangerous scheme of putting up titles of nobility to sale. Thus a new and contemptible aristocracy was formed of *parchment* nobles in opposition to the old nobility, whose titles were founded on the possession of land. A monarch who multiplies titles with thoughtless profusion weakens the stability of his throne, by making those, who ought to constitute its ornament and support, the object of ridicule and contempt.

As a dropsy in the chest indicated the approaching dissolution of Frederick William, he neglected all business in the cabinet to waste his time in dalliance with an opera dancer.—Is it *thus* that monarchs prepare for death? The following anecdote, if true is curious; and if not true, the relation at least is characteristic of the sovereign, and consistent with probability.

'His favourite procuress, Mrs. Rietz, he had raised to the rank of countess of Lichtenau, and had permitted her to visit Pyrmont and Pisa. From the former place she wrote to him: 'That she had formed an acquaintance with a man, advanced in years, of great exterior dignity, but of few words, and retired life; yet, from the singularity of his whole appearance, he attracted much notice,

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and it seemed that nothing escaped his penetrating observation.—'He is one of our secret society,' answered the deluded monarch; 'ask him if I shall renew the war with France.'—She afterwards wrote from Pisa: 'I have here found my old acquaintance again; he charged me to beseech you by no means to renew the war with France, as this step would bring your whole house to ruin.' The king followed this advice, and let Bonaparte do what he pleased.'

The following description of the state of Prussia owing to the vices of the court, and the neglect of the administration, is, we believe, correct, as we have seen a similar statement in other publications; and we are not a little apprehensive that at least part of the account will accord with the present state of other governments.

'During the few years of his reign, the king,' (Frederick William II.) 'had squandered away more than three hundred and fifty millions of the public money (about sixty millions sterling), besides alienating much valuable property in Poland; and leaving his country twenty-two millions (dollars) in debt. The army was no more that finely disciplined phalanx bequeathed by Frederick II., but corrupted by the example of its sovereign. Discipline was totally relaxed; there was no subordination; the officers in general were a scandal to their profession; they regarded nothing but feasting, drinking, wenching, gambling, and all the vices which attend debauchery and intrigue. Nor were the civil departments much more respectably filled. The courts of justice, which Frederick had brought under such excellent control, were abused by royal mandates, dictating a final sentence. Lawyers were also allowed to purchase causes; and, as they associated with Jews and usurers, they ruled the slender-salaried judges with a rod of gold. The principal of every department had it in his power to act the despot, as they seemed all to have a tacit convention not to interfere. Offices were distributed, not according to merit, but favour, and therefore many footmen and improper persons came into employments they did not understand. In short, the universal depravity, which proceeded from the court, overflowed the whole kingdom, and as this was accompanied with a high degree of luxury and extravagance, no income of office was adequate to the expences, from which naturally arose villany and venality in all their branches. There were undoubtedly, many worthy individuals in every department, but discretion closed their lips, as, when discovered, they were pointed at in derision; for such was the power of court favour, that no one in office dared to reprimand a subaltern, if he happened to have the honour of writing out only a countess of Lichtenau's washing-bill. Such is too frequently the effect of female influence.

When Frederick William III. mounted the throne he vainly endeavoured to repair the disorders which had been occasioned in all the departments of the state by the

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and the debaucheries of his predecessor. But the evil had spread too far to be repressed, and much less to be eradicated by the lenient measures which he adopted. His character was deficient in energy; and energy of character is more particularly requisite, where corruption is to be combated, and abuses reformed, of which numbers are interested in the continuance. The present king of Prussia, though free from the vices of his predecessor, is yet deficient in that decision and intrepidity, that sublimity of thought and comprehension of view, which alone could have extricated himself and his kingdom from the ruin with which it was at once menaced by internal corruption and a foreign enemy. Like Louis XVIth, however, he has appeared greater in adversity than he ever did in a more prosperous hour.

Not only the love of peace, but the dread of expense, which were associated with an ardent desire to repair the dilapidated finances of the state, rendered Frederick William III. anxious to preserve this neutrality during the violent conflicts which agitated the rest of Europe, between the peace of Basle and the summer of 1806. The king did not perceive that the spirit of aggrandizement which actuated the councils of France must ere long render war necessary, and that it was not likely to be conducted with success, if it were delayed to a period, when it coincided with the wishes of the enemy.—The fate of Europe did for a moment before the battle of Austerlitz seem to be left to the arbitration of Prussia; but the irresolution of the sovereign let it fall from his hands, and soon precipitated his own subversion after he had passively beheld that of Austria.

During the long neutrality which succeeded the peace of Basle, the injudicious economy of the court or the criminal negligence of the ministers suffered the fortresses to fall into decay; while in subordination crept into the army; in which the utmost efforts ought to have been made to introduce the new improvements in the military art which had been so successfully practised by the French. After the battle of Austerlitz a large party in the Prussian court, which was ultimately seconded by the influence of the queen, became impatient for war. The king at last reluctantly yielded to a measure which soon made him a fugitive from his capital.

The account which the author gives of the death of Prince Louis of Prussia, is somewhat different from that which is given in the Gallery of Prussian characters which we noticed in the Appendix to vol. XV.

* Louis had, at Schwarza, a very good position to oppose the French in their progress through the valley of Saalfeldt to that of

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Rudolstadt, and nothing but an unaccountable phrenzy could have induced him to pass it, and take such a position near Saalfeldt, as left him no retreat: for, instead of keeping the road to Rudolstadt behind him, it remained on his right wing, and gave the French the opportunity, they immediately took, to cut him off. Though only half the French were engaged, yet they were too powerful; and, notwithstanding every effort of bravery, the few that escaped the tirailleurs and their grape-shot, sought their safety in flight. The prince, thus totally abandoned, was obliged to follow: but his fate was decided. On leaping over a hedge, his horse received a musket-shot behind, and soon fell. The prince, calmly taking his pistols from the holsters, attempted to regain the road to Rudolstadt; but he was soon overtaken by a serjeant and a common hussar. On their approach he fired at them, but without effect. The serjeant offers him quarter; the prince refuses, crying, at the same time, 'Death or Victory!' The serjeant was a remarkably stout man, and on horseback: the prince on foot. Victory was long doubtful; till at length the prince receives a deadly blow on the neck, and falls. The hussar immediately leaped from his horse and ran him through the body: they then stripped him, and carried his clothes in triumph away. A neighbouring peasant, who had witnessed the conflict, wrapped his naked body in a sheet, and brought it to Saalfeldt, where it was afterwards deposited in the church with all military honor. This is the true account of this melancholy event, as described by every one in Saalfeldt; and it is farther affirmed, that the prince was quite alone, and that his adjutants, and all his people, had fled to Jena.'

The following is very descriptive of the state of the Prussian army after the conflict at Saalfeldt in which Prince Louis lost his life.

'Prince Hohenlohe found it expedient to evacuate Jena, and encamp in the neighbourhood, between the rivers Ilm and Saale. Before the ground could be marked out, and other necessary arrangements made, a sudden tumult arose in the streets, with the cry that the enemy was at the gates! Though this, by the cooler part of the inhabitants, was known to be impossible, yet the troops, dismayed by the late accounts from Saalfeldt, seemed panic-struck; nor could the horse patroles be forced out to examine the adjacent woods, as these were said to swarm with French *tirailleurs*, till, at length, some young officers formed themselves into a patrole, and soon proved the falsehood of these reports; and I only notice them here, to point out the state of mind of the Prussian army, just on the eve of battle; for, by such a trifle, numbers were already so terrified, that the roads were copiously bestrewed with arms of all sorts, belonging to the soldiers of various regiments, who now began to creep from their hiding places.'

The author gives a detailed, but rather indistinct account.

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of the battle of Jena, and of the total rout and dispersion of the Prussian army, which ensued.—An army of more than one hundred thousand men was almost annihilated in the course of a fortnight.—The fortress of Magdeburg was given up to the enemy without any formal siege; and the treacherous example was soon followed in the fortresses of Stettin, Custrin, and Spandau.

'The intelligence of these rapid and cowardly conquests Bonaparte himself could scarcely believe, and at length exclaimed, with that smile so peculiar to himself—'In truth, I know not whether to rejoice at, or be ashamed of, such advantages!' It seemed, indeed, as if all Prussia was at his feet; for the arsenal at Berlin, where he now was, had not been emptied, but was still tolerably well furnished; and, on the proclamation of rewards to any one who would discover national effects, large quantities of powder, ammunition, regimentals, and even plans of the fortresses, with particular maps of the provinces, and their various roads, were denounced with such greedy assiduity as disgusted even the French. An officer being shown a parcel of timber by one of those informers who had been hitherto fed from the king's bounty, very justly observed, 'that his Prussian majesty ought to keep that to make gibbets for such ungrateful rascals!'

We shall conclude our notice of this work with the description which was composed by an eye-witness of the scene of carnage, of suffering, and devastation, which was presented at Eylau after the obstinate battle which was fought there between the French and Russians.—We think that, if those statesmen who are so eager on every trivial occasion to let *loose the dogs of war*, would pause to reflect on the sad varieties of woe which they must produce, even the common impulses of humanity would restrain them from having recourse to such a destructive scourge.

'In the totally desolated village of Kleinsausgarten we once more found the terrific picture of war; but misery, indigence, and distress, I first saw in their extreme at Eylau itself. Parents were there already so far reduced as to be forced to bury their literally starved babes in their gardens. Bread, meat, wine, brandy, salt, or tobacco, were no where to be found. Poor emaciated hollow-eyed spectres were crawling about the streets, covered with rags like the most pitiable beggars. To enter their houses, on account of the stench of dead bodies, was scarcely possible; and even my essence of vinegar was not sufficient to defend me in their church.—I never should have believed without seeing it myself, that human nature could have borne such an excessive degree of misery. Bonaparte had cruelly given up the place to plunder; in short, every thing was ruined, destroyed, and laid waste; not a door, nor a window, nor a cupboard was remaining. This is, indeed, the less

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extraordinary, when we consider that the town had been twice in the possession both of the French and the Russians, and thus twice were the streets streaming with blood. The combatants even followed each other into the very houses. From the highest to the lowest of the inhabitants, they were all robbed of every thing they possessed; and simple water, with a scanty pittance of mouldy bread, was all they now had to keep life together. To form an idea of the situation of these miserable beings, one must have seen them, for words are not sufficient to describe their excess of wretchedness. Many died through fear, many from ill-treatment, and many were yet sick from the painful recollection of the past.

'Overpowered by such dreadful scenes of calamity I deemed it even a relief to go and contemplate the horrors of the field. However mangled I there found many of my fellow creatures, yet these lifeless bodies had at least surmounted their sufferings; but the unfortunate inhabitants of Eylau were yet languishing on towards the more excruciating death of hunger. This certainly would have been their dismal lot, as the whole surrounding district was equally bereft of every mean of sustenance, had they not soon received from Königsberg the most desirable relief and refreshment, besides clothing, linen, and every necessary article to repair and make their dwellings tolerably comfortable. Had I first visited the field of battle, this hideous, unusual sight, which I hope never to see again, would have undoubtedly shocked me more than it now did: for after having my mind so deeply harrowed up with the late dreadful scenes, I must repeat that the sight of the field, frightful as it was, with from twelve to fifteen thousand slaughtered victims strewed before me, was yet a relief.—A slight snow had just fallen, my foot slipped, and, in sinking, my hand caught a ghastly human face!—Here were fragments of drums, carts, horses, saddles, cloaks, hats, harness, broken muskets, pistols, and other arms innumerable, all, in confusion, scattered about. Russians, French, and Prussians, here all lay together. It was in truth a woeful sight, but still they had all ended their miseries, whilst so many around them were yet trembling from the recollection of what had happened, from the vicinity of the combatants, and the apprehension of what might happen again.'

ART. XI.—*The Means of finding the Longitude at Sea gradually developed, discovered, and demonstrated in four astronomical, geographical, nautical, historical, and mathematical, and mechanical Dissertations. By Major-General Grant, Vicount de Vaux; Author of the History of Mauritius; of the Cosmographical Columns; of the Uranographia or Celestial Maps; of a new Division of the four Quarters of the World, &c. &c.* 4to. 161 pages. *Price in boards* 1*l.* 5*s.* Wyatt, Pickett Street, Temple Bar.

WE were led by the title-page to expect that the four dis-

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sertations which make up this volume were composed in a progressive series, and with a connection and dependence of one part upon another, so as to form a perfect whole. But in this expectation we were deceived, and we must add, disappointed. The fourth dissertation is the only one which treats of the discovery of the longitude; in the three first there is not even that common reference to the longitude which might be expected from the subjects on which they treat.

We know not for what class of readers the author has designed the first dissertation, which is on astronomy. Those who are already acquainted with the subject will not derive much information from his description of the solar system, nor from his projected orrery in the Isle of Wight. If it be intended as an elementary treatise, for the instruction of those who are ignorant of astronomy, it is unnecessary when we have so many books on that science, and it is totally unfit for the purposes of instruction, from the desultory manner in which it is composed, as well as from the scantiness of information contained in it. There is still another reason why this dissertation is not fit for the instruction of a pupil, and that is that it is intended in more than one respect to make innovations in the received philosophy of astronomy. —It has been said of Milbourne that he was the 'fairest of critics,' because, when he objected to Dryden's translation, he gave his own translation that they might be compared.

The viscount in his publication has preserved a direct contrary line of conduct; yet he may be styled the most baneless of innovators; for he does not describe at all the established systems, nor does he lay down his own intended alterations in such a manner as to be intelligible to our ordinary understandings.

The first thing which he objects to in the Newtonian astronomy, is the manner of accounting for the precession of the equinoxes, and he says that the 'demonstrations of some great men, such as Newton, Descartes, d'Alembert, &c. are grounded upon mere hypotheses, and are unintelligible.' We are willing to believe candidly that the author means no more than that the demonstrations are unintelligible to him; from which circumstance he concludes they are false. We do not blame the viscount for this conclusion; we have no doubt it has been deliberately made according to the best of his knowledge and belief. Upon the same principle we reject his mode of accounting for the phenomenon, not because the *demonstration* is obscure, for he does not trouble his readers with demonstrations, but because we do not

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understand the hypothesis itself. The precession of the equinoxes has been accounted for from the principle of gravitation, and the spheroidal form of the earth: but the viscount would account for it by supposing the orbit of the earth to vary its inclination one degree in seventy-two years.—What should cause this variation, and in what manner it would effect the precession of the equinoxes, the author has not thought it necessary to inform his readers, and perhaps it is not worth while to enquire.

The viscount has conceived a most magnificent scheme for a planisphere or orrery, on a large scale, which he wishes to form in the Isle of Wight.—A pavilion (which he advises "as it *must* contain company, music, &c. to be at least twenty feet diameter)," is to be erected to represent the sun, the planets are to be represented by cars drawn *by soldiers*, the comets by fire works, and an orchestra of *warlike* music, which we suppose is to be understood to be the music of the spheres, is to entertain the company, while they view the pageant.—We shall leave the viscount to the enjoyment of this military and astronomical pantomime, which we should not have thought worthy of notice, but that it introduces an objection to the cause hitherto assigned for the variation of the seasons.—His objection, and the remedy he proposes, we shall state in his own words.

'I always found it very *unnatural* that the earth (which travels in its orbit at the rate of near sixty thousand miles in an hour, which is one hundred and twenty times swifter than the velocity of a cannon ball), should be obliged continually to keep that *uncomfortable attitude*, called the inclination of her poles, of 23 deg. and a half, which is the only means adopted, till this time, to find the cause of the seasons. From this ancient principle it derives that the advantages of the seasons are denied to the most beautiful of our planets, Jupiter; because from the horizontal spots or belts of that planet we see that its axis is not inclined as we suppose ours to be: but *possibly* if we could transport ourselves to Jupiter, and see our globe from thence, as we see that planet from the earth, we should find that the axes of our poles are perpendicular, as well as those of Jupiter, and of the sun, and that consequently they are all parallel to each other, and every one directed towards the environs of the polar star; that the pole of the ecliptic, and the pole of the world are the same; and that it is the orbit of the earth, and of all the sister planets which is inclined 23 deg. and a half, upon the plane of the equator of the sun, and not the axis of the earth. If it be so, *as I presume*, the orbits of all the planets, as well as that of the earth, being every one inclined nearly in the same degree, they must all enjoy the same advantage of the seasons from the same cause.' *1st Dissertation, page* 18.

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The amiable and benevolent wish expressed by the author to relieve our common parent from the *unnatural and uncomfortable attitude* in which former astronomers have so barbarously placed her, we cannot but admire. Willingly would we throw our mite towards so pious an undertaking, by furnishing the necessary demonstrations, which the viscount has unfortunately been too much employed to think about, and which we fear the learned will require before they relinquish a system so well supported, as that in which they have hitherto confided. But who can demonstrate what they do not understand? we have therefore quoted his own words, in the hope that his ideas may be more satisfactory to others than they are to us, for we are sadly afraid that the viscount, with the best possible intentions, has left the earth in an attitude just as uncomfortable as that in which he found her. Let the viscount be assured that if Atlas supports the earth, the noble gentleman is not the Hercules to relieve him.

The second dissertation, which is entitled geography, is merely a proposal for a new division of the earth with respect to the continents, in which we see no advantage that would balance the great confusion and inconvenience attending its adoption. The third dissertation is a history of navigation, which appears to us to be, in some respects, imperfect, but which upon the whole is amusing, and shews some information.

The fourth dissertation is on the discovery of the longitude, and the author strongly contends, in many detached passages, that 'celestial means' will not answer for finding the longitude at sea, and that 'we must descend from the heavens to the earth.' To support this opinion we have only his assertion, backed indeed by a story concerning a naval officer who threw his sextant into the sea, because he could not take a satisfactory observation. It needs not the testimony of any naval officer to convince us that terrestrial means, so far as they have yet been tried, have proved incompetent and erroneous; the irregularity of winds, tides, and currents, and the uncertainty of all calculation on account of lee-way, are sufficient of themselves to make us doubt whether terrestrial methods can ever be brought to any satisfactory degree of precision. We are however by no means disposed to reject any aid which such methods may afford for the purpose: the dead reckoning, even in its present erroneous state, is very useful when observations cannot be obtained, and in the intervals between the observations, where they can.

The mode by which the viscount has proposed to himself

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to find the longitude, is by computing the ship's way with more accuracy than has hitherto been done, or, in other words, by improving the measurements on which what is called the dead reckoning is founded. He has detailed with great perspicuity the manifold defects of the log now in use, and has clearly shewn that no certain reliance can be placed upon it, and he has also enumerated a considerable number of inventions for the purpose of ascertaining the run of a ship, and has pointed out their defects. He then proceeds to explain his invention, which consists in an instrument, which he terms the hydroscope. The principle of this instrument is very simple and ingenious; we wish its effects may prove commensurate; a globe of about six inches diameter, and heavier than water, is connected by a chain to a spiral spring fixed in a cabin in the vessel. The resistance to the globe, when immersed in the sea, will therefore be measured by the action of the spring, and will be shown upon a dial-plate by means of an index; and consequently the velocity of the ship, which is determinable from the resistance, will be known.

This instrument is calculated to shew, with much more accuracy than the common log, or any other instrument that has fallen under our notice, the rate of sailing at all times. We cannot but regret that the author has satisfied himself with giving us the mere outline of the plan, and has not thought it necessary to furnish us with any results of calculations, without which it is not easy to determine what may be the success of the instrument upon trial. He proposes to sink his globe to a certain depth, where he supposes there is constantly still water, since the accuracy of the instrument must be affected by any current. It does not appear to us to have been conclusively proved that at any certain depth there is at all times still water even at the same place, much less that at any certain depth there is, as he assumes, still water at all places. His machine is subject to the same errors arising from lee-way and currents as the common log. And we are not certain that the spring, although it is not found to be injured by occasionally weighing small weights for many years, may not, when exposed to such considerable and unceasing tension become weakened, and of course incorrect. These remarks do not tend to shew that the principle of the hydroscope is erroneous, but only that we cannot expect from it advantages so considerable as the too sanguine ideas of the inventor lead him to hope for. We cannot take leave of this part of his invention without expressing our opinion, that the mariner is greatly indebted to the labours of the viscount for an instrument which promises to

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be much more worthy of reliance than the methods on which the dead reckoning has been usually founded.

The hydroscope is only the first part, or moving power of the machine which the author wishes to have adopted. The second part consists of an inverted cone, containing a given quantity of sand, having a small aperture at the bottom, to which is adapted a slide with a corresponding long and narrow aperture, so connected with the spiral spring of the hydroscope as to allow the sand to fall through proportionably to the tension of the spring; and hence by the quantity of sand fallen through, the distance run by the ship may be known. It appears to us that we cannot depend upon the sand running out equably; and the author allows that the pitching and heeling of the ship will 'facilitate' (that is quicken) the 'gravitation of the sand.' We cannot think that the aperture in the slide can be made with sufficient accuracy, or that its motion can be so correctly regulated by the spiral spring as to afford results that can be safely depended upon. If the slide is to be moved in a direct proportion to the tension of the spring, it will necessarily follow that the bounding lines of the aperture in the slide must be curves, the nature of which the author has not investigated. The aperture in the inverted cone he proposes to be 'from one to two lines in diameter,' and the greatest width of the aperture in the slide can be no more. How then can we expect the bounding curves to be accurately cut? And what dangerous errors may arise from the slightest deviations.

Beneath this inverted cone the viscount proposes, as a third and concluding part of his machine, to place a wheel or table which may be constantly adjusted by the compass, in such manner that, when the course is on the meridian, the sand may not run, and on other courses that it may allow only so much sand to fall through as is proportionable to the easting and westing of the ship, and that the quantity of sand denoting the distances made to the east and west may fall into separate partitions in a receiver placed underneath. As this last addition evidently encreases the difficulties, and multiplies the risk of errors, we shall merely observe that in our opinion, it appears utterly impracticable.

A projector is, too often, not supported to the amount he deserves to be. This is an injustice felt very acutely by science; for by it not only the individual suffers, but, aware of this, many other authors feel discouraged, and undertake nothing new or great. Let us bear in remembrance too, that from the hints of projectors (which perhaps their sanguine minds magnified into discoveries) real discoveries at future periods, have been actually effected.

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ART. XII.—*Memoirs of an American Lady: with Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America as they existed previous to the Revolution. By the Author of Letters from the Mountains, &c. &c.* 2 *Vols.* Longman. 1808.

IT must be confessed that this performance betrays some marks of a relaxation of that zeal, studious of correctness, which usually distinguishes an author undebauched by the public praise. Success in literary pursuits, no less than in warfare, may lead to the abandonment of necessary precautions. Some inelegancies and many proofs of negligence or haste form no pleasing contrast with the numerous graces, that embellish the style of these memoirs.

'In beauty faults conspicuous grow
The smallest speck is seen in snow.'

It may be thought that the various and extraordinary merits of a work, interesting as that now under consideration, ought to have been accepted as a satisfactory atonement for errors of inadvertency: but the frequency of Mrs. Grant's publications must soon place her in the rank of those who are authors *par metier*, and a timely caution may preserve her from falling into the perfunctory habits which are too often characteristic of professed writers. Mrs. Grant's chief talents are those which her subject demanded, the skilful and bold delineation of character and manners, and the natural representation of local scenery: her excellence in both arts is derived from the same sources, sound sense and diligent practice. Her disquisitions upon abstract questions can scarcely be considered as worthy of praise equally high: it would be unjust to deny that they are grounded on truth, and that they are interspersed with striking and perhaps novel observation, but on the whole their bulk seems greater than their importance. In landscape she has a manner of her own, evidently formed by the actual study of nature, very different from those school-boy copies, with which so many pages of our modern novels, romances, and travels are bedaubed. In pourtraying characters, her style is free and masculine, the colours vivid, the likenesses marked and happy, and it is probable easy to be recognized by those who have known the originals. She discovers in her writings, justly regulated feelings, and excellent principles in morals and religion, and proves that she is endowed with a candid discriminating mind, matured by various observation, and much experience of the *not* unreal pains and pleasures of sensibility and a lively imagination, no less than of those more violent and

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deeper sensations which have been caused by the fortunate or sorrowful events of a life, much checquered with good and evil. To this state of mind may be attributed a certain tenderness of sentiment, which gives a charm to the work, scarcely less attractive than those which it owes to the novelty of the subject and the fidelity of the resemblance.

Perhaps she dwells too fondly on some points of a private interest, such are her thoughts and feelings when a child; and sometimes indulges in an idle labour of finishing, touching, and retouching some favourite feature, till she has thrown some parts of the pourtrait into a greater relief than is consistent with the harmony of the whole piece. We cannot refrain also from observing that the quotations from the poets, too unsparingly introduced, are frequently connected with the passage more by sound than by sense. This method of quoting neither conduces to ornament nor use, and in taste it is as if any one were to cut a hole in a good piece of broad cloth for the sake of patching it with a scrap of velvet.

To these, we trust, not uncandid strictures on the merits of a work, by which we have been highly instructed and delighted, we shall subjoin some passages, which on account of the profusion of beauties which distracted our choice, we have had some difficuly in selecting.

The traits of Mrs. Schyler's character, the heroine of the piece, are so much diffused through the whole subject, that we shall not attempt to collect them into a focus. The place of her chief residence was Albany, in the province of New York; the account of which place is no ill specimen of our author's powers in the descriptive style.

The city of Albany was stretched along the banks of Hudson; one very wide and long street lay parallel to the river, the intermediate space between it and the shore being occupied by gardens. A small but steep hill rose above the centre of the town, on which stood a fort intended (but very ill adapted) for the defence of the place and of the neighbouring country. From the foot of this hill, another street was built sloping pretty rapidly down till it joined the one before mentioned that ran along the river. This street was still wider than the other; it was only paved on each side, the middle being occupied by public edifices. These consisted of a market-place or guard-house, a town-hall, and the English and Dutch churches.—The town in proportion to its population, occupied a great space of ground. This city, in short, was a kind of semi-rural establishment, every house had its garden wall, and a little green behind; before every door a tree was planted, rendered interesting by being co-eval with some beloved member of the family; many of their trees were of a prodigious size and extraord-

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pary beauty, but without regularity, every one planting the kind that best pleased him, or which he thought would afford the most agreeable shade to the open portico at his door, which was surrounded by seats, and ascended by a few steps. It was in these that each domestic group was seated in summer evenings to enjoy the balmy twilight or serenely clear moonlight. Each family had a cow fed in a common pasture at the end of the town. In the evening they returned all together of their own accord, with their tinkling bells hung at their necks, along the wide and grassy street, to their wonted sheltering trees, to be milked at their master's doors.—Nothing could be more pleasing to a simple and benevolent mind than to see thus, at one view, all the inhabitants of a town, which contained not one very rich, or very poor, very knowing, or very ignorant, very rude, or very polished individual; to see all these children of nature enjoying in easy indolence or social intercourse the cool, the fragrant, and the *dusky* hour, clothed in the plainest habits, and with minds as undisguised and artless. These primitive beings were dispersed in porches, according to similarity of years and inclinations. At one door young matrons, at another the elders of the people, at a third the youths and maidens, gaily chatting or singing together, while the children played round the trees, or waited by the cows, for the chief ingredient of their frugal supper, which they generally ate sitting on the steps in the open air.' *Vol. I. p. 44.*

In keeping with this are the descriptions of the portico and barn at the Flats, the country residence of the Schuyler family—a more luxuriant portico Peters could not paint, nor a more commodious barn could Arthur Young invent.

'One of the appendages of the house was a large portico at the door, with a few steps leading up to it, and floored like a room; it was open at the sides, and had seats all round. Above was either a slight wooden roof, painted like an awning, or a covering of lattice-work, over which a transplanted wild vine spread its luxuriant leaves and numerous clusters.—These though small, and rather too acid till sweetened by the frost, had a beautiful appearance. What gave an air of liberty and safety to these rustic porticos, which always produced in my mind a sensation of pleasure, that I know not how to define, was the number of little birds domesticated there. For their accommodation there was a small shelf built round, where they nestled, sacred from the touch of slaves and children, who were taught to regard them as the good genii of the place, not to be disturbed with impunity. I do not recollect sparrows there, except the wood sparrow. These little birds were of various kinds, peculiar to the country; but the one most frequent and familiar was a pretty little creature, of a bright cinnamon colour, called a wren, though little resembling the one to which we give that name, for it is more sprightly, and flies higher. Of these and other small birds, hundreds gave and received protection around this hospitable dwell-

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ing. The protection they received, consisted merely in the privilege of being let alone. That which they bestowed was of more importance than any inhabitant of Britain can imagine. In these new countries where man has scarce asserted his dominion, life seems abundant on every side; the insect population is numerous beyond belief, and the birds that feed on them are in proportion to their abundance. In process of time, when their sheltering woods are cleared, all these recede before their master, but not before his empire is fully established. These minute aerial foes are more harrassing than the terrible inhabitants of the forest, and more difficult to expel. It is only by protecting, and in some sort domesticating those little winged allies, who attack them in their own element, that the conqueror of the lion, and tamer of the elephant can hope to sleep in peace, or eat his meals unpolluted. While breakfasting or drinking tea in the airy portico, which was often the scene of these meals, birds were constantly gliding over the table with a butterfly, grasshopper or cicada in their bills to feed their young, who were chirping above. These familiar inmates brushed by without ceremony, while the chimney swallow, the martin, and other hirundines in countless numbers, darted past in pursuit of this aerial population, while the fields resounded with the ceaseless chirping of many gay insects unknown to our more temperate summers. These were now and then mingled with the animated and not unpleasing cry of the tree-frog, a creature of that species but of a light slender form, almost transparent, and of a lively green; it is dry to the touch, and has not the dank moisture of its aquatic relations; in short it is a pretty lively creature, with a singular and cheerful note.'—VOL. 1. P. 166.

'Colonel Schuyler's barn, adjoining to the orchard, was of a vast size, at least an hundred feet long, and sixty wide. The roof rose to a very great height, in the midst, and sloped down, till it came within ten feet of the ground, when the walls commenced; which, like the whole of this vast fabric, were formed of wood. It was raised three feet from the ground by beams resting on stones, and on these beams was laid, in the middle of the building, a very massive oak floor. Before the door was a large sill sloping downwards of the same materials. About twelve feet in breadth, on each side of this capacious building were divided off for the cattle; on one side ran a manger, at the above mentioned distance from the wall, the whole length of the building, with a rack above it; on the others were stalls for the other cattle, running also the whole length of the building. The cattle and horses stood with their hinder parts to the wall, and their heads projecting towards the thrashing-floor. There was a prodigious large box or open chest in one side built up for holding the corn after it was threshed, and the roof, which was very lofty and spacious, was supported by large cross beams: from one to the other of these was stretched a great number of long poles, so as to form a sort of open loft, on which the whole rich crop was laid up. The floor of these

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parts of the barn, which answered the purposes of a stable and cow-house, was made of thick slab deals, laid loosely over the supporting beams. And the mode of cleaning those places was by turning the boards, and permitting the dung and litter to fall into the receptacles left open below for the purpose; from thence in spring, they were often driven down to the river, the soil in its original state not requiring the aid of manure. In the gable end at the front, there were prodigious folding doors, and two others that opened behind.—Certainly never did cheerful rural toils wear a more exhilarating aspect than while the domestics were lodging the luxuriant harvest in this capacious repository.—On each side of the great doors were smaller ones, for the cattle and horses to enter.

'Whenever the corn or hay was reaped or cut, and ready for carrying home, which in that dry and warm climate happened in a very few days, a waggon loaded with hay, for instance, was driven into the midst of this great barn; loaded also with numberless large grasshoppers, butterflies, and cicadas, who came along with the hay, from the top of the waggon, this was immediately forked up into the loft of the barn, in the midst of which was an open space left for the purpose, and then the unloaded waggon drove in rustic state out of the great door at the other end. In the mean time every member of the family witnessed or assisted in the summary process; by which the building and thatching of stacks was at once saved, and the whole crop and cattle were thus compendiously lodged under one roof. The cheerfulness of this animated scene was much heightened by the quick appearance and vanishing of the swallows; who twittered among their high-built dwellings in the roof. Here, as in every other instance, the safety of these domestic friends was attended to, and an abode provided for them. In the front of this barn, were many holes like those of a pigeon house, for the accommodation of the martin; that being the species to which this kind of home seems most congenial; and in the inside of the barn, I have counted above fourscore at once. In the winter, when the earth was buried deep in new fallen snow, and no path fit for walking in was left, this barn was like a great gallery, well suited for that purpose, and furnished with pictures, not unpleasing to a simple and contented mind. As you walked through this long area, looking up, you beheld the abundance of the year treasured above you; on one side the comely heads of your snorting steeds presented themselves arranged in seemly order, on the other, your kine displayed their meeker visages, while the perspective on either, was terminated by heifers and fillies no less interesting. In the midst, your servants exercised the flail; and even, while they threshed out the straw distributed it to the expectants on both sides; while the liberal handful was occasionally thrown to the many coloured poultry on the hill. Winter itself never made this abode of life and plenty cold or cheerless. Here you might walk and view all your subjects and their means of support at one glance, except indeed the sheep; for whom a large and commodious building was erected very near the barn; the roof of which was for-

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nished with a top large enough to contain hay sufficient for their winter's food.' VOL. i. P. 176.

We cannot close this article, without regretting that our limits will not permit us to exhibit any specimens of this author's ethical paintings, which are in no respect inferior to her descriptions of scenery—and will be found to excite a lively and general interest, as they comprehend the characters of several British officers, distinguished in the history of America, previous, or subsequent to the revolution.

ART. XIII.—*An Essay on Government, by Philopatria (Mrs. Lee.) pp.* 268. Earle, Albemarle-Street.

THE materials for the biography of illustrious females are almost wholly of modern origin. It was long after the revival of letters before the claims of the softer sex to intellectual attainments, were acknowledged by the learned: no sooner however were these claims recorded, than a host of female poets, historians, and politicians started into eminence, and occasionally bore away the palm in eloquence if not in argument from their male contemporaries.

Mrs. Lee, who presents herself to the public under the signature of Philopatria, has hitherto been known only as the victim of certain designs of the Messieurs Gordons of equivocal memory. With a full share of the prejudices raised against our fair author by the *eclat* of that ill understood transaction, and with no small degree of curiosity, we opened her present performance; it is but fair to say that we perused it with considerable satisfaction.

Like another Madame Roland, who forsook the distaff to kindle the flame of patriotism around the shrine of liberty, Philopatria has inscribed her essays to our fellow countrymen in the following patriotic effusion:

'In dedicating this essay to the British nation I only give a public proof of those sentiments of attachment to its cause, which have ever animated my heart; yet I would not gain its favour by instilling into the minds of the people a narrow-minded policy, a blind partiality for their country to the exclusion of every other, and an hypocritical obedience to selfish prejudices, nor would I flatter them into a belief that they are the favourites of heaven and models of imitation for other nations, unless they were really thus characterized. Such principles form no part of that political

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system which I now prescribe to them. I would praise, but I should wish them to *deserve* praise; I would serve, but I should wish them to be worthy of the offerings of patriotism. I am desirous, in short, to love Britain, not merely because it is Britain, or because it is my country, but because it contains virtuous men.'

In her introduction, the author breaks a lance with Blackstone, (whom by the bye she heartily admires) and makes a parade of metaphysical learning, which we should perhaps condemn as pedantry in an author of more experience. While upon the subject of pedantry it may not be amiss to throw out as a hint for future improvement, that there is throughout the work an affectation displayed of an acquaintance with the learned languages, and a too frequent introduction of hacknied Latin quotations.

Throughout the forty-two chapters of which the work consists, the author displays a vigorous understanding, although she sometimes maintains positions and draws conclusions which are at variance with our soundest axioms. As a moral and political disputant she has shewn herself an able though not always a judicious or successful champion: and her work displays no small acquaintance with the laws and constitution of England.

Her ideas on education are calculated to exhibit to most advantage her reasoning faculties, and manner of treating her subject; we shall extract her chapter ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN, as being a subject on which her opinions must strike her readers with unusual force, and on which she may be supposed to have written *con amore*:

'The important question relative to the education of women is not whether their *intellectual powers* are equal to those of men, but whether their scientific pursuits must not often be subordinate to those qualities which seem peculiarly to characterize them and to their connexions with the other sex? After impartially considering the subject, the following principles may perhaps safely be laid down. First, women ought under all circumstances to cherish noble and virtuous sentiments; because those, however humble their stations may be, not only influence their general conduct, but also in many cases the characters of their children. Secondly, they may, according to their capacities and situations in life, acquire such knowledge as may be most congenial with their tastes and dispositions; but their studies must often be subordinate to the claims which their families, their friends, and their children, &c. may have on them. When mental acquirements are attended with the subversion of individual enjoyments or the happiness of others, they can scarcely be deemed

principles, though in case of an accidental loss of health, property, &c. they are of very great value; for they teach that sex, whose sensibility has been supposed to be greater than that of men, to bear the privations and inconveniences which accompany illness, poverty, &c. with fortitude, to rise above their sufferings, and to look beyond mere sensual enjoyments for real felicity.

'The laborious occupations in life, and those employments which require intense and continued application of mind, or great bodily strength, seem, generally speaking, to have been devolved on men: and the powers of women, except on particular occasions,† appear to have been exercised in a different manner from those of men. Were they to perform the duties of soldiers, or the offices of statesmen, their health might perhaps often be injured; besides, there is a delicacy attached merely to the sex, without reference to any moral qualifications, which (except as I have before said, on particular occasions) prevents them from performing actions to which men are accustomed from their infancy. In some cases also, deep attention to any object, or violent efforts, might be attended with fatal consequences. Examples of highly cultivated intellectual powers among women have chiefly been found either among those endued with a great degree of mental, added to bodily strength; or among those who have embraced a single life, and having exempted themselves from a number of cares and duties, have more leisure for scientific pursuits. The same arguments may perhaps be applied to women who have signalized themselves by actions which seem to be peculiarly appropriated to men; but it would not perhaps be for the benefit of the human race, if women were universally encouraged to gain those occasional restraints, to which nature and reason seem to subject them.

'It is certain, however, that by proper regulations, women may even, generally speaking, acquire a sufficient portion of learning to make them useful and agreeable companions to men, and to enable them to superintend the education of their children (boys as well as girls); and surely this task is worthy even of the most enlightened females, since the most learned and eminent men, both in ancient and modern times, have given their attention to it.'

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* 'Mental acquirements, however, *may be attended* with disagreeable consequences without any fault in the student; for instance, suppose a young woman in a humble situation, were to bring on herself the insults and neglect of some part of her family, merely because she might prefer the improvement of her mind to some lucrative offer repugnant to her feelings and her principles: her mental acquirements are certainly not to be made a subject of reproach to her, though they are in reality the causes of her sufferings. Every one of my readers may imagine some instance of a similar kind.'

† 'On these particular occasions, however, history records actions performed by females, which in the opinion of some, may place them on a level with eminent contemporaries of the other sex.'

'Gulielma Dacier, among others, may be mentioned as a remarkable example of the union of mental and bodily strength: she blended maternal duties with scientific pursuits.'

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If we were disposed to select the particular passages in which the author has laid herself open to criticism, we should mention her chapter on the claims of children. Mrs. Lee *may have her reasons* for wishing a revisal of the law of settlements, but those reasons will not perhaps so well accord with the cold constitution of Great Britain. Of the composition of the Essays it may be observed that the style is not rhetorical nor eloquent, but in general easy and perspicuous.

We ought not to conclude without recommending to attentive perusal a work which exhibits no common acquirements, and which, from the former eccentricities of Mrs. Lee, may at least be regarded as a singular *literary curiosity*.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 14.—*The Sunday Lessons for the Morning and Evening Service throughout the Year, with those for Christmas-day and Good-Friday; illustrated by a perpetual Commentary, Notes, and an Index. By Stephen Weston, B.D. F.R.S. F.S.A. Part II. containing the Second Lessons.* 6*s.* 6*d.* *Complete* 10*s.* 6*d.* Baldwin. 1808.

WE were much pleased with the first part of this work; and our pleasure has not been diminished by the perusal of the second. The notes are brief, but useful and judicious. Mr. Weston is a theologue of erudition and sagacity.

ART. 15.—*Christianity in India. An Essay on the Duty, Means, and Consequences of introducing the Christian Religion among the Native Inhabitants of the British Dominions in the East. By J. W. Cunningham, A.M. late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.* 8vo. pp. 199. 5*s.* 6*d.* Hatchard. 1808.

WE have so often and so distinctly expressed our opinion of the impolicy of any attempt to force a particular creed upon millions of Hindoos and Mahomedans, who are subject to the British sway in the East, that we shall not repeat now what we have often said before. Mr. Cunningham has discussed the subject with temper and moderation; but he does not appear to have advanced any new argument in its support. The argument of moral obligation, on which Mr. C. seems to lay great stress, will not hold; for religion, viewed abstractedly from social virtue, is a concern between

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God and a man's conscience, and in which neither individuals nor states can shew any right to interfere with that of other individuals and states. Moral considerations impose it as a duty on this country to protect her numerous subjects in the East, in the practice of those religious rites *which they approve*, rather than wantonly to shock their prejudices, inflame their animosities, and destroy their peace, by endeavouring to introduce a religious system which is adverse to their long-cherished predilections. It is the duty of this country to endeavour to promote the advance of the Hindoos in knowledge and civilization: by which they may be enabled gradually to see through the veil of their ancient superstitions; and may be disposed to embrace a moral system which is better than their own. To attempt to christianize the Hindoos without a great previous change in their intellectual condition, would be only to convert them from one species of superstition to another. For while they remain as ignorant and credulous as they are represented to be, how could the christianity of the Hindoos, even supposing that they would consent to become christians, consist of any thing more than a blind attachment to certain rites or dogmas which are no more a part of the genuine religion of Jesus, than they are of that of Mahomed? Whatever may be said of the institutes of Menu, we believe that they will be found much superior in their moral tendency to the vitiated and vitiating systems either of popery or methodism. Let the British government endeavour by every wise measure to promote the temporal interest of the peninsula of Hindostan; but let us leave it to the inhabitants themselves to retain their old religious ritual, or to change it for a new, as they may think best. Could our Calvinistic missionaries work miracles they might attempt with more show of right and more chance of success to subvert the religious system of the East. But, at present, when they pretend that the doctrine which they have imported is transcendantly superior to that which the natives have so long espoused, to what can they appeal in support of their assertions? To the reason of the thing? They have no ability to do this; and if they had, they are addressing a people who want the capacity to understand what they say. But are the missionaries to fetch their proofs of the superiority of the system which they teach, to that of Menu, from the lives of the christians who are sent to make their fortunes in the East? We fear that the moral habits of these gentlemen, will not bear a very advantageous comparison with those of the disciples of Brahma.

Mr. Cunningham says that 'the *political situation* of India is highly favourable to the introduction of christianity,' and that 'a people readily receives the religion of their sovereign.' How favourable the situation of India is for such an attempt was evinced by the insurrection at Vellore, and by the *disposition to mutiny*, which, at one time, seemed likely to pervade the whole native army. The repugnance of the Hindoos to adopt the religion of their conquerors has been sufficiently proved by the experience of ages. The institutes of Menu have always mocked the rage of the conqueror, even when his arms have experienced the least resist-

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ance and the spirit of proselytism has most animated his counsels. In his second chapter Mr. C. labours to prove the '*expediency of forming a complete church establishment in India,*' as the best means of accelerating the business of conversion. This is the object to which the ambition of Mr. Buchanan evidently aspires. He wishes to be the mitred head of a splendid establishment in the East. We may hence account for his liberality and his zeal. But the government of this country, is, we believe, aware of his design; and will not readily be induced, even by the eloquence of his hired writers, to concur in his interested scheme. We will only add that, if Mr. Buchanan really wished to *evangelize* the East, the zeal of ten methodist parsons will do more towards the accomplishment of that event in ten years than could be expected from the indolence of a splendid establishment in a century. But when the methodists have made the attempt, and have failed, what remote probability is there that more efficacy would attend the inert body of an establishment, even with Mr. Buchanan dressed up in purple and fine linen at the head?

ART. 16.—*Remarks on various Texts of Scripture. By Edward Popham, D.D. Rector of Milton, Wilts.* 8vo. *pp.* 392. 10*s.* Rivington. 1809.

MANY of these remarks will be read with pleasure, on account of the numerous quotations from the Greek and Roman writers with which they are interspersed.

ART. 17.—*A Discourse delivered at Ditcheling in Sussex, before a Society of Unitarian Christians established in the South of England, for promoting &c. By Russell Scott.* 12mo. *pp.* 47. Eaton, High Holborn. 1808.

THIS is a pious and rational discourse; which exhibits a brief but perspicuous view of the christian dispensation.

POLITICS.

ART. 18.—*Political, Commercial, and Statistical Sketches of the Spanish Empire in both Indies; Reflections on the Policy proper for Great Britain at the present Crisis: and a View of the Political Question between Spain and the United States respecting Louisiana and the Floridas, with the Claim of Great Britain as founded on Treaty to the Commercial Navigation of the River Mississipi, &c. &c. &c. pp.* 156. Tipper. 1809.

THIS pamphlet exhibits a copious detail of the commercial advantages which, in the present crisis, are likely to be opened to this country in the Spanish South American colonies. The author has evidently made himself master of the subject; and he treats it with much perspicuity and with ample information. Spain has hitherto derived rather injury than benefit from her vast transatlantic possessions. This has arisen from her selfish and narrow-minded policy. Instead of encouraging the industry, extending the

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commerce, and thus increasing the civilization of the people, her sole object seems to have been to keep them in poverty and barbarism, and, instead of improving the soil, by agricultural cultivation, to make them descend below the surface in order to procure a sufficient quantity of the precious metals to gratify the prodigality of the court in the mother-country. Spain might have powerfully encouraged the industry of her colonies, which it seemed to be the object of her commercial restrictions to impede. Instead of a liberal supply of European manufactures, she permitted the importation only of a very scanty portion in order to sell them at an exorbitant profit. Thus the colonists had but little incitement to produce any superfluous commodities for the purpose of commercial exchange. The industry of the mother-country could, at the same time, receive but little encouragement from the colonies; and the connection appears to have been reciprocally pernicious. A new order of things is now likely to arise; and whatever may be the kind of connection which is hereafter to subsist between Spain and her South American possessions, we have no doubt that it will be more favourable to the commercial and agricultural improvement of the latter, than that which has been hitherto established. If the dynasty of the Bonapartes should be rendered permanent in Spain, it is probable that the South American colonies will throw off all subjection to the mother-country, and that independent governments will arise in Mexico and Peru. In this latter case, the intercourse between Great Britain and Spanish America is likely to be cemented by stronger ties of interest than on any other supposition. The new sovereignties which will be erected in Mexico, Peru, &c. will want the protection of the British navy to secure them against the force and machinations of Napoleon, who will not patiently see them rescued from his ambitious grasp. Great Britain will, at the same time, furnish the safest and most lucrative market, not only for the ore of the mines, but for the varied productions of the soil; and in return she will supply them with all the manufactures of European ingenuity in the greatest abundance and at the cheapest rate. The rude produce of South America will afford great excitement to the industry of this country, and will form channels of trade which will absorb not only all our increasing capital, but that which has been diverted from its usual direction by the violent measures of Buonaparte; and the operation of this intercourse on the southern continent of the western world, must have the most beneficial tendencies both with respect to the advance of the people in industry and enjoyment, in wealth and civilization. If the Spanish colonies can be supplied with every species of requisite manufacture by this country, they may direct almost the whole of their attention to the culture of the soil. Thus, as the judicious author well remarks:

'Many benefits will be speedily produced, population will be encouraged, and the different provinces will not only be improved and embellished by the labour and industry of the inhabitants, but even the climate will be rendered more wholesome, and

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friendly to European constitutions. The accurate Robertson has observed, with great propriety, that where any region of the earth lies neglected and uncultivated, the air stagnates in the forests, and putrid exhalations arise from the undisturbed waters; that the surface of the soil soon becomes loaded with rank vegetation, and is totally screened from the purifying influence of the sun; and that, invariably, from these causes the malignity of the distempers natural to the climate increases, whilst new maladies, no less noxious, are engendered. Happy would it indeed have been for a great portion of the human race, if such considerations had marked the Spanish policy towards their infant settlements, and much happier might it have been for Spain herself at the present day.'

'It has been asserted,' says the author, 'that the population of this immense continent, is not so great as it has been; if so, the prospect of its becoming every day of more importance, will then stand on rational grounds. In the year 1741, a census was taken in the province of Mexico, by which it appeared that the five principal divisions alone contained 190,000 Spanish families, amounting to 950,000 souls; and that the Indian families amounted to 294,000, which contained one million and a half, making the whole population about two millions and a half: of these it has been said that the city of Mexico alone contained 150,000.

'In Peru, it has been estimated that the Spaniards and the mixed race amounted to three millions, and the native Indians to two and a half more, in all five millions and a half; so that if we allow only two millions more for Chili, Buenos Ayres, and the population of the Spanish main, &c. we shall have ten millions of people, who will soon be willing to receive our manufactures, and thus counterbalance in a great degree our deficit in other quarters.

'Yet we must not expect to reap these benefits very rapidly, many causes yet exist to damp an opening trade, causes which will only admit of slow remedies: to understand this more fully, it will be proper to take a general view of the state of society and of population. The greatest part of the inhabitants are creoles, or the descendants of European parents; many of them indeed boast a descent from the original conquerors; yet, through the enervating effects of the climate, the vigour of their constitutions, and the energy of their minds are completely broken, so that the greatest part of them glide through life in luxurious indulgences, sunk almost in apathy, and yielding tamely to habitual indolence, except when called on to assist in the pageantry of superstition, by priests as ignorant and as indolent as themselves. Rendered thus languid, and devoid of all spirit of enterprize, the exertions of mind and body necessary to carry on an active and an extended commerce, seem so destructive of those habits in which they place their happiness, that it is in very few parts of this extensive empire, the creoles will engage in it; so that both the interior commerce of each province, as well as the coasting trade, and even that with the mother country is entirely left to the European Spaniards or Chapetones, who

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in many parts amass great fortunes, whilst the native creoles indolently content themselves with the revenues of their ill-cultivated paternal estates; or if poor, saunter to the church or monastery in a check shirt and trowsers, with all the pride of a Castilian. From this state of society, we see there is a wide field not only for British commercial industry, but also for the employment of our superabundant active youth, who impelled by curiosity, and sometimes by the love of gold, feel anxious to visit the most distant climes.'

As the inhabitants of Spanish America are strongly addicted to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, which are admirably adapted to please an indolent, and to impose on an ignorant people, we agree with the author in hoping, p. 34, that missionaries will not constitute one of the articles which we shall endeavour to import into Mexico and Peru, in return for the rich products of those provinces. The understandings of the inhabitants must be more enlightened, and agriculture, commerce, literature, and civilization in general, must have made a greater progress before moral christianity, in opposition to ritual, can be propagated with any probable effect in that part of the world.

The humanity of Las Casas first introduced the slave trade into the Spanish settlements; and the author remarks that, 'according to the present system, the extension of cultivation can only be carried on (at least in the first instance) by fresh importations.' In this branch of trade Great Britain can take no share, though we fear that there are individuals even in this country, whose avarice is so much greater than their humanity, that they will not refuse to transport negroes or any other species of contraband, from which large pecuniary returns are likely to accrue. We have not space to follow the author through all his details of the advantages which this country would probably derive from an enlarged intercourse with the Spanish colonies in South America. But they appear to be such as would leave our merchants and manufacturers little reason to regret their exclusion from the ports of France and Germany, or the North American embargo.

ART. 19.—*A History of the Penal Laws against the Irish Catholics; from the Treaty of Limeric to the Union. By Henry Parnell, Esq. M. P.* pp. 184. 6s. Harding, St. James's Street. 1809.

IN our Review for October 1807, we mentioned Mr. Parnell's 'Historical Apology for the Irish Catholics,' in terms of high commendation, but not higher than that temperate, judicious, and well-digested work deserved.—The present performance of the same enlightened author we can with confidence recommend to the perusal of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the true state of the Catholic question, with the various penal, and restrictive statutes which have at different times, been enacted against this ancient body of Christians in different periods of our history, and with the various modifications or repeals which some of them have in later times undergone.—For the information of those

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among our readers who may still think that the Catholics have no just cause of complaint, or who may suppose that they are, in point of *civil* advantages, on a footing with the most favoured protestant, we will enumerate the various disabilities, to which, notwithstanding all previous concessions, they are still exposed.

'*Education.*—They cannot teach school, unless they take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. They cannot take Protestant scholars, or be ushers to Protestant schoolmasters, 32d Geo. III. c. 20.

'*Guardianship.*—They cannot be guardians, unless they take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. If ecclesiastics, they cannot, under any circumstances, be guardians; nor can any Catholic be guardian to a child of a Protestant, 30th Geo III. c. 29.

'*Marriage.*—If a Catholic clergyman marries a Protestant and a Catholic, the marriage is null and void, and he is liable to suffer death, 32d Geo. III. c. 21.

'*Self-defence.*—No Catholic can keep arms; unless he possesses a freehold estate of 10l. per annum, or a personal estate of 30l. If so qualified, he must further qualify himself by taking the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. unless he has a freehold estate of 100l. per annum, or a personal estate of 1000l. 33d Geo. III. c. 21.

'*Exercise of Religion.*—The Catholic clergy must take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. and register their places of abode, age, and parish. No chapel can have a steeple or bell, no funeral can take place in any church or chapel-yard, and no rites or ceremonies of the religion or habits of their order are permitted, except within their several places of worship, or in private houses, 21st, 22d Geo. III. c. 24. § 6.

'*Property.*—The laws of Anne are in force against all Catholics who do not take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. and also against all Protestants who may have lapsed or become converts to the Catholic religion.'

ART. 20.—*Proceedings of a General Court Martial held at the Horse Guards on the 24th and 27th of March* 1792, *for the Trial of Captain Richard Powell, Lieutenant Christopher Seton; and Lieutenant John Hall, of the 54th Regiment, on several Charges preferred against them respectively, by William Cobbett, late Sergeant Major of the said Regiment, together with several Letters which passed between the said William Cobbett, and Sir Charles Gould, Judge Advocate General; and various other Letters and Documents connected therewith, in order of their Dates.* 8vo. *pp.* 87. 2*s.* 6*d.* Tipper. 1809.

THOSE, who read the account of these proceedings, should also in fairness peruse Cobbett's Political Register for Saturday, June 17th, in which that writer has defended himself with singular ability against the imputations to which he might seem liable for not ap-

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pearing to substantiate the several weighty charges which he had preferred against Captain Powell, &c. &c.

Art. 21.—*The Rights of the Sovereignty vindicated, with particular Reference to the Political Doctrines of the Edinburgh Review, and of other Periodical Publications. By John Penn Tinney, Esq. pp.* 210. Baldwin. 1809.

MR. Tinney appears to be alarmed for the safety of the monarchy, but certainly without sufficient reasons; for republican principles, which have never been very prevalent in this country since the restoration, are, we believe, at this moment, at a lower ebb than they ever were before.—The events of the French revolution have greatly increased the monarchical bias of Englishmen; and, if the question could at this moment be put to the whole body of our countrymen whether they would choose to live under a monarchy or a republic, we have little doubt but that it would be carried in favour of the former, with hardly a dissentient voice. Mr. Tinney must not confound a disposition to reform the gross abuses in the administration of the government, with a wish to subvert the monarchy.

Art. 22.—*Political Essays; the Result of occasional Reflections on the Times. By a Patriotic Observer. 8vo. pp.* 132. Symonds. 1808.

THESE essays are on the following subjects, "existing circumstances, economy, popular demagogues, equality, state insignia, fashionable morals, mobs, anecdotes of a Roman virgin, heroism, the state of man, ancient policy, magnanimity, British munificence, my own times."—In some parts of his work the author discovers a propensity to paradox; and this produces, as will often happen, a little absurdity in his opinions.—Thus in the essay "*on the state of man*;" he says,

'Men never degenerate in solitude. Here is their element. *This seems their proper sphere. They prosper at least in no other.*'

We have always thought that man was a gregarious animal, and formed by his Maker for society, in which alone his faculties can be matured to that perfection of which they are susceptible. In another essay entitled "economy," the author seems to intimate that it is like treason and and sacrilege to "preach up economy to royalty," —or to check the profusion of princes.—This pamphlet is ascribed, we know not with what truth, to the Rev. Mr. Beasley.

POETRY.

Art. 23.—*Distress; a pathetic Poem. Second Edition. By Robert Noyes, Author of "The Tempest."—"Miscellanies,"* 4to. *pp.* 33. 4*s.* 1808.

WE are informed in the preface that there are some small edi-

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tions of this poem, which are not *genuine*, as they contain unauthorized omissions or additions.—Mr. Noyes, who appears to have been a man of integrity and talents, officiated for several years as minister to a congregation of Protestant dissenters at Cranbrook in Kent.—By this congregation he is said to have been very abruptly dismissed in a period of great domestic affliction, when he had just lost his wife and was left a widower with a large family, and totally destitute of support.—The present poem was written under the pressure of this afflicting occurrence.—The author died on November 1798, and the present publication seems to be designed by the editor, for the benefit of his surviving children.—Purchasers of the poem are requested to ask for the *new quarto edition.*

ART. 24.—*A Poetical Picture of America, being Observations made during a Residence of several Years, at Alexandria, and Norfolk, in Virginia; illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants; and interspersed with Anecdotes arising from a general Intercourse with Society in that Country, from the Year* 1797 *to* 1807. *By a Lady.* pp. 177. Vernor. 1809.

THIS is a lively and apparently accurate representation of what the authoress saw during her residence in the United States, whither she had the courage to cross the Atlantic, as she tells us, much against the advice of her friends,

'To share an absent husband's woe.'

The following is part of the description, which the authoress gives of her apartments in Norfolk in Virginia; which perhaps as well as the rest of the book may be perused with advantage by those, who, dissatisfied with their present situation, are apt to think that an emigration to the western world would remove all present ills.

'In Norfolk meaning to remain,
We tried a dwelling to obtain;
But houses being few for rent,
We were with lodgings first content;
And took two rooms near Market-Square,
Dirty enough indeed they were:
Five windows in one room were plac'd,
And three with light the other grac'd,
Pouring in full the blaze of day,
Which plainly told—no tax to pay
For heav'n's gay sun-shine, or the bright,
But milder beams, of Luna's light;
Two days we'ad in our lodgings been,
And thought it tolerably clean;
The weather cold, I did desire
They'd make a brisk and cheerful fire;
When looking on the white-wash'd wall,
Something, I thought, appear'd to crawl;
But not attending, thoughtful sat,
Reflecting on my varying fate,

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How distant from my native shore,
And doubts that I should see it more:
Caus'd me to heave a pensive sigh,
The moist'ning drop just fill'd my eye;
It did not fall, but dim'd the light,
And threw a cloud across my sight;
Which drawing with my hand aside,
I thought I on the wall espy'd
Innumerable insects move,
And swiftly o'er the white-wash rove;
I look'd, and thought my sight not clear,
So left my seat, approaching near,
They look'd like bugs, but could that be,
Where so much light and air was free;
I must be wrong, for it's allow'd,
Of cleanliness they're very proud;
Surpris'd, I for the mistress call,
Who own'd this live and moving wall;
She at my questions look'd around,
And soon the marching army found.
"O! ma'am, they're chintzes," she did say:
"Chintzes," said I; "pray what are they!"
"They're insects," ma'am, she coolly said,
"Who trouble us sometimes in bed;
This room has not been us'd for years,
As evidently now appears;
The fire you've lit has brought them out,
You'll quickly conquer them, no doubt;
Just get some lime, and wash the wall,
I'will shut them in, their nits and all."
"O! then they're bugs; dear madam, pray
Do they run always in this way?"
"Not quite," said she, "for spring and fall,
We plaster them within the wall."'

ART. 25.—*Medea to Jason, translated from Ovid.* 12mo. pp. 24. Baldwin. 1809.

WE fear that the translator has caught less of the spirit of the original than he seems to suppose.—The force of the original is, indeed, in almost every instance, weakened by expansion.—We have not room for more than one specimen; and that shall not be the worst.—Ovid says,

'Est aliqua ingrato meritum exprobrare voluptas,
Hac fruar: hæc de te gaudia sola feram.'

These lines are thus rendered,

"'Tis some relief, *when ill returns are made*,
To charge the wretch with benefits betray'd;
To this last respite of despair I flee:
This only comfort that remains from thee."

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NOVELS.

ART. 26.—*Emily, a Moral Tale: including Letters from a Father to his Daughter, upon the most important Subjects. By the Rev. Henry Kett, &c. &c. &c. 2 Vols. small 8vo.* Rivington. 1809.

A BOOK of morality, in the garb of a novel, ushered into the world by a learned divine, is not apt to excite in our minds very sanguine hopes, either of entertainment or instruction. The attention of children may, indeed, be most effectually roused, and their characters and conduct influenced by that species of *didactic narrative*, of which this is an example. The 'Sandford and Merton,' of Day, which stands most pre-eminently at the head of its class, cannot be too highly, or highly enough, commended, and held up to admiration. But a work, which has not for its immediate object the education of young persons, but rather the instruction of elders, in the act of education, does not, we conceive, stand in need of the advantages of fiction, to recommend it to the serious consideration of intelligent and anxious parents.

Of persons who may take up the work before us with more favourable expectations than those which we profess to have felt on the occasion, some will perhaps do so from the recollection of Rousseau's Emile, others, (and by far the greater number) fresh from the perusal of a recent work, not very dissimilar in its objects, and attributed by common fame, to Miss Hannah More. To the former, we have the satisfaction of saying, that, although they will be most grievously disappointed, if they hope for any of the grace, or eloquence, or pathos, of the French philosopher, they will, at least, find none of his dangerous errors, or chimerical notions. With no less pleasure, we assure the latter, that, while this 'moral tale' evinces no pretensions, (except in the prefixed advertisement) to the praise of good portrait-painting, which 'Cœlebs,' in some parts, justly deserves, it is perfectly free from the over-balancing defects of our female bishop; from dogmatical pedantry, dictatorial orthodoxy, and all the affected cant of self-satisfied righteousness. All the religious instruction which the author of 'Emily' endeavours to enforce, is plain, practical, and unobtrusive, equally free from scepticism, and from bigotry, because it never trenches upon the borders of either province. But, besides this *singular* merit, we are afraid that 'Emily' possesses very little else deserving of praise, or even of observation. There is in it nothing original to attract, nothing learned or scientific to fix the attention, no interest or amusement in the fiction, no novelty or ingenuity either in the subjects, or in the mode of instruction. At the same time, it is impossible for any thing to be more perfectly harmless; and, if any readers are *disinterestedly* virtuous enough to derive benefit from common-place morality, cloathed in common-place language, they may peruse 'Emily' with advantage.

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MEDICINE.

ART. 27.—*An Inquiry into the Symptoms and Treatment of Carditis; or the Inflammation of the Heart, illustrated by Cases and Dissections. By John Ford Davis, M. D. Member of the College of Physicians, London; of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh, and of other Medical and Philosophical Societies.* 12mo. Longman. 1808.

DOCTOR Davis has introduced his inquiry, by an examination of the histories, descriptions, and definitions, given by the most eminent systematic writers, of the carditis. We have little doubt that some of these definitions have been supplied by the imagination of the writers. They have observed the phenomena of inflammation, on parts less immediately connected with life, and have said, such and such ought to be the consequences, when the heart is inflamed.

Dr. Davis has related three cases, in which dissection discovered inflammation, either of the membranes, or of the substance of the heart to have preceded death. The symptoms in each were very dissimilar, and, in one only, were they such as to point out clearly the seat of the disease. This patient had a difficulty of breathing, and a violent palpitation of the heart. From these circumstances, Dr. Davis has well inferred the insurmountable difficulty of establishing the nosological character of carditis. He has added some remarks on the difficulty, if not the impossibility of framing perfect nosological arrangements of diseases, into *genera* and *species*, after the Linnæan method of classifying plants and animals. With these sentiments, we are much disposed to concur. Internal changes, the same in appearance to the eye, (as far as can be discovered by dissection) are not betrayed during life by any fixed pathognomic sign. And, in truth, whatever importance physicians appear to annex to the discovery of pathognomic signs, they are of little consequence. The remedies employed are, generally speaking, universal, and independent of pathognomic signs.

We think this publication creditable to the learning and ingenuity of its author, though the matter is, upon the whole, more suited to an academic thesis, than to a formal treatise, adapted to general circulation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 28.—*Letters from an elder, to a younger Brother, on the Conduct to be pursued in Life.* 12mo. pp. 128. Taylor *and* Hessey. 1809.

THIS is an elegant little volume, and we can safely recommend it to our juvenile readers, as containing much sound, practical advice, without any parade of refinement, or affectation of singularity.

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ART. 29.—*Variety; or Selections and Essays, consisting of Anecdotes, curious Facts, interesting Narratives, with occasional Reflections. By Priscilla Wakefield.* 12mo. pp. 213. Darton *and* Harvey. 1809.

IN this volume, Mrs. Wakefield has condensed a multitude of amusing and interesting particulars. Her reflections are enlivened by anecdotes, and her anecdotes are improved by her reflections.

ART. 30.—*The Mother's Catechism, or first Principles of Knowledge and Instruction, for very young Children. By William Mavor, LL.D. Second Edition* 1s. Lackington.

ART. 31.—*The Catechism of general Knowledge, or a brief Introduction to the Arts and Sciences, for the Use of Schools and Families. By William Mavor, LL.D.* 12mo. *second Edition.* Lackington. 1809.

ART. 32.—*The Catechism of Health; containing simple and easy Rules and Directions for the Management of Children, and Observations on the Conduct of Health in general; for the Use of Families. By William Mavor, LL.D.* 1s. *second Edition.* Lackington. 1809.

THE public are much indebted to Dr. Mavor for the pains which he has taken to furnish instruction and amusement to the rising generation; but we much doubt whether these catechisms are likely to add much to the stock of science, or of health, in the community.

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next number of the Critical Review.

Rose's Observations on Fox's Historical Work.
Ashe's Travels in America.
Lord Somers's Tracts, by Walter Scott.
Annals of the Reign of George III.
Weber's Battle of Flodden.
Chisholm on Fever.
Letters of the Swedish Court.
Burgoing's Travels in Spain, concluded.

ERRATUM.

P. 152, line 6, for Enisseus read Enipeus.

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ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

Of Books published in June, 1809.

Alexander the Great—The History of the Life and Reign of Alexander the Great, from the Latin of Quintus Curtius Rufus. A new translation, with supplement and notes, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.

Barry—The works of James Barry, esq. late professor of painting, in the Royal Academy, &c. &c. 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 5s.

Bourgoing—Travels of the late Duke du Chatelet, in Portugal. By J. F. Bourgoing, 2 vols. 8vo. 16s.

Brown—Elements of English Education, intended for the improvement of youth of both sexes. By John Brown, 5s. 6d.

Burney—Seraphina, or a Winter in Town, a novel. By Caroline Burney, 3 vols. 15s

Chili—The Geographical, Natural, and Civil History of Chili, from the Italian of the Abbe Molina. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Clinton—A few remarks explanatory of the Motives which guided the Operations of the British Army, during the late short Campaign in Spain. By Brig. Gen. Henry Clinton, adjutant-general, &c. 1s.

Cobbett—Cobbett convicted, and the revolutionists exposed, 2s.

Dibdin—The Bibliomania, or Book Madness. By the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, F. S. A 8vo. 4s.

Ede—Annals of Europe, exhibiting the Origin, Progress, Decline, and Fall of every Kingdom and State from the dismemberment of the Roman Empire. By James Ede, 2 vols. 14s.

Fraser—Observations respecting the Agriculture, Mines, and Fisheries of Ireland. By R. Fraser, esq. 3s.

Fantoccini—(The) or Great Puppet Show. 3s. 6d.

Fox—Characters of the late Charles James Fox, selected, and in part written by Philopatris Varvicensis. 2 vols. 8vo. 20s.

Hanson—The Proceedings on the Trial of Joseph Hanson, esq. for aiding the weavers of Manchester in a riot, &c. 2s. 6d.

Hay—The Rural Enthusiast, and other Poems. By Mrs. M. H. Hay, small 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Hayley—The Life of George Romney, esq. By William Hayley, esq. 4to. 2l. 2s. large paper, 3l. 3s.

Hermitage, (The) or Views of Life and manners, a Poem, with notes, small 8vo. 5s.

Hodgson—Lady Jane Gray; a tale in two books. By Francis Hodgson, A. M. 10s. 6d.

Horne—An Investigation of the Definition of justifying Faith, &c. as held by Dr. Coke, and other methodist preachers. By Melville Horne, Lame. 4s.

Howes—The Satires of A. Persius Flaccus, translated, with notes on the original. By the Rev. F. Howes, A.M. 8vo. 7s.

Husband, (The) and the Lover, an historical and moral Romance. 3 vols. 18s.

Jackson—An Account of Travels in Morocco, South Barbary, and across the Atlas Mountains, made during a stay of 16 years in that country. By James Grey Jackson 4to. 2l. 2s.

Jacobinism—Thoughts on the revived Spirit of Jacobinism. 1s. 6d.

Lane—An Illustration of living Artists, or a Guide to the Amateur, being a Classification of the different Branches of Arts, as practised by each Professor. By William Lane. 3s.

Lauderdale—An Inquiry into the

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Practical Merits of the System for the Government of India, under the Board of Controul. 7s. 6d.

Lawrence—Observations on the Causes which constitute unsoundness in Horses, in Regard to the Sale and Purchase of those Animals. By Richard Lawrence, Veterinary Surgeon, 5s.

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Mathews—Naval Triumph, or Nelson's last Wreath, a poem, in blank verse. By W. D. Mathews, 3s.

Metres, addressed to the Lovers of Truth, Nature, and Sentiment, 4s.

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Moore—An Attempt to throw further light on the Prophecy of Isaiah, chap. 7. ver. 14, 15, 16. By John Moore, L.L.D. 2s. 6d.

Nichol—The Villa Garden Directory; or Monthly Index of Work, to be done in Town and Villa Gardens, Shrubberies, Parterres, &c. By Walter Nichol. Small 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Nicholls—The Epistolatory correspondence of Sir Richard Steele. By John Nichols, F.S.A. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 16s.

——— Letters on various Subjects, Literary, Political, and Ecclesiastical, to and from William Nicholson, D.D. successively Bishop of Carlisle, of Derry and Archbishop of Cashel. By John Nichols, F.S.A. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 16s.

Northmore—Washington, or Liberty restored, an Epic poem, in ten books. By Thomas Northmore, esq. 8s.

Peck—The Young Rosinere, or Sketches of the World, a Novel. By Mrs. Peck, of Dublin, 3 vols. 15s.

Pinkney—Travels in the South of France, and in the interior of the Provinces of Provence, Languedoc, and the Limousin; in the years 1807 and 1808. By Lieu. Col. Pinkney, 4to. 25s.

Selkirk—A Letter to John Cartwright, esq. on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. By the Earl of Selkirk. 1s.

Serny—A Treatise on Local Inflammation, more particularly applied to Diseases of the Eye. By J. B. Serny, Oculist, M.D.

Smith—Rudigar the Dane, a Legendary Tale. By Eaglesfield Smith. 2s.

Somers (Lord)—Lord Somers's Tracts By Walter Scott, esq. vol. 1. 4to.

Sudgen—A Practical Treatise of Rivers. By E. B. Sugden, esq. royal 8vo. 19s.

Sylvester—An Elementary Treatise on Chemistry. By Charles Sylvester, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Valentia (Viscount)—Travels in India, Abyssynia, Egypt, &c. By Viscount Valentia, 3 vols. 4to. with nearly 70 engravings, 9l. 9s. large paper, with proof plates, 13l. 13s. Also 24 large views taken by Mr. Salt, who accompanied his lordship, mounted, and in a port folio, 26 guineas the set.

Varnishando, a Serio-comic Poem addressed to the collectors of paintings. 4to. 2s.

Wilson—The Gentleman's Veterinary Monitor and Stable Guide. By Yorick Wilson, 3s. 6d.

Wordsworth—On the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other, and to the common Enemy. By W. Wordsworth, 5s.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVII. JULY, 1809. *No. III.*

ART. I.—*Observations on the historical Work of the late Right Honorable Charles James Fox. By the Right Honorable George Rose. With a Narrative of the Events which occurred in the Enterprise of the Earl of Argyle, in* 1685, *by Sir Patrick Hume.* 4to. Cadell *and* Davies. 1809.

MR. Rose informs us, in his preface, that he has a two-fold object in his present publication. On the one hand, he is actuated by gratitude and friendship; on the other, he is inflamed by loyalty and patriotism. In relating the events of Argyle's expedition, he thinks that Mr. Fox has reflected unjustly on the character of Sir Patrick Hume, the ancestor of Mr. Rose's patron and friend, the last earl of Marchmont; and being possessed, among the Marchmont papers, of Sir Patrick's own narrative of this expedition, he has thought it due to his character to make that document public. We shall never be disposed to find fault with any cause, which introduces us to the knowledge of original, historical information, however unimportant the period illustrated, or however uninteresting the facts detailed; still less can we censure motives so respectable, as those for which the editor of this MS. gives himself credit: but we may be permitted to doubt whether his jealousy of the reputation of Sir Patrick has not taken unnecessary alarm, and whether his romantic chivalry has not, in this instance, impelled him to a field, where there is no enemy to encounter.

The greater part of our historians concur in ascribing the failure of Argyle's enterprise to the overbearing obstinacy of his character: but in rendering justice to the unquestionably great and amiable qualities of the earl, Mr. Fox has been led to imagine that this charge may have been rashly

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made, and perhaps too easily adopted. On considering the various plans of operation, on which this little army of invaders might have proceeded, he often prefers the proposal of their leader, to the scheme ultimately embraced by the council and attributes some part of the disastrous event to the divisions and want of confidence that unfortunately prevailed among those who were embarked in the same cause. That such divisions did prevail to a great extent, even from the first formation of the design in Holland, is clear from Sir Patrick's narrative: whether they were the result of a too imperious assumption of authority in Argyle, or of an unreasonable impatience of it in his followers, probably no existing records will enable us to determine; but it seems extraordinary and most unfortunate, that men so essentially at variance should risk a great public principle by their premature and ill-digested union in support of it. In such cases, the fault is almost always mutual; and we conjecture that Hume's complaints of Argyle's imperious behaviour, and Argyle's accusations of Hume for faction and unnecessary differences, are equally well founded. Sir John Cochrane, however, appears to be unjustly comprehended in Mr. Fox's censure, being always blamed by Sir Patrick for his constant compliance with the wishes of Argyle; but the mistake is easily explained, as his son was no less determined in his opposition to them.

This proneness to dissent from his leader, exemplified at the outset of their expedition, continuing through the whole progress of it, concluding in a separation under the influence of misapprehension and disgust, and equally evinced by Woodrow and Sir Patrick, is the only part of that worthy knight's conduct, animadverted on by Mr. Fox. The circumstances of this final separation, however, are placed in a new light, by the narrative now published: for, while Mr. Fox relates from Woodrow that Sir Patrick deserted Argyle, and 'would not even stay to reason the matter with him,' it is stated by Sir Patrick himself, that Argyle had secretly withdrawn from his army, and escaped to his own country, leaving them to cross the Clyde, and pursue their intended route to Glasgow. On this striking difference of statement, so important towards the justification of Sir Patrick Hume, and the only fact in the narratives that is of much importance, not a word is said by Mr. Rose.

The censure so naturally thrown out by Argyle, after his capture, against the partizans who had deserted him, (p. 197, 198, of Mr. Fox's work) are evidently neither adopted by Mr. Fox, nor applied by him in his history to any of the individuals concerned. His opinion is indeed stated

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in a note by the editor, that where Argyle writes "—— and —— were indeed the greatest cause of our rout," the blanks should be filled with the names of *Hume* and *Cochrane;* an opinion, which we are satisfied the illustrious historian would not have maintained, if he had been indulged with an opportunity of examining this MS., which does not appear to have been ever offered, nor its existence known to him. The conjecture hazarded by Lord Holland respecting the third blank, appears to us preposterous; and we, for our own part, are strongly inclined to suspect that Argyle glanced at classes or descriptions of his countrymen, not at individuals. It is clear, however, that Mr. Fox acquits Sir Patrick Hume of all unworthy motives, for he defends the suspected honesty and sincerity of Sir John Cochrane, by observing that "he always acted in conjunction with Sir Patrick Hume, who is proved by the subsequent events, and indeed by the whole tenor of his life and conduct, to have been uniformly sincere and zealous in the cause of his country."

Thus vindicated by the pen of Fox, it may be thought that the memory of this Scottish patriot hardly required the eulogies and apologies of the right honorable George Rose, to whom, however unnecessary his own observations on this subject, we must express our gratitude for making the memoir public. We are still more indebted to him for the Lady Murray's narrative of Sir Patrick's concealment before his flight to Holland. This lady was his grandaughter by the mother's side; and her mother was married to the son of the celebrated patriot, Baillie of Jerviswood, with whom she became acquainted, by acting as ambassadress from Hume, at his country seat, to Baillie, while imprisoned in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh. It is with great regret that we find ourselves compelled to decline the pleasing task of laying before our readers some highly interesting details as to the friendship of these excellent men and steady friends of liberty.

The defence of Sir Patrick Hume was Mr. Rose's primary object; but, in the course of his inquiries, a secondary one of much greater importance presented itself to his mind. 'I obey, more immediately,' he says, 'the impulse of private friendship; but I am not entirely without a hope, that I may at the same time render some small *service to my country.*'—'I was led to suspect the accuracy of Mr. Fox's statements, and the justness of his reflections. With perfect rectitude and impartiality of intention, *a man* in a *particular* political situation can hardly form impartial opinions.'—'Mr. Fox's habits and political contests were also

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unfavorable to historical impartiality. *A man* accustomed to debate is too often apt to argue more for victory than conviction, and to look more to the advantage or fame of defeating his adversary than to the justice of the cause for which he fights,' &c. 'Mr. Hume's prejudices were those of system, not of *party*;' and though Mr. Rose has the astonishing candor to admit that Mr. Fox has 'not *intentionally* stated *false facts*,' he throws out some general reflections on the duty of an historian, to employ the utmost accuracy, care, and industry, about his assertions. In fine, Mr. Rose concludes his 'Observations,' with remarking that 'history cannot *connect itself with party*, without departing from its name, without departing from the *truth*, the dignity, and the usefulness of its *functions*.' And for these reasons the supposed 'defects and errors of Mr. Fox's historical work, have been unfolded with an *impartial*, but it is hoped with a cautious and no *indelicate* hand.'

Without stopping to inquire what possible party motive could have biassed the mind of Mr. Fox in judging on the subjects discussed by him; or how his political doctrines could have become the basis of his party feelings, but by means of a previously formed opinion of their truth; let us admire the calm and confiding self-complacency with which this right honorable critic claims the praise of perfect impartiality, which he denies to the object of his criticism. The leader of a political body composed of the most illustrious families in the country, and united by a great public principle is to be stigmatized as the slave of party prejudice, not only in the tumult of public contention, but in his hours of studious retirement: the obsequious follower of the ministry, a well drilled private, or possibly a non-commissioned officer in the regular army of parliamentary majorities, one who never voted against men in power, unless the crown were known to entertain a secret hostility against them,—such a person is at liberty to declaim on the mischiefs of party-bias, and boast of an entire exemption from it. Mr. Rose will see at once that our description cannot possibly allude to him; but we take the opportunity of protesting against a style of observation that is becoming as general, as if there were only one party in the state.

But we have little room for preliminary matter, and shall proceed at once to estimate the service rendered by Mr. Rose to his country, in exposing the errors and defects of her most illustrious statesman. His first specimen is given at P. 9 of the preface, as a glaring example of the leading fault imputed.

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'The turn which Mr. Fox has given to the opinion of Lord Halifax, on a question at that time occurring with regard to the management of the American colonies, is a *curious* instance of the bent of his mind to apply every historical incident to those political principles which he had maintained in parliament. So much is he *blinded* by this propensity that, in quoting a letter from Barillon, giving an account of the discourse of Lord Halifax, he mistranslates (certainly without intention) the passage in that letter applicable to the doctrine which Lord Halifax maintains. The tory ministers, he says, "maintained that his majesty could and ought to govern countries so distant, in the manner that should appear to him most suitable for preserving or augmenting the strength and riches of the mother country;" *whereas* it will be found, on referring to the letters, page 8 of the appendix of Mr. Fox's work, that the words "le pays," mean the colony and not the mother country. The words are, "Ils soutinrent: que sa Majesté Britannique pouvoit, et devoit, gouverner des pays si eloignés de l'Angleterre en la maniére qui lui paroîtroit la plus convenable pour maintenir le pays en l'état auquel il est; et pour en augmenter encore les forces et la richesse."

Mr. Rose's *whereas* appears to us unfounded. We think that *le pays* means the mother country, and not the colony, for this plain grammatical reason, that Barillon has immediately before spoken of colonies in the plural number. It is impossible to make *le pays* refer to *des pays si éloignés*. But even if this were a mistake in the translation, we cannot consider it as so decisive a proof of the party prejudice inferred from it, because that particular phrase has in effect nothing to do with the question discussed by Halifax, and the other ministers. That question was not whether in governing the colony the interest of the mother country was alone intitled to consideration; but whether the former was to be governed according to the laws and usages established in the latter, or according to the will and pleasure of the king alone. A single reperusal of the passage above quoted will make this too evident to require elucidation: and the subsequent remarks of Mr. Fox must dissipate every shadow of doubt.

As Mr. Rose is but young in the business of reviewing, he will perhaps not be offended at our assuming the privilege of long experience, and offering him a little friendly advice. We would suggest to him that it is not considered as quite a fair practice in our profession to treat any man's letters to his friends in the same manner as his matured compositions, and that neither private and confidential letters, nor deliberate works, ought to be misrepresented. At p. xii. we meet with the following deduction from Mr. Fox's letter to Mr. Laing, printed at p. xix. of Lord Holland's preface.

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'Mr. Fox *seems* to have *started* with a *prejudice* against some other historians, (besides Hume,) from a general idea of *their toryism*, but omits to adduce reasons for such indiscriminate censure on them. Some of their works he *appears not to have read*, characterizing authors, without distinction, under one general description, whose principles of historical discussion *seem* to be entirely opposite. Hume and Macpherson (the last *probably from his name*) have been supposed to be tories; Dalrymple is *of a family* remarkable for whig principles, though the conviction of discovery, as he professed, or the pride of it, led him to dispute the honor and public virtue of Sidney, and Lord Russel; and Somerville was *professedly* a zealous whig historian, with all the enthusiasm which early political and religious education could inspire in a presbyterian clergyman.'

In the next paragraph, the sarcasm is still more lively and poignant:

'Mr. Fox was remarkable for a most excellent natural memory; but it *seems evident* that, *if he ever read Somerville's history*, he must have *strangely forgotten* what he met with in it, *to have* classed him with Hume and other prerogative writers.'

In these sentences, a distinct charge is brought against Mr. Fox, of unjustly and ignorantly abusing works which he never read, and of confounding characters the most easily distinguished. His unfavourable opinion is also described as a *prejudice* with which he *started*, not as a conviction flowing from his inquiries, and all this is founded on his supposed classification of the writers enumerated as tories, when in fact he never did so class them, nor even employ a single phrase in the letter in question imputing toryism to any of them except Hume. After paying some just compliments to Mr. Laing's History of Scotland, he speaks of the probable good effects of that work in counteracting "the mischief which Hume, Macpherson, Dalrymple, Somerville, and others of *your countrymen* have done." Obviously the only classification of them is in their character of Scotchmen; and the only effect of Mr. Rose's censure is to apprise us of the degree of delicacy, fairness, and acuteness, with which his researches are conducted.

The introduction proceeds to quote a long extract from "Mr. Rose's report of the public records," and after observing that an investigation of early authorities on the formation of our constitution is of no importance, enters into a pretty full account of some of its leading features from the earliest times. It also states that Mr. Rose forty years ago translated a history of Poland, 'the manuscript of which (the translation, we presume, but the *history* is referred to,) 'his majesty at the time did him the honor to accept, and

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it is probably still in his majesty's library;' and moreover that he had thoughts of writing a history of England on the same plan. He goes on to record, in a desultory manner, some of the intrigues carried on after the revolution between the whigs and the exiled royal family; declares that *his own opposition to Mr. Fox* was entirely on public grounds; and concludes with asserting that he has not employed more weeks in writing these observations, than Mr. Fox did years in the composition of his historical work

'Accustomed as I have been,' says Mr. Rose, 'to *official accuracy in statement*, I thought I perceived,' (i.e. in the historical work here examined), 'facts sometimes mistaken *or mis-stated*, and deductions formed on very insufficient grounds.' In official experience, Mr. Rose is indeed far superior not only to the excluded patriot, but perhaps to any man living; though well aware that the possession of places can work astonishing transformations, in the faculties of men, we really did not know that accuracy of statement was among the most prominent virtues attached to office. If it be, London Gazettes, epistles to the lord mayor, ministerial speeches in the House of Commons, and even returns of papers and accounts, have long laboured under the most injurious suspicions. But our anxiety to ascertain the truth of historical facts will induce our particular attention to all Mr. Rose's statements: while we must desire to be excused, if we deem his political opinions as somewhat less important objects of our solicitude.

On this principle we pass over Mr. Rose's sentiments on the non-intelligibility of Mr. Fox's distribution of his work, though we give him full credit for their sincerity. Nor shall we discuss his opinions on the comparative violence exhibited in the executions of Strafford and of Charles the first. For the former, and the bill of attainder which produced it, a *precedent* may be discovered,—a convenient and all-sufficient justification. In his notice of our great historian's qualified and rational statement of the palliative circumstances attending the latter, he bursts out in a fine strain of triumphant irony.—'How would he have found language sufficiently *commendatory* to express his admiration of the magnanimity of those who brought Louis the sixteenth to an open trial!' &c. Those who compare the original passage with these exulting comments, will be tempted to doubt the truth of an old proverb, which assigns the preference to a certain living animal, which shall be nameless, over a dead lion.

The character of general Monk, at once brutal, corrupt, and perfidious, would naturally be contemplated by the

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noble and ingenuous mind of Fox, in a point of view very different from that of the professed indiscriminate worshippers of royalty. From the host of infamous particulars that compose the history of this tenfold traitor, he selected only two, —his acquiescence 'in the insults so meanly put upon the illustrious corpse of Blake,' and his production of confidential letters received by him from Argyle, as evidence against that nobleman on his trial. Both the charges are controverted in these observations. As to the body of Blake it was not insulted at all,—only dug up after the restoration, removed from its burying-place, and then '*with great decency re-interred in St. Margaret's church-yard.*' The mouldering remains of Cromwell, Ireton, and others were indeed hanged at Tyburn, and buried under the gallows; these were the most intimate friends and the brethren in arms of Monk, whom yet we do not much blame for an acquiescence, then become unavoidable, as his resistance would have been unavailing, after an unconditional restoration of the monarchy, but whose memory deserves to be branded with indelible disgrace, for not previously stipulating for the protection of his benefactors from so savage and revolting an outrage.

Whether Monk did, or did not betray confidential letters addressed to him by the marquis of Argyle, is a question which we have examined with much anxiety, and on which we have entertained considerable doubt. But on the whole, though it is very singular that this base act should be left unnoticed by some contemporary writers, we should think it entitled to full credence, even if it rested, as it does not, on the credit of bishop Burnet alone. It is idle on such an occasion to rake up the forgotten abuse poured out on the reverend historian by the tories of his own day, whether peers or commoners, who were at least as much heated as himself by party prejudices, and equally interested to deceive. Some of his stories are certainly questionable, and he fairly apprizes us that he had them only from hearsay: but here he gives a circumstantial and probable account of what he was likely to know from the best authority, that of his uncle Johnston of Wariston, the intimate friend of Argyle. That nobleman protected himself against a charge of treason, by pleading that his compliance was involuntary, when the whole Scottish nation submitted to the commonwealth and to Cromwell. Burnet says that his defence was so forcible that it was doubtful how the case would be decided, when Monk turned the scale against him, by producing some of the prisoner's own letters, which proved him not merely luke warm, and acquiescent, but zealous and hearty in the cause.

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Now it is certain in the first place that the process was begun in January, and not concluded till May: evidently then there was some stop in the proceedings, and it is extremely probable that the pause was occasioned by the satisfactory nature of the marquis's defence, and the demand of the parliament, for fresh proofs against him to authorise them in convicting him of a crime, in which they had all participated. But Mr. Rose has searched the rolls of parliament, and the records of the court of justiciary, without finding any such letters: a circumstance, which could hardly excite his wonder, since he knew from previous inquiry, (see the Appendix, No. 3,) that 'the great ministers of the time removed, as far as they were able, ALL THE MINUTES relating to this process.' But would they, says Mr. Rose, when all men were exclaiming against the iniquity of the trial, have removed papers which fully justified so questionable a condemnation? Let us ask, on the other hand, whether they would not have been anxious to remove the strongest proof of that very iniquity, the decisive evidence of that foul conspiracy that is here supposed between Monk and the king's government, against the life and fortune of the unfortunate marquis?

But we find it farther contended, that no such confidential letters were or could be written, for the two men were never on confidential terms; nay more, "Monk was Argyle's mortal enemy, and represented him in the blackest colours to both the protectors," as a concealed royalist. Indeed? Then this admitted enmity furnishes at least an intelligible motive for Monk's wish to destroy him; and there can be no doubt that the men must have corresponded by letter. Monk was commander in chief of Cromwell's army in Scotland: Argyle was sheriff of Argyleshire. In these official situations under an unstable and suspicious government it is impossible that letters should not have passed between them. Is it then unlikely that in these letters, Argyle, aware of the suspicions entertained against him, should endeavour to remove them by professing a strong attachment to the existing government, of which Monk was the representative? If this reasoning be correct, we have discovered both a probable motive and certain means for Monk's committing the act imputed to him.

But Mr. Rose has other witnesses,—Skinner, Monk's chaplain, and the earl of Dartmouth. The former is a witness to character; his observation is that "the duke of Albemarle was one of the commissioners for trying the regicides, *wherein* he gave the world one of the greatest instances of his *moderation:* for, though he knew more of the guilt

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and practices of these criminals than most men who sat on the bench, *yet he aggravated nothing* against them.' We hope there are few Englishmen of the present day, who can read this hypocritical boast, without disgust and contempt.

The earl of Dartmouth, it seems, in his copy of Burnet, placed a marginal note opposite to the bishop's account of Monk's conduct, stating that he 'takes delight in throwing dirt at the duke of Albemarle;' an expression, which, to our understanding, conveys no intention of disputing the accuracy of the bishop's statement, but, if any thing, exactly the reverse.

Mr. Rose does not design to say one word of the authority of Baillie's letters, which are quoted by Mr. Fox in confirmation of Burnet. We acknowledge, however, that the silence observed on the subject by newspapers and other publications of the time, appeared to us extremely singular, and excited considerable doubt in our minds, till we recollected that the marquis of Argyle's trial was a parliamentary proceeding, and the letters were only read in the course of the debates. The discussion might be carried on with closed doors, and the letters never entered on the journals. At any rate, the publication of them would have been a breach of privilege, which all the leading men of the court were much interested to punish, in order to suppress the disgraceful particulars of their own conduct. And we find accordingly that even in the State Trials,* where the voluminous indictment is set forth at length, together with the prisoner's defence, and where the account of his execution is amply detailed, the evidence against him is not so much as touched upon.

For these reasons we are perfectly satisfied that Burnet's account is true, and Mr. Fox justified in adopting it: but this subject should not be dismissed, without our remarking an instance of the boasted candour and delicacy of Mr. Rose, who exclaims, after dwelling on the different terms applied by the historian to Cromwell and Monk, that 'it will *require a great partiality* for a republican form of government *to account for* this *predilection* in favour of the destroyer of a monarchy, and this *prejudice* against the restorer of it,'—a sentence, of which the elegance and perspicuity may well be placed on a level with its liberality and good sense. Cromwell destroyed not the monarchy, but the republic.

* See Vol. 2. p. 417, Vol. 7. p. 379, Hargrave's edition.

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The observation of Blackstone that the year 1679 may be considered as the period in which our constitution had attained its greatest theoretical perfection,—an observation enforced and dilated on by Mr. Fox, is justly, in our opinion disputed in the present work. It may perhaps be true that at no period had so many salutary laws been enacted, and so many obnoxious ones repealed; but we agree with Mr. Rose in thinking that much remained to be done for the constitution. Let us add, however, that we also agree with Mr. Fox's reprobation of the idle and mischievous notion that laws can do every thing; for without a vigilant and enlightened public mind, ready to supply defects, correct abuses, and repair the decays of time, the best institutions will be easily perverted by power, and eluded by individual profligacy.

The author appears to doubt Mr. Fox's statement that the treaty of 1670 with Louis the fourteenth was concealed by Charles from his ministry; but he proves that one of them at least, the duke of Buckingham, was not intrusted with the dishonourable secret.

'Dalrymple asserts only that it was unknown to the protestant ministers; and even that (says Mr. Rose) is not correct, since it was signed by lord Arlington *then professing the* protestant religion, though he is represented to have been a *concealed catholic*.'

This is rather a curious argument, unless we are sure that this concealed catholic, professed the protestant religion in private to the king, who was also a concealed catholic professing the protestant religion to his subjects, and the catholic faith to Louis the fourteenth. In saying that Charles deceived his ministers, Mr. Fox did not mean to include *all* his ministers, and most especially not those who executed the treaty: that he deceived some of them is incontrovertible. Mr. Rose might therefore have spared his triumphant deduction that 'Mr. Fox's charge against the king and his ministers for mutual treachery against each other, is *not founded*;'—even if the point were of any importance.

Mr. Fox is next accused of gross ignorance. 'Clarendon (says he) is said to have been privy to the king's receiving money from Louis the fourteenth; but what proofs exist of this charge (for a very heavy charge it is) I know not.' Here Mr. Rose can by no means restrain his sense of superiority:

'The proofs to which Mr. Fox might very easily have access were lord Clarendon's own papers, having the advantage of Sir John

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Dalrymple's reference to them. It will be seen in those,* that after previous communications had taken place, in the course of which lord Clarendon had refused a bill of £10,000 from Monsieur Bastide, he told that French minister so early as April 1661, that parliament is in the best possible disposition; that having many things to settle with them, he wishes to defer saying any thing immediately about money. If that should be inconvenient, would the king (Louis) lend him £50,000 for ten or twelve months, when it should be punctually repaid ?'† Then follows some further correspondence, in the course of which Bastide tells Clarendon, 'that notwithstanding the pressure on the French finances, and the anticipations of their revenue, Louis will advance 1,800,000, or 2,000,000 of livres for two or three years, (equal then to about £150,000,) and that he would do more if he could .'‡ In reply to which, Lord Clarendon assures Bastide of secresy; and tells him that the king takes the assurance of 2,000,000 livres towards the assistance of Portugal, as a suitable instance of kindness.'§

This was unquestionably a very reprehensible transaction, for Clarendon ought to have foreseen that if his unprincipled master began with being a borrower from France, he would certainly become at length her pensioner and her slave. But is it possible to confound in the same degree of criminality the negotiation above stated for a loan to be repaid in twelve months, with the corrupt bargains afterwards carried into effect, for the sale of English interests for a French pension; of late years indeed loans and subsidies have been nearly synonymous, but both are extremely different from personal bribes; and lord Clarendon certainly was not privy to Charles's *receiving money* from Louis in the sense in which those words were afterwards applicable, and in which they are employed by Mr. Fox; while the chancellor's refusal of a present to himself is an act of virtue, which few public men of his time, we fear, would have had honour enough to emulate.

The noblest passage perhaps in the important work of Mr. Fox, is that which disputes the common opinion that James was expelled for his resolution to establish popery, not for his attempts to subvert the constitution of England. We have not space for extensive quotations, however valuable; but we will request the reader to look over pages 102 and 103 of the historical work with attention, and he cannot fail to perceive that the argument is supported with extraordinary force and ingenuity, if not established to complete

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* Supplement to Clarendon's State Papers, vol. iii. p. 2. † Ib. p. 4.
‡ Ib. p. 12. § Ib. p. 14.

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demonstration. His position is however thus boldly attacked by his confident and persevering though delicate and cautious antagonist:

'The concurrence of sentiment, expressed at the conclusion of the last section, unfortunately' (very unfortunately indeed for Mr. Fox) 'does not continue in the reign of James the second. Mr. Fox seems confident that a connection with France, was, as well in point of time, as in importance, the first object of this reign.' So far there is no ground of difference; but *it will be shewn* that the position laid down by him, 'that the immediate specific motive to that connection was the same as that of his brother, the desire of rendering himself independent of parliament, and absolute, not that of establishing popery in England, which was considered as a remote contingency,' is *contrary to the clearest evidence before us.*'

This clear evidence consists merely of an enumeration of facts as well known probably to Mr. Fox as to any other reader of English history. All the imprudent acts committed by James the second, during all the three years of his reign, are confounded together as the work of a single day, (pp. 87, &c. of the Observations), and mentioned as the result of a determination formed at the moment of his succeeding to the crown. Not only the violent, illegal measures of 1688, the immediate forerunners of the revolution, but even the furious acts of James's Irish parliament, which sat after his abdication of the English throne,—acts too, which he strongly disapproved,—are huddled together as proofs that, when he began to reign in 1685, his immediate object was the destruction of the protestant English church, and that he would not *then* have been contented with a full toleration of his own religion.

Mr. Rose is perfectly delighted with the force of his reasonings.

'The proof that James's principal object was the firm establishment of his own religion throughout his dominions might be *safely rested* on the evidence thus produced, of his proceedings *at home*. But as Mr. Fox founds the contrary opinion on the correspondence of Barillon, which *he* has printed,' (would to God he had lived to do so!), 'it becomes necessary to refer to such passages in that correspondence as relate to this part of the subject.'

A number of such passages are then quoted from various letters of Louis XIV. Barillon, and others. Our limits will not allow a very minute examination; but we think upon the whole that these extracts fail entirely to prove Mr. Rose's assertion,

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and rather tend to sustain the doctrine which he so rashly adduces them to overthrow. The uniform language, is that James should be pressed to procure *liberty of conscience* for the catholics, to abolish the penal laws against them, and to establish, not the catholic religion, but a *free exercise* of the catholic religion. The French king does indeed seem more eager, and occasionally drops a hint of more extensive projects, and Sunderland once endeavours to cajole the ambassador by indefinite promises; but the general effect is uniformly what we have stated.

In one instance, the official accuracy of Mr. Rose appears to have been converted into official candor. He has favored us with an English translation of his French extracts, and has printed in italics certain words ascribed to Barillon,—'the indiscreet zeal of those who will inflame the people against the catholic religion, *till it shall be completely established.*' This phrase would certainly be a strong indication of what James was carrying on in conjunction with the French court: but what are the original words? Refer to p. 107 of the Observations, line the last, (for chapter and verse are necessary on such an occasion), and you will find them thus written——'tant qu'elle ne sera pas *plus* pleinement établi.' Not *completely* established, but *more fully* established,—a decisive proof that even the word *establish*, as used in these letters, did not imply a national and legal establishment, for that would have been incapable of degrees, but only the toleration and free exercise of that religion. What then shall we say of Mr. Rose's right to the office of detecting errors, and exposing partialities and misrepresentations? This incorrect translation is actually pointed out to the reader's notice by the italic character, as a strong testimony in favour of his particular theory. We are always loth to suspect a disingenuous misstatement; yet surely he understands the French language.

According to the rule we have prescribed to ourselves, of observing only upon Mr. Rose's *facts*, we shall crave permission to be silent in regard to his reflections on the moral instruction to be derived from this period, and shall even pass over his well-turned remark that 'history is to purify the passions (as Aristotle says of tragedy) by exhibiting their fatal effects,' &c.

The fourth section of these observations is devoted principally to a vindication of Dalrymple and Macpherson from the strictures advanced against them by Mr. Fox, who is here supposed to have set too high a value on his discoveries at Paris, and the additional letters of Barillon. But as we are unfortunately ignorant of the use that Mr. Fox intended

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to make of these papers, as he did not even live to apply them to the important question on the conduct of Russell and Sidney, we should have thought that common sense, as well as common candor, might have disarmed all severity of animadversion on this subject. The same section also states the doubts of Mr. Rose, whether the money received from France were not rather intended to corrupt parliament, than to supersede it, as if the former were not the most certain and indispensable means for bringing about the latter object: and it concludes with some indignation against Mr. Fox for assimilating the bill passed by the commons for the better preservation of king James, with those ferocious acts of parliament, that disgraced the legislature in 1796. But even that bill does not appear to have been, in Mr. Rose's judgment, so very bad, for he states that there was a *precedent* for it in the thirteenth of Eliz. cap. 1.

The greater part of the fifth and last section is somewhat trifling. Mr. Fox is censured for not applying to several great persons, and among others to the author of these Observations, for documents in their custody; and still more unceremoniously, for neglecting authorities accessible to every one! Can any thing be more unjust, than the former part of this accusation, when we consider the very imperfect state, in which Mr. Fox's work is bequeathed to his countrymen? For the latter part of the accusation we reply, that the laboured pages of this right honourable critic do not by any means justify him in making it. The only circumstance from which any man has a moment's right to suspect Mr. Fox of negligence so culpable, is the doubt which he has so candidly expressed in favour of one from whose politics he strongly dissented, whether Clarendon were guilty of conniving at the bribery of Charles by Louis. This doubt is repeatedly brought forward in the most invidious manner, as a decisive proof of his inaccuracy and carelessness: but we refer with confidence to the explanation above offered of the sense in which it is stated, to shew that the impropriety of conduct proved on Clarendon by the papers of his family is essentially different, both in kind and in degree, from the guilty acquiescence in the corruption of the two monarchs, which is fixed on the subsequent English ministers, and to which alone Mr. Fox's remark was intended to apply.

After again complaining of the injury which Mr Fox did not offer to the memory of Sir Patrick Hume, and relating some of the occurrences in Argyle's expedition, Mr. Rose proceeds to censure the omission by Mr. Fox of the marquis of Montrose's history, 'though he lived in the period of the intro-

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ductory chapter,' and mentions some well known particulars of that extraordinary nobleman. Why does he not also blame the omission of the execution of Lords Lovet, Balmaerino, and Kilmarnock, all Scotch lords, who died for rebelling against the established government. Mr. Rose 'treads with reverence *on* the ashes of the dead,' and almost immediately adds, in that strain of delicacy, which we have more than once observed in him, that if Montrose had fought against the king, instead of endeavouring to restore him,' *it* must have given Mr. Fox an *opportunity* for *such eulogium* as historians, even adverse to the royal cause, have allowed to that gallant royalist.'

We have some tedious cavils about the exclamation of 'unfortunate Argyle!'—the question whether the earl requested Mr. Charteris not to try to convince him of the unlawfulness of his attempt, and more particularly about the probability of the counsellor's agitation on perceiving Argyle asleep a few hours before his execution. Independently of the slight evidence for an anecdote, which our great historian admits with much hesitation, Mr. Rose assures us, from the moral nature of the thing, that this kind of repentance is quite impossible and out of character. On such a subject, we must bow to his superior judgment and consummate experience.

Again, his indignation is greatly inflamed against an expression that brands the '*regular* soldiers and militia pursuing the persons in arms against the king as authorized assassins!' 'To what a state,' exclaims he in a fine burst of loyal anger, 'to what a state must that country be reduced, when *every* soldier who takes up a musket in defence of a *legitimate* prince shall be considered as an assassin, if that prince shall in *any* instance have exceeded the just limits of his prerogative!' A dreadful state indeed! and that is precisely what Mr. Fox intended to convey by his expression above quoted. But when we recollect the wanton atrocities committed by the soldiery in Scotland against those miserable fanatics, who probably formed the majority of Argyle's pursued adherents, we shall not think it quite fair to charge Mr. Fox with treating the soldiers as assassins purely because, in the course of their duty, they bore arms on behalf of the government.

Then follow some particulars respecting Monmouth's visits to Holland, extracted from the letters of D'Avaux, which are curious, and some others relating to his behaviour soon after his apprehension, and in his last moments. He appears to have been a very weak and superstitious man, wearing concealed charms and astrological figures, and

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speaking of his connexion with lady Harriet Wentworth, in a mystic strain, from which it is difficult to deduce any definite meaning. But as these facts are comparatively unimportant, and Mr. Fox's accuracy is not here called in question, we shall make no particular remarks on this portion of the work. We are afterwards surprised to be carried back once more to the life of Sir Patrick Hume, in which we meet with nothing in the least entertaining, interesting, nor important. The observations are closed with a kind of sermon, containing a statement of some political opinions, of which, as far as we are concerned, the author is perfectly welcome to the unmolested enjoyment. We copy his final paragraph:

'The author speaks impersonally, and he hopes it will be allowed justly, when he says that history, in its *proper province*, warms, and improves mankind. Its impartial narrative gives to the present time the experience which only a knowledge of the past can bestow; and prompts those just and salutary reflections, which the events it records naturally produce. But history cannot *connect itself with* party, without forfeiting its name; without departing from the truth, the dignity and the usefulness of its functions.'

Having gone through all the charges adduced by Mr. Rose in support of this insinuation, we are bound to declare our opinion that it is perfectly unfounded. In the professed and unequivocal purpose of these Observations, viz. the detection of errors and inaccuracies in the work assailed by them, we have given our reasons for thinking that he has, in every instance, completely failed. If the intended 'service to his country,' was to be rendered by discovering new facts, or throwing important lights upon such as are well known, we are sorry to be obliged to confess, that in this object likewise we have been equally disappointed; for truth, from whatever quarter it may come, is the only aim of our enquiries, and the sufficient reward of our most irksome studies and our most unthankful labors. On the present occasion, we perhaps owe some apology to our readers for the dryness of this long article: but the detailed method of investigation we have here adopted appeared to us necessary for a full vindication of a work and an author, that ought to be dear to the hearts of Englishmen, and which as they have in our judgment been lightly and unjustly attacked, are, we trust, not ineffectually defended.

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ART. II.—*The Battle of Floddon-field, a Poem of the sixteenth Century, with the various Readings of the different copies: Historical Notes: a Glossary: and an Appendix containing ancient Poems, and historical Matter relative to the same Event. By Henry Weber. large 8vo. pp. 389. pr. 15s.* Murray. 1808.

OF this curious poem, which bears undoubted marks of higher antiquity, no MS. is extant of older date than 1636. The reason assigned by Mr. Weber for suspecting it to be more ancient than either of the chronicles of Hall or Hollinshed, does not perhaps carry much weight with it. Tradition is the genuine source of legendary poetry; and the author of this ballad cannot have lived at so late a period, but that he might have been personally acquainted with some of the actors in the tragedy which he commemorates. Even in the present day, when books supply almost all our materials of knowledge, and of taste, the son of some old soldier who had fought at Culloden, would hardly sit down to write a poetical history of that battle out of Smollett, or even take the trouble of comparing the full and vivid descriptions which he had collected from eye-witnesses with the dull authentic narrative of a Gazette.

While we utterly discard, therefore, the circumstance of casual deviations between the poetical and the historical account of 'Floddon-field,' as furnishing any evidence whatever of the age of the poet, we are at the same time not at all disposed to controvert the hypothesis, for which the poem, standing alone and unconnected, appears to furnish a very strong internal foundation, that its antiquity is not above half a century inferior to that of the event which it celebrates. We think it pretty clear, indeed, from the whole tenour of it, that the author was not present at the battle, but it appears to us at least equally evident that he was, or had been, personally acquainted with some of those who were.

The first printed edition is a duodecimo, bearing date 1664, and licensed by Sir Roger l'Estrange. A copy of it, (the only one known by Mr. Weber to be in existence) is in the possession of Mr. Walter Scott, and is undoubtedly esteemed a most precious morsel by the *bibliomanists*: for our own parts we shall prefer Mr. Lambe's or Mr. Weber's modern impressions.

In 1774 appeared two several editions, one by Benson, the other by the Rev. Mr. Lambe, vicar of Norham upon

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Tweed. Ritson mentions a third edition which Mr. Weber never saw.

Of the two editions just before mentioned, Benson's text is said by Mr. W. to be far more ancient than Lambe's. Mr. W. then falls with all the fierceness of a true-bred black-letter hound upon poor Lambe's editorial qualifications. But he ought to have recollected how very different the state of that most venerable art of editorship was in the year 1774 from what it is in 1809. At that time, Dr. Percy's Collections, (full as they are of errors which shock the fastidiousness of modern criticism, but which the good bishop would probably have thought scarcely worth the trouble of correction even if known to him) had just opened the prospect of a new field of literature; and old moth-eaten MSS. which had lain for centuries untouched in the garrets of family-houses began to be regarded as curiosities, and examined for the purposes of publication. Among others the honest vicar of Norham discovered in the library of Mr. Askew, of Palinsburn in Northumberland, a MS. of this identical ballad, the very existence of which in any other shape or form was probably as unknown to Mr. Lambe as to Mr. Askew himself. The edition of 1664, neither of them, of course, had ever heard of.—Mr. Scott, indeed, would be very sorry to find that they ever had, since it would then be somewhat problematical whether there did not even now exist a duplicate of the inestimable phœnix in Mr. S.'s library— a *duplicate ! ! !*

'——————— oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a book-collector's ear ! !'

The MS. so discovered, then, had to Mr. Lambe all the advantage of novelty. He opened, and read it, found that it contained a vast deal of curious, and perhaps even of important matter, supposing it to be a work of the age which it celebrates, and examining it more closely found sufficient internal evidence to convince him that its author if not a contemporary of that age, had lived at least not very long afterwards, and had means of compiling a narrative of its events from the traditions of eye-witnesses.

Mr. Lambe takes home with him, we will suppose, this valuable relique. He communicates it to his friends, all of whom concur with him in thinking it an important addition to the historical records of the age, and none, in the whole course of their lives, had ever heard of another copy. He sends it to town to his bookseller, and obtains Mr. Askew's permission for its publication. There is no reason for supposing that either Mr. Lambe, or his bookseller, or any of his friends

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were very conversant in MSS. He had possession of a copy, the only one which he knew to exist, of an undoubtedly ancient poem, and probably neither asked nor cared to know the date of that copy. He had neither leisure nor perhaps ability to come up to town, and ransack the stores of the Harleian and Cotton MSS. nor had ever dreamed that an age might arrive when a new *codex* of an old English ballad would be as great an object of curiosity and veneration as one of Homer, or of the Greek Testament. By publishing this MS., such as he found it, he conceived that he might render an acceptable service to the world, without instituting either an inquiry or a conjecture respecting the date or other circumstances of the copy which he used; and the world sufficiently expressed its thanks of the service rendered it, in the various periodical works which noticed the publication at the time of its first appearance.

Had Mr. Scott's Marmion never been written, the world, and even Mr. Weber as well as the rest of the world, would have remained perfectly satisfied in the possession of Mr. Lambe's edition. But it was not to be expected but that the high popularity on which Mr. Scott had so long lived, and which is much more than sufficient for the subsistence of any single author, would excite a host of minor writers to profit by the overflowings of his fame, and gather together the crumbs which drop from the superabundance of his table. On this principle, a republication of 'Floddon-field' cannot but *answer remarkably well*, especially if set above the older edition by all the advantages of modern editorship, collation of MSS., bibliographical illustrations, Ballantyne's types, and engravings of old swords, daggers, and banners.

It is still deemed necessary to ensure the success of this "new and beautiful specimen of British typography," alias *book-making*, to cry down the rival edition; and for this purpose Mr. Lambe is, in the first place, accused, most unjustly, of an intentional fraud in the title-page, which represents his edition as "published from a *curious* MS. in the library of John Askew, Esq."—Undoubtedly, since older MSS. have been obtained and the Askew MS. proved to be no older than the year 1707, the term *curious* would be ill applied to it,—but to Mr. Lambe and to the world in general, at the time of Mr. Lambe's publication, knowing nothing of the existence of other MSS. it *was curious*; and we own we are unable to discover the slightest colour of fraud in any part of the transaction. As for Mr. Ritson, if he was deceived, it was only as Mr. Lambe had probably been before him,—at all events he had only to blame himself, for his want of sagacity or examination.

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With regard to Mr. Lambe's very *curious* notes and illustrations, these, although adopted by Mr. Weber not only as the basis but as forming the principal substance of his own, obtain from him only a very doubtful and equivocal kind of praise, while he gives himself the highest credit for rejecting the 'long rambling dissertations,' with which those notes are incumbered. In fact, Mr. Lambe's work, in this respect, was one of the most strange and whimsical olios ever presented to the public; but at the same time its most absurd and unconnected digressions contained specimens of learning, taste, and just criticism which a later editor, under such infinite obligations to him as Mr. Weber, would have acted more *modestly* if he had allowed, and spared. The notes to Mr. Weber's edition, both those which he has *condescended* to retain from Lambe, and those which he has added of his own, are certainly all very correct and proper, according to modern rules of bookmaking, as they consist, almost entirely, of passages gathered together from old authors illustrative of some fact recorded in the poem. The biographical notices, which are the most interesting, are for the greater part copied from Lambe. But even on Mr. Weber's own principles of annotation, we are at a loss to discover why he should have thought fit to reject Mr. Lambe's note on the ancestors of the Earl of Westmoreland, while he retains that on the life and miracles of St. Cuthbert; why he should have omitted Erasmus's character of the archbishop of St. Andrew's; why he should have substituted for the character of James by the same eloquent and *contemporary* writer, a passage from Lord Hales about the magistrates of Edinburgh, (not alluded to in the poem); why he should have dismissed Mr. Lambe's conjectural note on the strange word, *Ganido*, without attempting any new conjecture in its room; why he should have given us the whole history of the family of Heron, and yet left out the account of Bishop Tunstal so naturally following that of Sir Bryan his father.*

Another, and the most serious objection made by Mr. Weber to his predecessor's labours, is that there are in his text many wanton deviations even from the copy, bad as it is,

* By way of example of the originality and humour displayed by Mr. Lambe in some of his "long rambling dissertations," let the reader take the following remark on Pope's Homer.

"Homer, if I may personify his works, thus stripped of his own plain attire, and cloathed in a fashionable, modern, richly ornamented dress, jingling in continual rhymes, is like a daughter of Zion, who bedecked with earrings, and nose jewels, wimples, and crisping pins, minces as she goes, and makes a tinkling with her feet." Isaish iii.

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which he edited; and that in one place he has pointed five whole stanzas as original, without any remark upon them, which in the MS. itself from which he printed are confessed to be an interpolation made by the writer of that MS. These instances of carelessness admit of no defence; and the only ground of extenuation is that, in Mr. Lambe's judgment, probably as well as in ours, it was not a matter of equal importance to have the genuine text of 'Flodden-field,' as that of one of St. Paul's epistles.

We cannot conclude this article without noticing a republication, which has come to our hands, of Mr. Lambe's original work; since, although Mr. Weber's text is so infinitely more pure, and though he has two or three additional articles in his appendix, besides very elegant engravings of the banners of Earl Marishall and Earl Huntley, and of the sword and dagger of King James IV. it may be of importance to some persons to know that they may procure this invaluable treasure, 'The battle of Flodden-field,' for the moderate sum of five or six shillings.

ART. III.—*Travels in America, performed in* 1806, *for the Purpose of exploring the Rivers Alleghany, Monongahela, Ohio, and Mississippi, and ascertaining the Produce and Condition of their Banks and Vicinity. By Thomas Ashe, Esq. In three volumes,* 12mo. *pp.* 984. Philips. 1808.

THE author proceeds from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, a distance of more than three hundred miles, of which one hundred and fifty are over a continued succession of mountains. In his third letter, he gives a description of Pittsburg. Pittsburg is delightfully situated at the head of the Ohio, and on the point of land formed by the junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela rivers. Fort Fayette is built within the limits of the town on the banks of the Alleghany.

'The spot on which this town stands, is so commanding (in the military phrase) that it has been emphatically called the key to the western country; and its natural situation is peculiarly grand and striking. Blest as it is with numerous advantages, there is nothing surprising in its having increased rapidly within the last few years. It contains about four hundred houses, many of them large and elegantly built with brick; and above two thousand inhabitants. It abounds with mechanics, who cultivate most of the different manufactures that are to be found in any other part of the United States; and possesses upwards of forty retail *stores*, which all seem continually busy. To this place most of the goods conveyed in waggons

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over the mountains in spring and autumn, and destined for the Kentucky and Louisiana trade, are brought, to be ready for embarkation.

'Many valuable manufactories have been lately established here; among which are those of glass, hats, and nails, tobacco. The manufacture of glass is carried on extensively, and that article is made of an excellent quality. There are two establishments of this sort; one for the coarser, and the other for the finer kinds.

'Ship-building is practised to a considerable extent in and near this town, and several vessels of from ten to three hundred and fifty tons are now on the stocks. They are frequently loaded here with flour, hemp, glass, and provisions: and then descend with the stream to the sea, a distance of two thousand three hundred miles; the only instance of such a length of fresh-water inland navigation, for vessels of such burthen, known in the world.'

The women at Pittsburg, are said to be much better educated than the men, and their superior accomplishments are heightened by the absence of ostentation. Religion here, as in most other places, is frittered away in a thousand vapid ceremonies, which are always more numerous and fantastic in proportion as the people are more ignorant. The sect of *jumpers* in this country are said to support their peculiar system by the example of David dancing before the ark. At Pittsburg, there is a sect of religionists, who 'in obedience to the *letter* of the apostle's instructions to *become as little children*, think it right to play and roll on the floor, tumble, dance, sing, or practise gymnastic and various other juvenile games.'—'Others fast, pray, and howl in the imitation of wolves.'

In letter IV. the author considers the subject of emigration to America; and, in the history of an emigrant farmer, he appears very forcibly to describe the mortifications and disappointments, which are usually experienced by those who quit this country to settle in *the land of promise*. They set out under a strong delusion and they return with blasted hopes. We shall extract part of his story of the emigrant farmer, which we have just mentioned, and which though highly coloured, we believe to be at least *characteristically* true. This person is said to have been a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood of Lewes, who sold all his property in this country in order to become proprietor in the United States. This gentleman and family first

'saw land to the north-east of Portland, in the district of Maine; and then coasted along the shore to Boston in Massachusets. During this period, the farmer was anxiously looking for that prospect of fields and villages, that general shew of improvement and abundance, which his *reading* had instructed him to expect; but what was his

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surprise when he found that he could observe nothing but immense forests, covering an endless succession of mountains which penetrated to the interior of the country, and lost their summits in the clouds! he was not aware, that from the vast extent of America, the industry of man cannot for centuries effect a visible change in the general and primitive face which it bears. The improvements are but as specks scattered here and there, and can only be perceived by particular researches: the survey from a distance represents a continued immeasurable tract of woods, apparently occupied by beasts of prey, and incapable of affording accommodation to man.

'This unexpected sight engaged and astonished him; nor were his reflections on it interrupted till he arrived in Boston-harbour, where other scenes gave him fresh cause for wonder. A swarm of custom-officers were in an instant on board; and began their work of search, extortion, and pillage. Having escaped from these, he landed, he found himself surrounded by a number of persons who, without any kind of ceremony, crowded on him with the most familiar and impertinent inquiries: such as why he left England, whether he intended to settle among them, what were his means, what line of life he meant to follow, &c. One of them could let him have a house and store, if he turned his thoughts to merchandize: another could supply him at a low price, with the workshop of a mechanic, a methodist meeting, or a butcher's shop, if either of these articles would suit him. Some recommended him to become a *land-jobber;* and to buy of them a hundred thousand acres on the borders of the Genesee country, and on the banks of *extensive* rivers and *sumptuous* lakes. This speculation was opposed by others: who offered him the sale of a parcel of *town-lots*, from which, by building on them, he could clear five hundred *per cent.;* or if he had not means to build for the present, he could cultivate the lots as cabbage-gardens, clear the first cost in a few years, and sell the whole at an advanced price! Finding however that none of their advice had any effect, these sordid speculators gradually dispersed; forming different conjectures of the stranger's intention, and lamenting that he was not simple enough to be made their dupe.

'At length he reached a tavern; where he had not been long before a succession of swindlers and impostors intruded on his privacy, asked him a new set of questions, and harrassed him with proposals varying according to the particular interests of the parties. If he had a desire to become a banker, he could purchase a share in a *capital house:* or he might buy a *land-lottery;* take a contract for building a bridge: place his funds in a manufactory of *weavers shuttles;* buy up unpaid-for British goods, twenty *per cent.* under prime cost; sell them by auction, and then buy a patent for making *improved fish-hooks*, and *cut iron nails.*' As he did not approve of any of these plans, he was fortunately left to his little family: but not till his intruders gave him to understand that they suspected him to be a poor fellow without either money or spirit; and who came among them to become a school-master, lawyer, parson, or doctor. "These professions," they added, "already abounded among them, but in the interior of the country he could not fail to succeed; and

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they hoped he would soon remove to those parts, as people of his kind were hardly held in repute among *them*."

'When they were again alone, his wife and himself could no longer suppress their astonishment and horror. One short hour had dispelled the reveries in which they had so long indulged; and changed the *liberal, independent, amiable* Americans, of whom they had read so much, into a race of impudent, selfish, sordid individuals, without either principle or common humanity. Still however he was not inclined to judge rashly of them; but deliberately to examine the country, and act from his own observations.

'At last, after spending much of his time and property, his conclusions were these: that the high price of labour renders it impossible for a gentleman farmer to make any thing of land there; that no man can succeed on a farm unless he himself attends the plough, and has a wife and children capable of performing the other mean and hard work; that the market-prices are too low to defray the expence of hired labourers, and that one of his own flocks of sheep in England yielded a greater profit than any farm which he had examined or seen here. Taxes too, he found, were numerous and increasing; yet trade was unprotected, and persons and property were insecure. As to religion, he saw it in some parts established by a rigid ecclesiastical tyranny, compelling him to go to church on a Sunday or pay a fine; and in others so much neglected and disregarded, that every house of worship was in a state of dilapidation and decay.'

In the fifth letter we find the writer at Morgantown, a place of increasing prosperity and importance on the east bank of the Monongahela river. In the neighbourhood of a place called Brownsville, or Red-stone, the author professes to have discovered numerous monuments of Indian antiquity. Among these he mentions a fortified camp, enclosing an area of about thirteen acres, and raised seven feet above the adjoining ground. But compared with what we should call antiquities in the eastern world, this fort is probably of recent date; nor do the aboriginal inhabitants of America appear to have made any considerable advances in civilization and arts.

The Alleghany river, which is said to be seldom equalled in the clearness of its water and the rapidity of its current, is delightfully interspersed with cultivated farms and increasing towns on its banks, and bids fair to be settled from its mouth to its sources.—The following passage, which serves to illustrate the providential benevolence of the deity, and the instinctive sagacity of animals, is deserving of attention.

'The Onondargo, which has a communication with the Alleghany, is a fine lake of brackish water, surrounded by springs, from two to five hundred gallons of the water of which make a bushel of salt. It appears as if nature expressly intended this re-

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gion to be populated; and, as a strong temptation, placed this treasure in the bosom of hills and woods. Had it not been for these and similar springs dispersed through the western country, salt must have been at such a price as to deter persons from settling there. All the animals of those parts have a great fondness for salt. The cattle of farmers who give this substance to their stock, prove superior in value by 25 *per cent.* to such as are not supplied with an article so essential not only to their general improvement, but their health. The native animals of the country too, as the buffalo, elk, deer, &c. are well known to pay periodical visits to the saline springs and lakes, bathing and washing in them, and drinking the water till they are hardly able to remove from their vicinity. The best roads to the Onondargo from all parts, are the buffalo-tracks; so called from having been observed to be made by the buffaloes in their annual visitations to the lake from their pasture-grounds: and though this is a distance of above two hundred miles, the best surveyor could not have chosen a more direct course, or firmer or better ground. I have often travelled these tracks with safety and admiration: I perceived them chosen as if by the nicest judgment; and when at times I was perplexed to find them revert on themselves nearly in parallel lines, I soon found it occasioned by swamps, ponds, or precipices, which the animals knew how to avoid: but that object being effected, the road again swept into its due course, and bore towards its destination as if under the direction of a compass.'

The salt lake and springs, were formerly frequented, at particular seasons, by large droves of buffaloes, which 'travelled in single files,' but whose numbers have been so much thinned by the destructive skill of man, that hardly a buffalo is, at this time, to be found east of the Mississippi. Deer, which used also to be attracted to the saline springs, have experienced nearly the same fate as the buffaloes; and this species of food has accordingly become scarce. Doves 'appear to delight in the neighbourhood of impregnated springs.' 'They are seen in immense numbers, as tame as domestic pigeons, but rendered more interesting by their solitary notes and plaintive melody.'

In Letter VII, the author offers some account of the natural history of the country, and gives a catalogue of some of the vegetable productions, classed under the heads of *medicinal, esculent, ornamental,* and *useful* or *fit for fabrication.* In this part of his work, the author says, vol i. p. 132. that few countries can be more proper than this for the production of the grape. 'Where lands are not cleared and the grape vines not extirpated, it is impossible to resist observing and admiring the quantity which those natural vineyards present to the view.' The author seems to think that the human animal degenerates in America. Can this

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se otherwise, where gain is the only pursuit and where every moral tie is disregarded in the acquisition? America has hitherto produced very few warriors, statesmen, philosophers, or literati of any eminence.—Mr. Ashe calls Mr. John Adams the first statesman in America. He says that the speeches of the members of the house of representatives and the senate are

'made by Irish and Scotch Journalists, who attend the congress and senate merely to take the spirit of their proceedings and clothe it with a language interesting to read. Attending the debates of congress on a day when a subject of consequence was to be discussed, I left the house full of contempt of its eloquence and the paucity of talent employed for the support or condemnation of the question. Notwithstanding this I read in the next morning's gazette, 'that a debate took place in the house last night of the most interesting nature; that it was agitated by all the talent in the country,—particularly by Messieurs Dayton, Morgan, Otty, Dawson, and whose brilliant speeches we lay before the public.' Here followed certainly eloquent orations, a sentence of which never passed in the house. I had the misfortune to attend the congress at another time, when the scene was more noisy and turbulent than at any of your electioneering hustings.—A Mr. Lyon, of Vermont, now of Kentuckey, not being able to disprove the arguments of an opponent, spit directly in his face: this the other resented by running to the fire and catching up a hot poker, and in a short time nearly killed his opponent, and cleared the house. I suppose this is sufficient on this head; from it you can readily learn that the congress is a violent vulgar assembly, which *hired* persons attend, to debate on state affairs, and that the public newspapers are conducted by foreign editors, who amplify such debates, and give them something of a polished and interesting character.'

The professions of law, physic, and divinity, furnish few persons of extraordinary virtue or ability.

In the ninth letter, the author gives an interesting description of the navigation of the Ohio, with useful instructions to those who descend that mighty stream. In letter X. he purchases a Kentuckey boat on the Monongahela and falls down the Ohio. His crew consisted of only two men, Mindeth, an old follower, and Cuff a mestee of the Bandan nation. While Mr. Ashe steered his boat in the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany waters, he 'was able to dip up whitish water on one side and perfectly green on the other. The hills on the right hand were near 1200 feet high,—those on the left something less lofty,—each clothed with sumptuous and unceasing timber from the base to the summit, the garb of many thousand years, each tree perishing in an imperceptible progression, and each as imperceptibly renewed.'—'The

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river for nine hundred miles, with the exception of a few intervals chosen in general for the seats of towns, villages, and farms, is bounded by lofty banks and high mountains, which shed a gloom on its surface, and convey less of pleasurable sensation than of sublimity and surprise.' He was proceeding to New Orleans, a city which is distant from Pittsburg about two thousand three hundred miles; where he tells us that death demands nine out of ten of the whole number of visitants.

Mr. Ashe landed on a small island which takes the name of Grape, from the multitude of vines which cover the ground. It is a little below Macintosh, which is twenty-eight miles from Pittsburg. After piercing through the woody thickets the author discovered on the left side of the island a space

' cleared, planted with Indian corn, and very promising wheat. A neat log-house soon appeared in view; I knocked, the door was opened by an old woman, about whom hung three children, the whole emaciated by sickness, and stained by the languid colours of death. They betrayed more fear than surprize, on beholding me. I banished this impression as soon as possible, by persuading the mother that I did not come to rob the house, or do her any manner of injury; and that I was not a Kentuckey man, and that mere chance, not a disposition to plunder had brought me her way. On this she assumed some serenity, and told me that the Kentuckey men so often landed on her island to steal her fruit, fowls, hogs, &c. that she was alarmed at the sight of others, from an apprehension of their coming with the same design. The husband who soon after came in, I found to be a German, who had lived long enough in Virginia to pick up some Negro-English. He informed me, that coming down the river four years past in his family boat, for want of keeping a good look out, or of knowing the river, he took the wrong channel, and stove his boat within two hundred yards of the spot where his house now stands. The water being shallow he got his goods ashore, and thinking the island possessed as good land as any he could procure elsewhere, he determined to proceed no farther, but to pitch his tent where providence had cast him, and set with a good heart about building a log-house, and clearing ground for maize, in the first instance, and then for wheat and other objects of agriculture. He effected this laborious purpose to admiration. His house was comfortable; his garden neat; and he had six acres of land under a crop which appeared perfectly thriving. He had bought a male and female pig, which had multiplied in the woods prodigiously, and nothing appeared to interrupt his happiness but *the people of Kentuck*, as he called all those who occasionally made a descent on his island either to pursue game or to injure him. Robinson Crusoe never stood in so much dread of an Indian invasion as this poor German did of his own fellow citizens and inhabitants of a neighbouring state.

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'I never asked him why he himself looked so poorly, or why his wife and children were so afflicted with indisposition? The reasons were too evident to make it necessary to touch a string which could vibrate nothing but discord.—Excessive perspiration from continual labour, and exposure to rain and nightly dews before the completion of the house hurt the constitution of this poor couple, and the regular periodical fevers which visit them are hastening them and their children to an early dissolution.—Were it not for this, who would not envy them the monarchy of their little island; the tranquillity of their lives; and the innocence of their pursuits!

At Stubenville, a town pleasantly situated on the right bank of the river in the Ohio state, the author found an office for the sale of congress lands, 'which brings a number of purchasers, and at times makes a considerable appearance of activity.' These lands were about twenty years ago in the possession of the Indian tribes, from whom after a fruitless attempt made to wrest them by violence, they were purchased by congress for a few thousand dollars, a few trinkets and an annuity. The Indians were invited to form a settlement in the neighbourhood of Detrail and along the waters of the Ontario; the possession has been guaranteed to them by the *good faith* of the United States. The lands which the American government obtained by their *honest bargain* with the Indians, are now denominated the Ohio state, which is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. This state is 'bounded on the north by the lakes and Canada; on the south by Ohio river, on the east by part of Pensylvania and New York, and on the west by the Indian territory which in its turn, will soon become a state.' The towns of Marcenna, and Cincennall are large and rising into commercial eminence.—No slavery is tolerated in this state. In the last ten years the population has experienced an increase of one hundred thousand inhabitants, who are said to excel the rest of their countrymen, in manners, in virtue, and in industry.

At the town of Wheeling, which is eighty two miles by water from Pittsburg, the author gives a most deplorable account of the profligacy and brutality of the inhabitants. The place itself, which was formerly included in the jurisdiction of the United States, is said to have been originally peopled by outlaws, swindlers, thieves, and criminals of every description. Since the extension of the frontier of the United States, a better sort of people has been gradually introduced, but a large portion of the corrupt mass remains. The author gives several instances of the unprincipled debauchery, cruelty, and violence which still prevail. His account of a battle between a Virginian and a Kentuckey man, who agreed to fight

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'*rough and tumble*,' or '*tear and rend*,' exceeds in point of barbarous atrocity ev ry thing that the domestic annals of modern Europe could supply. The Kentuckey man, who was the stronger man of the two, had nevertheless his eyes absolutely torn from their sockets by the *superior skill* of his antagonist. Mr. Ashe was told that few days elapsed without some exhibition of this wild-beast mode of fighting to gratify the American amateurs of this mutilating art.—On entering the ball room at Wheeling, the author found it filled with persons at cards, drinking, smoaking, dancing, &c.; and the festival was concluded with a scene of outrage and confusion, greater than attends even the opening of Bartholomew-fair in this metropolis.

A mail coach is established

'from Philadelphia to Lexington in Kentuckey, through Pittsburg, Wheeling, and Chitocothe, a distance of upwards of seven hundred miles, to be performed by contract in fifteen days. Small inns are to be found every ten or twelve miles of the route. They are generally log huts of one apartment, and the entertainment consists of bacon, whiskey, and Indian bread. Let those who despise this bill of fare remember that seven years since this road was called the Wilderness, and travellers had to encamp, find their own provisions, and with great difficulty secure their horses from panthers and wolves. Another remark is to be made on this great road. Directly on ascending the mountain in the rear of Wheeling an immense deep and gloomy valley appears in view; twelve miles long, by from two to six broad. It is compleatly surrounded by high mountains, through which there is but one small pass, serving for the current of the water of a beautiful creek that traverses the valley twelve different times in search of a level to facilitate its course to the Ohio and the sea. The road crosses the creek at every traverse, and, for the entire length is nearly a perfect plain, adorned with trees of the most sumptuous growth; with corn and wheat of an unexampled luxuriance, and encircled by an amphitheatre of mountains, whose summits of eternal verdure are often embraced by the clouds. The soil, composed of decayed vegetable substances, and putrid animal remains, appears like a fine garden mould; it is, from three to sixteen feet deep, and judging from the channel of the creek, is deposited on gravel and limestone rock. There are eight settlers on this enchanting spot, who have to regret nothing but the too transient visits of the sun, who in his meridian glory looks down on this little world, sheds upon it his most fervid rays, until intercepted by the mountains, towards the south he sets in the vigour of the day.'

Marietta, which is likely to become a town of considerable importance, is situated at the confluence of the great Muskingum with the Ohio. This place is chiefly peopled by New Englanders, whose austerity of manners forms a strik-

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ing contrast with the dissolute lives of the settlers at Wheeling. 'The inhabitants of Marietta, are said to be the first, who have exported the produce of the Ohio country in vessels of their own building.' Marietta possesses an academy, court-house, prison, and church. The last edifice seems a rarity in these parts; for it is said to be the only one between this place and Pittsburg, which is one hundred and eighty miles distant. The observance of the Sabbath is rigidly enforced; and unremitting industry and the vigilant pursuit of gain are substituted for the mobs, the fighting, the racing, the '*rough* and *tumbling*,' for which the town of Wheeling is renowned. The banks, hills, and head-waters of the Muskingum are said to exhibit numerous monuments of Indian antiquity.—The author, who was prompted to make some researches in the neighbourhood, discovered a vault, at the bottom of which he found a 'beautiful tessellated pavement of small coloured stones, the colours and stones arranged in such a manner as to express harmony and shades, and to pourtray the full length figure of a warrior, under whose feet a snake was exhibited in ample folds.' Mr. A. makes some remarks on Indian archeology; in which as in others on that subject, conjecture furnishes no small part of the proof.

One of the author's servants, Cuff, possessed great imitative powers; which he had learned among his Indian brethren, and which more than once stood his master in great stead. He copied very exactly the several distinctive sounds of the beasts and birds both wild and tame.

'The turkeys acknowledged his voice, and the life of one of them paid for their credulity. He brought me a fine turkey of the last year, fat, and weighing about sixteen pounds. As the night was well set in and the day had been laborious, no time was lost in preparing supper, that is in broiling a part of the turkey on some bright embers, and laying it on some green leaves before us, with some good biscuit and a bottle of water from an adjacent spring. I relished this primitive entertainment as well as any of the sumptuous banquets it has, at times, fallen to my lot to partake of in Europe.

'The wild turkey is excellent food, and has this remarkable property, that the fat is never offensive to the stomach.

'When Kentuckey was first settled, it abounded with turkeys to such a degree that the settlers said the light was often interrupted by them. Though this may be considered a figure, still it is well known that they were extremely numerous, so much so that he was esteemed an indifferent sportsman who could not kill a dozen in a day. Even at this time they are sold in Lexington for half a dollar a pair. They are, notwithstanding, becoming very scarce, and, addicted as all classes of people in that state are to an intemperate predilection for

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destroying every living aboriginal creature, their total extinction must be near at hand. They yet abound in this Ohio state, and possibly will, for many years; till it becomes more peopled.

'I cannot pretend that wild turkeys differ in any striking manner from the domestic ones I have every where seen, except the length of their wings; their superior plumage, their attitude and lively expression in walking. The cock too has a beard composed of about one hundred hairs which hangs in a streamer from under the beak. The hair is thicker than a pig's bristle, and the length accords with the age. In the young the beard is hardly perceptible, in the old it descends more than half a foot. I have killed a wild turkey cock which weighed thirty pounds and whose beard was ten inches long: the flesh was execrable, nearly as hard as iron, and as black as jet. The young on the contrary are white and tender, delicate meat, and of exquisite flavour.

'Wild turkeys are gregarious. The flocks from fifty to sixty. They are migratory. They winter to the southward and return in the spring to the deepest recesses of the woods, where they construct their nests with such care and concealment, that few instances ever occur of the eggs or young being found. Where eggs have been obtained and hatched under a domestic turkey, the young shew great disposition to thrive and remain about the house very contentedly till their first spring, when they rise, without indicating a previous talent for flying, into the air, take a few circles round the heads of their old friends, and make for a wilderness whence they never more return.'

The Indians unite the offices of physician and of priest, and in this double character, they obtain a paramount influence over the people. In this, as has been so much the case in other countries, they profess a supernatural intercourse with the 'great spirit,' and affect to work miraculous cures. By the knowledge which they obtain of the medicinal virtues of certain plants they are enabled to heal wounds and remove diseases. But as the application of the remedy is always accompanied with a certain superstitious ceremonial, and aided by mysterious ejaculations, shrieks, and contortions, the benefit, which ensues, is ascribed rather to the magic ritual which is practised than to the physical means which are used. Has not much the same thing taken place in all ages and all climes? The Indians impute to the charms of the priest those effects which result from the natural remedies, which experience has taught. These persons are particularly celebrated for the antidotes with which they are acquainted against the bite of venomous reptiles. One of the antidotes which they have discovered, they impart to the tribe, which enables them to sleep with the utmost security in the open air.

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'They also instruct the whole tribe in a manner of sleeping in the open air, and in the utmost safety, though surrounded by snakes, not one of which dare approach them. The instruction consists in taking a stick and leaves from a certain tree; with the point of the stick describe a ring round the sleeping-ground; place on the ring the leaves, and on doing this perform certain ceremonies. This process to be renewed at intervals of waking. This is all the knowledge they impart to the tribe, and this is highly efficacious and valuable; for, rejecting the folly of the use of words and exorcism, merely given to convey a high notion of superior power, the antidotes and herbs pointed out are certain cures, and the simple action of drawing a line with *a black ash stick*, and strewing on the line some leaves of the same tree, is known to be entirely sufficient to hinder any snake from crossing the line, and to deter him from interrupting any thing within side of it. So great is their terror to this timber, that they are never known to inhabit where it grows; and if a branch of black ash be suddenly cast before a rattle-snake, apprehension and fear instantly seize him; his rattle ceases; his passion subsides; and groveling, timid, yet disquiet, he takes a large circuit to pass the branch, or, more probably, entirely retires.'

Some parts of the following relation, do great credit to the descriptive powers of Mr. Ashe:

'On hearing my dog bark as if at an object he durst not spring upon, and at the same time hearing a quick and irritated rattle, I passed to the direction of the noise, and found the dog running at and from a rattle-snake, whose head stood erect about four feet from a coil of several folds, and whose tail, moving with rapid vibration, was disengaged from the coil to emit a warning or deadly sound. The dog refused to be called off, and in proportion as he barked and ran in and off, the snake encreased in agitation and fury---at times feigning to strike, and others casting off a wind of his coil, awaiting a grand opportunity of striking in reality. He emitted his crimson tongue with great velocity, his eyes glared fire, his head swelled to a violent degree, and his throat shone in great variety of beautiful and vivid colours. He had arrived at the acme of his choler; he was even poising himself with the determination to give the fatal blow, when, attachment to my dog, sinking all considerations of personal safety, I rushed on and dragged him off. The poor Mandanean took the same eventful instant to strike the snake with a long stick he had prepared for the purpose. The first blow brought him down, but with unimpaired vigour, till he fastened on the stick, with the intention of wreaking on it the whole of his wrath and vengeance. So much was he occupied by this determined spirit, and engaged on the stick, that Cuff, on giving him a blow or two more, run in and struck his head off with the axe. The last act produced a horrid effect, the body, preserving all the principles of life, described a sphere from the ground under which a man could pass; it then assumed as many undulations as its length and volume would allow,

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and finally rolled along the earth till it came in contact with a tree, round which it once more coiled, and against which it beat its extremities with a violence that soon destroyed the power of action and resistance, and left the creature with unfolded involutions, exanimate round the root of the tree.'

In Letter XVIII. the author gives an account of the rise, progress, and fall of Galliopolis, a French settlement on the Ohio.—This settlement assumed a very flourishing appearance for the first two years. But the incipient hopes of the colony were blasted by subsequent disappointments. When the author visited this spot, he found it likely to be once more shrouded by the gloom of its primitive woods. Only about sixteen families remain out of five hundred who came into the country a few years before, cheated with delusive hopes of permanent felicity! ! ! Mr. Ashe says that no place was ever chosen with less judgment; the soil was deficient in fertility, and the situation was very unfavourable to health.

From Galliopolis the author pursued his voyage to the mouth of the Great Sandy river, where the state of Virginia ends, and that of Kentuckey begins. This point, which is supposed to be favourable for a trading town, is one hundred and ten miles distant from Lexington the capital of Kentuckey. The author complains that the descriptions, which have been given of this *land of promise*, this earthly elysium, have been full of falsehood and exaggeration. With the exception of a most beautiful and fertile tract of about sixty miles long and thirty broad in the centre of the state, the remainder, which is for the most part rugged, mountainous and barren, seems to offer but scanty means of subsistence, and of course, but few attractions for the residence of man.

In P. 101. vol. ii. the author says:

'Our notice was frequently attracted by a number of hogs ranging in a wild state. They multiply to a great degree, notwithstanding that the wolves have no objection to their flesh, and that panthers consider them as their nicest diet. In this natural state they attain considerable courage and ferocity, to which, perhaps, their multiplication and safety may be attributed. The sows we met with were savage to such a degree that they firmly stood between us and their young, till the latter scampered off and concealed themselves with a skill which baffled the minutest search. When a litter is discovered and attacked by a panther, the old sow stands all the brunt, and maintains a fight of sufficient duration to allow the young to disperse, though often at the expense of her own life. Hogs attract so many wild beasts about a house, that Mr. G. has given over keeping any in a domestic way. When he lays up his winter provision, he selects hogs from the wood, and considers their flesh much more delicate than that of home fed pork. Their food is

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the woods consists generally of acorns, nuts, berries, and roots, and occasionally on vermin, reptiles, and snakes, of which last they are extravagantly fond.'

At Maysville, Mr. Ashe procured a horse, with which he proceeded to Lexington. On his way he passed through part of the country which has been described by Imlay, as a lawn of verdure and of flowers, but where the author found nothing but sterile mountains, with intervals of deep ravines and swamps. The author very properly reprobates the cruelty of such fictions, which have beguiled many an emigrant into an abyss of ruin and despair! Mr. A. passed the night at Millersburgh; and next morning rode to breakfast at Paris, which is about eight miles distant.

The author 'arrived at Paris at so early an hour that few of the family were stirring, and no breakfast appeared likely to be had for some time. This reminded me of a very disagreeable custom prevailing all through America. No individual traveller can get breakfast, dinner, or supper, at times of his own choosing. He must wait for the family hours, and till all the strangers assemble and sit down together. Those who arrive after this species of public breakfast, have to wait for dinner, and such as miss the dinner-hour must fast till night. They have other customs calculated also to annoy; for instance, on entering the Paris inn, I expressed a wish to have breakfast as soon as possible, as I had to reach Lexington to dinner. And to expedite the breakfast, I begged to have nothing prepared but tea or coffee. These instructions availed me nothing. Children were dispatched after fowls which took to the gardens and fields, in vain to prolong their minutes, which were numbered, they were caught, plucked, and put on the fire, part of which was previously occupied baking bread, frying ham, &c. &c. After the expiration of two hours, a table was set out with knives, forks, pickles, &c. &c. covered with several dishes of cold and hot meat, while the tea was held at a distance, to be handed at intervals *for drink*. I made my breakfast on tea and heavy hot bricks, and could not resist telling the landlady that she would have spared herself much trouble and given me much time, had she made but a cup of tea in the first instance. She observed, that might be, but that she was always *used* to do as she had done, and altered her ways for nobody. I asked her what was to pay, and cast a dollar upon the table, enraged at the low state of some minds, their attachment to wrong, and determination to persist in evil and dull habits, which they know to be adverse to their prosperity and improvement. She took up the dollar, and pitching it to a negro, desired him to *chop it*. 'Chop it! ma'am, I want it changed.' She made no reply, but, going to the man, desired him to *chop* out of the dollar one quarter and one eight; in other words, to cut out her charge of one shilling and threepence for my breakfast, and ninepence for my horse.' The man did this with great dexterity, and returned me the dollar, with nearly one fourth cut out, with an angle

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running to the middle, which gave it the appearance of three fourths of a circle. Learning that this was the legal mode of procuring change, I got the same dexterous person to transform a couple more dollars with his chissel, into quarters, eighths, and sixteenths. He executed that service in a few moments; I received a handful of small change, which I found of advantage on the road.'

The author found the country between Paris and Lexington to exhibit a greater degree of fertility; but yet not cultivated, as he says, in the proportion of more than one enclosed acre to a thousand waste. Lexington is situated in a valley in that portion of Kentuckey which has been extolled for its paradisaical beauty and enjoyments. The town consists of about three hundred houses arranged in streets intersecting each other at right angles.

'The inhabitants shew demonstrations of civiliation; but at particular times, on Sundays and market-days they give a loose to their dispositions, and exhibit many traits that should exclusively belong to untutored savages. Their churches have never been finished, and they have all the glass struck out by boys in the day, and the inside torn up by rogues and prostitutes who frequent them at night.'

Dissipation seems not to be unknown at Lexington; for the author says that drinking and gambling, at billiards and cards, are very prevalent; and that 'every idle hour is spent at taverns and billiard rooms.'—The aristocracy of wealth has begun to rear its head in this democratic elysium. 'The present better sort of persons, says the author, 'consist of six or eight families, who live in a handsome manner, *keep livery servants*, and admit no persons to their tables of vulgar manners or suspicious character.'—The market is said to be 'abundantly supplied with every article of provisions except fish; and the best taverns charge 'no more than half a dollar a day for lodging and three repasts, each of which consists of a profusion of meat and game, with vegetables of various sorts.'—But the author thinks that the prosperity of this place is likely to decline. The tide of emigration, which once set in here very strong from the east has taken a different direction.—The temperature of the climate is represented as generally mild: but still Mr. Ashe asserts that the situation is not favourable to health. Great collections of mephitic vapour are said to be rolled into the contiguous atmosphere from the extensive swamps and stagnant waters of the south and the west.

'The soil round Lexington is from one to thirty feet deep—the bottom throughout the whole state a solid bed of limestone. The

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beds of creeks and streams are solid limestone; and the Kentuckey river runs through a natural canal, whose perpendicular sides of one hundred feet high are composed of limestone rock. The farms in the vicinity of Lexington are very neat, and many of them affect the English manner. The produce is great, the price low. Flour three dollars per barrel—Corn one shilling per bushel. The distribution of water is very unequal through the state. The greatest part of the farms have none but what they procure from wells cut through the limestone rock, several feet thick, and through strata of clay and gravel of infinite hard labor. The wells, in general, descend sixty feet. Gardens produce with great and excellent abundance. Melons, cucumbers, &c. grow in the open air, without manure or attention. Grapes cluster in the woods, and peaches and pomegranates flourish in the corn fields.'

The town of Cincinnati, to which the author proceeded, down the Ohio from Limestone, appears to be rapidly rising into a place of great traffic and importance. The adjacent country has become a favourite point of emigration, not only from America but from Europe. In the year preceding that in which Mr. A. was at this place, no less than seventeen thousand contracts were made at the office for the sale of congress lands.—The society in this town, like that in most other parts of America is of a very heterogeneous kind. The characteristic features are as various as the discordant parts of which it is composed. Here are parsimonious Dutch, prodigal Irish, and volatile French, with a mongrel breed of selfish and profligate Americans. Much time must elapse before these jarring atoms can coalesce into a consistent mass, so as to form any thing like a unity of national character. Mr. A. says that the town of Cincinnati is built on the site of an Indian settlement of great extent and antiquity. Our traveller here mentions a curious fact; from which he deduces some inferences to which we do not suppose that all our readers will readily assent.——Some workmen digging for a well, after penetrating to the depth of sixty feet without finding any water, came to a substance which obstructed the prosecution of their labours. On clearing the surface they discovered the object to be the 'stump of a tree which had been cut down with an axe. The incisions of an axe were perfectly visible, and '*the chips made by its action, lay scattered about its roots!*' Hence our traveller argues.

'1st. That the tree was undoubtedly antediluvian.

'2nd. That the river now called the Ohio did not exist anterior to the deluge, in as much as the remains of the tree were found firmly rooted, in their original position, several feet below the bed of that river.'

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'3d. That America was peopled before the flood, as appears from the action of the axe, and the cutting down of the tree.

'4th. That the antediluvian Americans were acquainted with the use and properties of iron, of the advantage and knowledge of which the flood deprived their descendants, and from which it would appear that the same flood swept off every individual from whom that knowledge might be derived.'

After passing through a delightful country Mr. A. reached the town of Drayton, which is situated on a point of land formed by the junction of the Mad and the great Miami rivers. He rode forty miles up the right bank of the Mad river, and returned by the left, and says that he

'never beheld a tract of land so favored by nature, and so susceptible of improvement by art. Nearly the whole tract is a chain of prairies partially obscured from each other by groves of magnificent trees, and shrubberies diffusing every species of perfume, and exhibiting the bloom and radiance of every flower. Among the trees the splendid magnolia and tulip are found, and among the shrubs are seen, the althea, arbutus, honey-locust, and various other aromatics. The uncultivated portions of the prairies abound in flowers of such luxuriance and height, that, in riding through, it is often necessary to turn them from the face with the whip; and the general herbage, plants, and flowers, rise to the saddle skirts. The most conspicuous flowers were, the geranium, holy-oak, and passion-flower, to which the sweet pea and many blossoming creepers ran up and closely adhered. These prairies were formerly the favorite resort of buffaloes, but the wanton carnage committed among their droves, has made them retreat and pass indignant to less savage lands. Some few herds of deer still linger in their favorite haunt, and at this season browse in safety under the protection of the pasture which effectually covers them from sight. The little humming birds alone retain their empire over the flowery waste; like bees, they fly from blossom to blossom, nor heed the traveller who stops to admire their burnished plumage and diminutive structure, displaying in their nature the utmost harmony in expression, and the greatest chastity in taste.'

'The banks of the river are settling with unparalleled success, and the title of all the adjacent lands is already bought up from Congress by individuals and by speculators, who propose selling again at an advanced price. Most of the priarie-grounds are now as high as from twenty to fifty dollars per acre, and the wood-land adjoining the river sells at from five to sixteen dollars per acre. I visited at least one hundred farms, and found the inhabitants in the possession of abundance of every common necessary, and every absolute comfort essential to a modest and unassuming life. Nor does their situation or temptations suggest any desires but what may be gratified by the humble means within their reach. There appeared no manner of

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discontent among them, and no material difference of rank or fortune to excite it. You, who have been always accustomed to the refinement of luxury, will scarce be able to conceive how these settlers, with no other clothing than coarse home-made apparel, with no other shelter but a log house constructed with the rudest art, and with no food but of the coarsest kind, and destitute of coffee, tea, wine, and foreign spirits, can enjoy any happiness; and yet, as I observed, to judge from their manners, language, and external appearance, their state may be envied by the wealthy of the most refined nations, because their forgetfulness or ignorance of extravagant desires and vicious pursuits, excludes every wish beyond their present situation, and leaves them virtuous and happy.'

The first intimation which the author received of the approach to Louisville, was, he says, the roaring of the falls, which reached him at the distance of fifteen miles. The town stands about two miles above the falls, on a high and level bank of the Ohio. The prospect is said to be beautiful; but the unhealthfulness of the situation represses the hope that the town will continue to flourish or increase. Louisville is seventy miles from Lexington, and about seven hundred by land from Philadelphia. The inhabitants are said to be universally addicted to gambling and drinking; the predominance of which vices is strongly indicative of selfishness and barbarism. Were we to judge of the stock of American virtue from the representations of Mr. Ashe, or of other travellers, we should pronounce it to be very small. In Letter XXIX. the author gives an account of no less than thirty-eight species of snakes, which must be truly terrible to those who reside in the vicinity of these dangerous reptiles.

In Letter XXXI. Mr. A. describes a cave, which he discovered in a rock on the bank of the Ohio a little above the water when high. The entrance was shaded by catalpa trees. Our traveller resolved to explore it. He found it to be a hundred feet long, and forty feet high. The entrance is a semicircular arch of ninety feet at its base, and forty-five in its perpendicular. The floor is level to the centre, and rises in steps to the sides, like seats in the pit of a theatre. The walls exhibit many hieroglyphics, in the Indian manner. In the centre of the roof the author discerned a perpendicular passage of fourteen feet through which he ascended into an apartment of greater magnitude. The roof, which was supported by natural pillars, seemed wrought out into innumerable figures and ornaments, which were formed by perpetual distillations of a petrifying stream. At the end of the cave there was a descent to another of very

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great depth. One part of this gloomy apartment was filled with a heap of human bones, and some forming a complete skeleton. Some of these persons must have been murdered, and others probably died of want. Mr. A. whose light had gone out, fired a pistol for his trusty Indian who was below, to attend. Beams of light issued from the lower cave and in a moment after his Indian appeared, 'rising through the orifice with a torch in one hand, and a sabre in the other, and exclaiming, *okima, okima, sanguitehe,* my chief, my chief, have a strong heart.' The gloom receded from the rising light, the columns displayed their massy forms, and the ample roof showed its glittering distillations. In a recess in the side of this cave the author found a low passage through which he made his way, as he says, into 'a deadlike asylum.' Here he had been but a short time when he tells us that his torch grew dim, that a smell of sulphur affected his senses, that the air of the place took fire, and that all hell seemed to burst on his view, when he 'made but one spring to the passage through which he entered and escaped mangled and bruised.'

The hieroglyphics which Mr. A. discovered in the lower cave were, he says, the following:

'The sun, in different stages of rise and declension.—The moon under various phases.—A snake, representing an orb, biting his tail.—A viper.—A vulture.—Buzzards tearing out the bowels of a prostrate man.—A panther held by the ears, by a child.—A crocodile.—Several trees and shrubs.—A fox.—A curious kind of Hydra serpent.—Two doves.—Many bears.—Several scorpions.—An eagle.—An owl.—Some quails.—Eight representations of animals, which are now unknown, but whose former existence I before asserted, from the character and number of bones I have already described to have been found. Three out of the eight are like the elephant in all respects except the tusk and tail. Two more resemble the tyger, one a wild boar, another a sloth, and the last appears a creature of fancy, being a quadrumane instead of a quadrupede; the claws being alike, and in the act of conveying something to the mouth, which lay in the centre of the monster; and several fine representations of men and women, not naked, but clothed in a manner which bespoke in the Indian, much of the costume of Greece and Rome.'

Our traveller concludes that the vault where these hieroglyphics were found constituted formerly 'a place of worship and a sanctuary of Indian priests.' Those huge animals called Mammoth, formerly inhabited the Tennassee, where their remains are often found. After leaving the Tennassee the author passed a short time at the Shawanee village

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which consists of about thirty families. The Shawanees formerly exhibited a numerous population, who were able to maintain a stubborn contest with the Americans. They were the first among the Indians who raised the hatchet, and the last who buried it in the ground. The great reduction of their numbers may be ascribed more to the use of spirituous liquors than to the destruction of the sword. Four millions of Indians are said about forty years ago to have inhabited the Ohio and the tributary streams; but this once mighty assemblage has sunk to about two thousand, who live in places allotted to them by the states. It is not probable that America will long preserve any of her aboriginal inhabitants. This conclusion is warranted by the experience of the past.

Mr. A. says that the faces of the women among the Shawanees,

'are handsome, and their hands beautifully small; their eyes are large and black; the hair also black: their teeth as white as ivory, and their breath as pure as the air they imbibe.'——'The diet consists of roast and boiled meats, soups, and fish of various sorts. I could not discover that they employed either salt or spices in their dishes. They are very healthy, and are exempt from many diseases afflicting those who use salt and spices immoderately. They are never troubled with the palsy, dropsy, gout, asthma, gravel, or stone.'

The author tells us that purges and sweats, caused by vegetable decoctions, are the favourite remedies for all Indian disorders; and that the Shawanees seldom pass ten days, whether they be in good or bad health, without procuring an artificial perspiration. The village of the Shawanees has a public bath, in which six may perspire at a time. It is a hut, the floor of which is an oven heated from the outside with cedar, gum, and spice-woods. The heat is admitted through two small perforations in the floor. Our traveller says that he made trial of this odorous perspiratory, the effect of which was at first the utmost degree of relaxation, but which he afterwards found beneficial.

At the nuptial ceremony of the Shawanees:

'The lovers break a small stick in pieces and give the fragments to their friends, who keep them as evidence of the marriage, which cannot, while the stick can be put together, be denied.'—'The wedding over, the bride is conducted to her parents' home, where she is visited by her husband till she bears a child; and if that event does not take place in the ordinary course of time, the parents assemble, collect the bits of broken sticks, see that they fit together, and then dissolve the marriage, by committing the testimony to the flames.'

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Other reasons for the dissolution of the connubial contract are said to be allowed. But the facility of divorce is not stated to produce any laxity of manners; for it is said that the woman would suffer death rather than defile the nuptial bed.

'A married woman made this beautiful reply to a person who met her in the woods, and implored her to love and look on him. Oulamar, *who is for ever before my eyes*, hinders me from seeing you or any other person.'

In Letter XXXIV. our author enters the Mississippi, which 'in awful grandeur crosses the mouth of the Ohio and backed the water up against the stream.' The source of the Mississippi is, including its windings, three thousand miles from the sea. 'The mean velocity of its current may be computed to be four miles an hour. During its floods, which are as periodical as those of the Nile, the largest vessels may descend.' In Letter XXXVIII. the attention of our traveller was strongly excited by moans and shrieks, as if proceeding from persons in distress, but which the author discovered at last to issue from a host of alligators, which ran along the shore or swam near the boat. Mr. A. and his servant shot one of these animals, which flounced in the water, roared like thunder and rushed to the shore, where it expired. The death of this monster was succeeded by low and plaintive cries, which issued from sixteen or seventeen young ones, who ran about the lifeless body in grievous agitation.

In Letters XLI. XLII. XLIII. the author communicates numerous particulars respecting New Orleans, which the great space we have already devoted to this article, will not suffer us to detail. We shall only remark that, whatever may be the fertility of the soil, the mortality, which is so great as to destroy on an average nine strangers out of ten soon after their arrival, and leaves to those who survive, nothing but a shattered constitution and a debilitated frame, must operate to deter any considerate person from settling in a place, so fatal to the health of its inhabitants.

We have read these travels with a good deal of pleasure; and we can recommend them as containing no small share of information and amusement.

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ART. IV.—*A Collection of scarce and valuable Tracts, on the most interesting and entertaining Subjects. But chiefly such as relate to the History and Constitution of these Kingdoms. Selected from an infinite Number in print and manuscript, in the Royal, Cotton, Sion, and other public, as well as private, Libraries: particularly that of the late Lord Somers. The second Edition, revised, augmented, and arranged, by Walter Scott, Esq. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 630.* Cadell. 1809.

HAVING no personal acquaintance with the celebrated editor of this work, it would be only impertinent in us to claim the privilege, which is assumed by some of his avowed critical friends, of questioning him concerning the assignment of his name to an office generally regarded as of inferior importance in the literary state, of wondering how he can reconcile to himself his descent from the lofty walks of poesy to the humble department of 'revising, augmenting, and arranging' the works of others, or of lamenting that he should waste his valuable time and his transcendant talents in pursuits so apparently ill-suited to his genius. It appears to us, indeed, that the zeal manifested by some persons on these, and the like occasions is very much misplaced; and that it is entirely Mr. Scott's own concern, and not that of his extremely kind and well-meaning advisers, in what manner he employs his time, and to what subjects he directs his attention. At least we conceive it to be our business, on the present occasion, to enquire only into the mode in which he has executed his proposed task, and not at all into his motives for undertaking it.

We have regretted, on a former occasion, that a work concerning which it may be questioned whether it is, in its present shape, more important or disgraceful to our national literature, (we mean the Harleian Miscellany) should have fallen into the hands of a gentleman, doubtless well qualified in point of knowledge and acquirements to clear it of its accumulated mass of rubbish, and to give arrangement and consistency to its disordered bulk, but who, from a mistaken delicacy, an indiscriminate attachment to antiquity, or a culpable supineness and indolence, has utterly neglected the opportunity offered of most essentially serving the true interests of learning in the execution of the task he had undertaken. In the present instance we are pleased to find less occasion for censure, and a fairer ground on which to claim the praises due to a laborious editor. In the first

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place the collection so long familiar to the readers of English history under the name of Somers's Tracts, of which this is a republication, is, upon the whole, more select than the Harleian miscellany; and, therefore, although Mr. Scott, like Mr. Park, has feared to offend the reigning taste, or rather passion, of the present age, by weeding the collection before him, yet, as it stood less in need of such an operation than the other, the omission of a sacrifice, which we are very sorry he has not had the courage to make, is not of so much consequence in the present as in the former instance. In the next place, the great and overpowering defect which we principally dwelt upon in our remarks concerning the Harleian collection, the total absence and *systematic* neglect of arrangement, a vice, of which the first edition of the Somers' tracts partook equally with the other publication, Mr. Scott has judiciously remedied; and if any objections remain to the publication as it now stands, upon that head, they must be rather to particular instances than to the general mode adopted, and of a very trifling nature, and immaterial to the real utility of the work.

'The present edition,' says Mr. Scott, 'has been arranged on the following principles.

'I. A chronological classification and division of the tracts under the reigns of the different monarchs of England, regulating the precedence of the essays by the date of the subject rather than of publication. As there are but few tracts prior to the reign of Elizabeth, these are thrown together without subdivision, as preliminary to the collection.

'II. From the time of Elizabeth downwards, the tracts of each reign are divided, according to their subjects, into four classes, under the distinct heads of ecclesiastical, civil, military, and miscellaneous. The last division is intended to contain all those pamphlets which do not naturally belong to any of the preceding branches of history. It must be obvious that, although the lines of distinction here laid down are, generally speaking, plain and decided, yet some tracts, from the variety of subjects of which they treat, may be ascribed, with equal propriety, to more than one class. Where such occasion of doubt occurred, the editor has exercised the best of his judgement; and any mistake he has committed may be rectified by reference to the table of contents, and the index.

'III. The tracts in each subdivision are arranged, either with reference to the subjects which they regard, or, where totally unconnected, in the order of chronology.'

Besides making this arrangement (an operation, the labour of which is certainly much outweighed by its utility) the remaining acts of editorship performed by Mr. Scott on the present occasion, consist of the historical introductions pre-

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fixed by him to most of the pieces in the book, after the example of those in the Harleian Miscellany, the occasional notes and illustrations which he has added at the bottom of the pages; and, lastly, of a very few additional pieces which have been inserted by him on account of their rarity or of their connection with some of those in the original miscellany.

Of these additions we shall give some account in the first place.

1st. "Injunctions given by the queene's majestie concerning both the clergy and laity of this realme. Published A. D. 1559. 1 Eliz."—These were the injunctions framed by the committee of divines which queen Elizabeth appointed in the first year of her reign for "the alteration of religion; and they are reprinted,' says Mr. Scott,

'from a copy bearing date 1641, and having prefixed a copperplate of queen Elizabeth, with this motto beneath her titles:

She was, she is, what can there more be said,
In Earth, the first, in Heaven the second maid.

'This couplet, according to Granger, is the last of an inscription upon a cenotaph of queen Elizabeth, which was in Bow-church, though Cibber has published the lines as written by Budgell.'

Budgell was certainly guilty of something like an Irish blunder, when he purloined this couplet, in applying it to queen Anne, a wife and mother. But perhaps he was, strictly speaking, not more mistaken than the original inventor, who assigned it to *the Virgin* Gloriana. This, at least, appears pretty clearly to be the opinion of Sir Robert Naunton, the entertaining author of 'Fragmenta Regalia,' a piece in this same collection.

2d. 'A true copy of the Proclamation, &c. for the declaring of the sentence against the queene of Scots.'

This is extracted from Hollinshed's Chronicle, and might as well have been let alone; since Hollinshed *now* will certainly be in the possession of as many persons as have Somers's Tracts.

3d. 'The Actions of the Low Countries—by Sir Roger Williams, knight,' of which more presently.

4th. The true report of the lamentable death of William of Nassawe, Prince of Orange; who was trayterouslie slayne with a dagge, in his owne courte, by Balthaser Serache, a Burgunian, the first of July 1584. Herein is expressed the murderer's confession, and in what manner he was executed, upon the tenth of the same month; whose death was not of sufficient sharpness for such a caytife, and yet too sowre for any Christian. Printed at Middelborowgh, by Derick van Respeawe, A. 1584.'

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5th. 'A Packe of Spanish Lyes,' &c. &c. This is taken from the Harleian Miscellany, without any apology or reason assigned. Mr. Scott will probably allege that it is an useful illustration of some of the preceding papers; but the same excuse would hold for reprinting out of one collection into the other all pieces contained in the one that afford any illustration to any of the pieces contained in the other, or, in a word, for blending the two miscellanies together throughout.

6th and last. 'The Image of Ireland,' &c. made and devised by Jhon Derricke anno 1578; or, rather, to give the full title of this very singular piece of political poetry,

'The Image of Ireland, *with a Discovery of Woodkarne, wherein is most lively expressed the Nature and Qualitie of the said wilde Irish Woodkarne; their notable aptnesse, celeretie, and pronesse to rebellion; and, by waye of argument is manifested their originall and offspring, their descent and pedigree: also their habit and apparel is there plainly shewne. The execrable life and miserable death, of Rorie Roge, that famous arch-traitour to God and the crowne (otherwise called Rorie Oge) is likewise described. Lastlie, the coming in of Thirlaghe Leonaghe, the great O'Neale of Ireland, with the effects of his submission to the Right Honourable Sir Henry Sidney (lord deputie of the said land) is thereto adjoyned.* Made and devised by Jhon Derricke, anno 1578, *and now published, and set forth by the saied authour, this present yeare of our Lorde,* 1581, *for pleasure and delight of the well disposed reader. Imprinted at London by Jhon Daie.* 1581. (12mo. Black letter.)'

Our readers in general will, we conceive, be better satisfied with Mr. Scott's observations prefixed to this piece, and some of the very amusing notes which he has added by way of illustration, than by any extracts from the poem itself, which, as may be expected, is full of 'pripple-prapple and affectations' according to the courtly conceit of the age, and will afford entertainment to none who are not disposed to read it through for the sake of the curious information with which it abounds.

Mr. Scott begins by informing us that nothing more is known of the author than that he was a follower of Sir Henry Sidney whose praises are principally celebrated in the poem. He then proceeds.

'Sir Henry Sidney, as we have formerly had occasion to notice, served in Ireland eleven years, and with great honour to himself, and profit to queen Elizabeth; being no less attentive to the regular administration of justice, than prudent in preventing, and active in putting down, rebellion. He was thrice lord deputy of the kingdom; yet he bade Ireland farewell with the expression of the psalmist,

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'when Israel departed out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob, from a barbarous people.' Those who shall peruse the following very curious tract, making every allowance for the national and religious prejudices of the writer, will see no reason to sympathize with the feelings of the worthy lord deputy. For partly through native barbarism, partly through the cruelty and impolicy of the English conquerors, the inhabitants of Ireland, in Queen Elizabeth's time, those at least who resided beyond the English pale, were little better than tribes of absolute savages. The lord deputy lived like the general of an invading army in an hostile country, rather than the civil governor of a peaceful and allied province. The earl of Kildare gave a lively picture of the life of an English nobleman in Ireland, when Wolsey, before the council, taunted him as king of Kildare. 'As for my kingdom,' quoth he, 'my lord, I would you and I had exchanged kingdoms for one month, I would trust to gather up more crumbs in that space than twice the revenues of my poor earldom; but you are well and warm, and so hold you, and upbraid not me after so odious a form. I sleep in a cabin, when you lie soft upon a bed of down; and serve under the cope of heaven when you are served under a canopy. I drink water out of my steel cap, when ye drink wine out of golden cups. My courser is trained to the field, when your jennet is taught to amble. When you are be-graced and belorded, and crouched and kneeled unto, then find I small grace from our Irish borderers, unless I cut them short by the knees.' No man followed this perilous and painful duty more closely than Sir Henry Sidney, insomuch that he wasted the best part of his life and totally destroyed an excellent constitution, in the Irish wars. The praise of Derricke was but a poor compensation for the dreadful state of health to which he seems to have been reduced by the hard lodging, miserable diet, broken rest, and, above all, constant anxiety of mind which attended his Irish campaigns. But the service rendered to that distracted country, were a better reward for his own sufferings. He subdued three formidable rebellions; the first, by Shane O'Neale; the second, by the Butters, the third by the earl of Clanrickard and his sons. In peace, he put the statutes in force against the illegal and oppressive exactions of *coigne* and *livery*, as they were called. He devised and enforced, under very difficult circumstances, the division of the kingdom into regular shires so as to compel the regular currency of the queen's writs. He fortified the towns of Ireland; bridged her rivers; secured and preserved her records; tamed and civilized her inhabitants. The administration of public justice he rendered more equal; and, by the most rigid attention to his word, he laid the best foundation for public security and confidence, by establishing as inviolable the faith of the chief magistrate. 'In these services,' says his secretary Molineux, 'he spent his youth and his whole life; sold his lands, and consumed much of his patrimony, without fee or reward.' Such was Sir H. Sidney, to whom the image of Ireland is inscribed. He died at Ludlow, on the 5th of March 1586, aged only 57.

'The plan of Derrick's poem is far from being regular, or even intelligible. The first part is a description of Ireland, in which he

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gives an allegorical description of the inhabitants, characterising the women as seductive nymphs, with all the beauty, and all the deceit of syrens; and the men as a sort of fawns, or sylvan deities, quartered by the gods in Ireland as an out-post, which ought to be garrisoned, lest the giants should renew an attack upon Olympus. The wit or propriety of this allegory, it is difficult to discover; and indeed, it is probable that the author, like better poets, being determined to say something fine, was indifferent whether it were comprehensible or not. It must be owned at the same time that the wild, shaggy, half-naked appearance of the Irish Kerne, strongly recalled the idea of satyrs. Cleland has a century later, described the Highlanders, who resembled the native Irish in dress, language, and manners, by the same simile:

'Like fawns, or brownies, if ye will,
Or satyrs come from Atlas' hill.'

'The second part of the poem is more intelligible, and contains a singular, and highly unfavourable, yet but too just, account of the Wood-Kerne, or native Irish in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Not only were they behind all Europe, at least two centuries, in civilization; but the military oppression under which they groaned, added degradation to their natural ignorance and barbarism. The conquest of a civilized people over savages, is seldom to the advantage of the latter, when the disproportion between their attainments is so great as to destroy hope of successful imitation by the vanquished. In such cases they not only retain all the vices natural to their own state, but add to them those of their victors. When Dr. Johnson asked a clergyman of the islands, which clans were accounted the most savage? he answered readily, those which lay nearest to the Lowlands. In this situation were the native Irish, the prey of a people superior to them in the arts of peace, in which they never endeavoured to instruct them; and in those of war, which they taught them to their cost, the objects at once of hatred and of envy; and, at the same time, so few, in comparative numbers, that even the terror of their discipline and arms did not exclude the hope of their final extirpation.'

This is a melancholy picture—but how much more melancholy is it that two centuries should have passed away since it was painted, and that it still bears such strong marks of resemblance to the existing truth? How much more melancholy is it to reflect that the proud and selfish conquerors, progressively advancing themselves, and by very rapid strides in knowledge and in all the arts of civilization, should still, blind to their real interests, have disdained to impart any one of the valuable blessings they enjoy to those whom they had rather hold under an uneasy and precarious subjection than bind by the surer cords of friendship, gratitude, and reciprocal advantage? But it is idle to waste breath on a subject,

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the merits of which, though self-evident to the grossest and dullest comprehension, have been repeatedly stated with all the strength of sound reasoning and piercing ridicule, without making the slightest impression on the bulwarks of inveterate prejudice, fortified by blind bigotry, paltry self-interest, and the cowardly fear of change.

Let us leave this ungrateful subject, and present our readers with a few more extracts from Mr. Scott, which will give them much more pleasure than any strictures of ours on so unfashionable and unpalatable an argument.

The two parts of 'the Image of Ireland' are followed, as the title page expresses it, by 'the execrable life and lamentable death of Rorie Roge,' &c. concerning whom Mr. Scott has collected the following articles of information.

'Rorie, or Roderick Oge M'More, whose plundering feats and distresses Derrick here commemorates, was a Leinster chief, who gave the lord deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, a great deal of trouble. Being distinguished for courage and ability, and thus highly qualified to be a leader of wood-kerne, he set up some title to the county of Kilkenny, under pretext of which he committed every sort of violence. In December 1575, however, he found it necessary to submit to the lord deputy, whom, for that purpose, he attended in the cathedral church of Kilkenny. Sidney endeavoured to exhort him to a better course of living, for a worse than that he already led he could hardly chuse, and dismissed him upon promise of fair amendment, but under a threat, that if he ever again acted upon that aspiring imagination of having a title to the county, he should lose land and life. But in a month or two after his submission, Rorie Oge again assumed arms, and with his kinsman, Cormac Mac Cormac O'Connor, burned the town of Naas, consisting of seven or eight hundred houses to the ground. The Chronicle of Holinshed described him as sitting in state on the market-cross during the conflagration, while his followers ran through the town like madmen, setting fire to the thatch of the houses. To revenge this outrage, and his other acts of insolence, the lord deputy pursued him so closely, and assailed him so frequently, that, to use his own expression, never was rebel better followed. Yet Rorie Oge, by personal activity, and the favour of his friends and countrymen in Leinster, and its frontiers, evaded every attempt to secure his person. 'Touching the rebel Rorie Oge, and his complices,' says the lord deputy, in a letter to the council, 'it is strange that the prosecution of him, having been so fervent, his escapes so beyond all opinion, the execution so bloody, by cutting of his company from five hundred to fifty men, which are now all his remain at the uttermost; these also distressed by lacke of victuals, nor daring to abyde in any place of the Irish counties, nor the borders adjoining, no not so long scarce as they may relieve themselves with one meal's meat; that nevertheless they find favor

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in the Pale and other English counties, and namely Catterlaugh, and Kilkenny, and do some outrages without hue or cry, or any following of any other person in effect, than of the English soldiers in your majesty's army, which have and do so hunt him, as there is small opinion conceived of his continuance in any ability to do hurt.' The rebel chief, thus reduced to utter extremity, shortly after fell in a skirmish with the followers of the earl of Upper Ossory, an Irish nobleman, of which the lord deputy sends the following account to the council, in a letter dated 1 July 1578. 'This day, in the morning, word was brought me of the killing of the rebel Rorie Oge Omoore, who, although sondrie times before he hath been so hotly pursued, and so hardly sett to, as leaving targett, skull, sword, mantle, and all, he hath escaped beyond all expectation, either by swiftness of his footmanship, or else rather (if it be lawful so to deem) by sorcery or enchantment; for nere wretch being so long and earnestly followed, hath continued on foot so long; yet now in the end he is chanced by a devise of his own he laid to entrapp others (as it is given forth) into the hands of them he sought to betray, which was on this sort: On the 29th of June, Rorie put forth a spiall, which he had framed up for that purpose, to go to my lord of Upper Ossory, to tell him as it were by way of great friendship and secresy, that Rorie had been of late in the county of Kilkenny, and there had taken a great prey and spoil of pots, pans, pewter, nappery, and linen, and store of other household stuff, and implements, which easily he might come by; and, with all hazard, Rorie and all his company, (which he pretended were but few in number), so that he would attempt the matter boldly with a mean force: for, sayeth he, if you come with many, you will be discovered, and then the enterprise will quayl. My lord of Upper Ossory, neither fully believing the report of this companion, nor yet altogether mistrusting him, put himself in a readiness to follow the occasion that was presented: and coming near the place where the bait was laid (as it should seem) to have entrapped him, he sent thirty of his men into the woods to search the rebel, and he himself staid with certain horsemen, and shot in the plains, to attend the issue of this matter, and, if need were, to rescue his men he had set at work. This company were no sooner entered the woods, but the rebel shewed himself with a few in number, not exceeding twenty or twenty-four persons, the rest being in ambush: being of opinion that he carried that fame and estimation among the Irishrie for his valor, as no kerne durst venter upon him, if they once saw his presence; wherein he found himself very much deceived. For, at first view, the lord of Upper Ossory's kerne gave the first charge upon him, and at their rencounter one of them light upon him, and thrust him suddenly through the body with his sword, which was no sooner done but two or three more likewise hacked upon him at once, and gave him such mortal wounds as down he fell: and this was the end of this rank rebel, the last day of June in the morning, who, by the maintenance of his neighbours, and supply of aid and relief of some of his friendly borderers, which he wanted not in

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the time of his necessities, had so long continuance, to the charge of her majesty and the disquiet of the state. The remains he hath left are not many, &c. &c. &c.'

The other celebrated rebel mentioned in the title page under the name of '*Thyrlaghe Leonaghe, the great O'Neale of Ireland,*' is also deserving of commemoration as much as Rorie Roge; and we shall not perhaps be thought to extend this article further than is right, if we add to our former extracts the account given by Sidney of that leader's submission.

'O'Neale, here mentioned,' says Mr. Scott, 'was distinguished by the name of Tirlough Leineagh. He succeeded to the title of the O'Neale upon the death of his cousin Shane, who exercised all the authority of a king, or rather tyrant of Ulster. At length, becoming odious even to the native Irish chiefs, they solicited Sir Henry Sidney, in 1565, to march against him. Shane O'Neale, being defeated, fled for shelter to a body of the Hebridean Scots, who were then in Ireland in a character somewhat between invaders and settlers. O'Neale was at first courteously received; but, in their cups, chancing to recall to memory an ancient feud, in which O'Neale had slain one of their brothers, Alister Oge, Surly Buy, and other Highlanders, fell upon him, and cut him to pieces with their broad-swords. Tirlough Leineagh then, by the Irish tanistry law, succeeded to the chieftainship, and continued for some time in rebellion against the lord deputy. Early, however, in November 1568, he was so closely pressed by O'Donnel, M'Guire, the Highland Scots of Clandebay, and other enemies, that he thought to make submission to Sidney, but not in such humble sort as could be accepted of. In 1576, the lord deputy went as far as Newry, to have a personal interview with O'Neale, who nevertheless made excuses, and came not to the meeting, being deterred by the artifices of his wife, who was a Scotch Highlander or Isleswoman, and an enemy to the English. But in the following year, in the month of August, either this evil counsellor was divorced, or else had changed her note; for Sidney gives the following account of the absolute and unconditional submission of Tirlough Leineagh O'Neale, at Newrie:—'And during the time of my abode there, Tirlough Leineagh came unto me in humble and dutiful manner, shewing such tokens of obedience, and loyaltie, as greater could not be found in a subject, (far above his training,) offering to do such service upon the Scots, or any others, where I should direct him, as the like offer hath not been made unto me by any of his sort, since my government. And his simple, and plain manner of proceeding was such, as coming thither chiefly to seek justice at my hands, and redress of such injuries as had been offered him; he exhibited his petitions in writing, wherein, and in all the rest of his proceedings, I found him so conformable to reason, and so yielding to order, as greater conformity I have not found, at any time, in any Irishman. He remained with me there some few days, while his causes

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were in hand, without hostage, pledge, or protection; and in the end delivered me a letter, addressed to your majesty from him, and besought me that I would accompany the same, with my commendations to your highness; which, in troth, madam, I think he hath very well deserved. His petitions be to be created into some degree of honour, and that his son may be made a baron, and he to have some entertainment and stipend from your majesty, such as you shall think him worthy of, to inhable him the better to serve against the Scot or any other rebel, where he shall be directed by the governor. And for better proof of his loyalty and fidelity, he hath since his departing from me, made a journey, upon the Scots and killed Sorley Boys' son and his brother, so that I am to crave your majesty to answer a resolution for him. And for this order of obedience, and dutiful manner of proceeding, I humbly beseech your majesty to bestow a garment upon him, as a token of your favour.'

'We know not whether the lady of O'Neale received the promised 'garment,' or what other mode was used to keep the chief to his obedience: but it is evident that Turlough Leineagh never rebelled against the deputy, but lived and died in union with the English, and only indulged his military inclinations by warring upon the Scots who had slain his predecessor Shane O'Neale.'

In justice to the memory of Mr. Derrick, of whose poetical talents we fear our slight notice of them is calculated to give our readers an unfavourable impression, we shall insert the beginning stanzas of this division of his work, in which, amidst much of the affectation of the age, there is some of the true spirit of poetry, and a harmony of numbers equal to Spenser's. More of the same nature may doubtless be discovered by a patient reader in other parts of the poem.

'If sillie beasts, long pent in drooping stale,
Or if the harte, sore pincht with chilling cold,
No mervaile, joyes to see the summer fale,
Through which the plantes, kept down in massie hold,
Their fragrant sentes and beauties may unfold;
Or if the larke, when clouds are past away,
Te deum sings to see the sunnie day;

'Why should not man, the highest firmament
Whose thoughts did pierce, where Jove resplendent sit,
Whose outward shape the same doth represent,
As next extend for his forecasting wit,
To whom alone he only doth commit
The vastall world, with ruledom of the same,
The fish in seas, and beasts on land to tame.

'Rejoice, I say, unbound from thousand cares,
From grief of mind, with sorrows overprest,

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From sighing sobs, far fetcht with trilling tears,
From heaps of cares, closed up in panting breast,
From every thing that might gainsay his rest,
And now in place and stead of such annoy,
To reap at full his long-expected joy?'

The only other additional tract for the insertion of which in this collection, thanks are in our opinion justly due to Mr. Scott, is that (which we have before-mentioned) of 'The Actions of the Low Countries.' *Written by Sir Roger Williams, Knight. Printed by Humphrey Lownes for Matthew Lownes*, 1618,' a most interesting paper, whether considered with reference to the events which it illustrates or to the character of him who composed it. Our limits will not admit of our entering into an examination of the tract itself which (of course) admits of no abridgment: and we shall content ourselves, on the present occasion, as on the last, with presenting to our readers Mr. Scott's introductory observations.

'Anthony a-Wood has given us the following account of the gallant author of this tract:—'Roger Williams, son of Thomas Williams of Penrose, in Monmouthshire, by Eleanor his wife, daughter of Sir William Vaughan, knight, was born in that county, of a family rather ancient than wealthy, and being from his childhood more given to military than scholastical matters, yet for form's sake he was sent to the university; but to what house therein, unless to Brazennose, whereof one of both these names, and a Welshman, was a student in 1554, I know not. Soon after he left Oxford, he became a soldier of fortune under the duke of Alva, ran through all the degrees of military offices, was a colonel in the French and Belgic wars, and might have been sided with the best of those times, if his discretion could have but well tempered his hot furious valour, which was the reason that Queen Elizabeth would not commit any place or employment of great trust to his care. In 1586, he had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him, was then beloved of all his soldiers, and so much noted for his martial prowess, that he went beyond the commendation of the panegyric.

'Sir Roger Williams gave many distinguished marks of his courage during the wars of France and the Low Countries. In 1581, when Captain Thomas, an officer in the Spanish service, challenged General Morris to single combat, Williams, then his lieutenant, accepted the defiance in room of the general, who could not do so by the law of arms. After a trial of skill, in front of both the armies, the champions, like Hector and Ajax, parted friends, without a wound on either side, and after they had drank a hearty cup together. In 1586, our military annalist was engaged on a much more desperate service, having, while the prince of Parma's army was besieging Venloo, undertaken the daring exploit of breaking through

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the enemy's camp at midnight. His companion in command was Skenk, a Friesiander. They cut their way to the prince's own tent, in the centre of the encampment; but, being out-numbered, were compelled to retreat, though with high commendation of their courage. In 1591, Sir R. Williams had the honour to serve with General Morris, in the auxiliary army sent by Elizabeth to aid Henry IV. against the Leaguers, and received high praise from that monarch, for the spirit with which he behaved on several occasions, especially at the battle of Yvecourt. But his conduct was not always so unquestionable as his valour, and more than once occasioned such havoc among his followers, as to draw down the censure of Queen Elizabeth, an œconomist as well of lives as of money.

'Sir Roger Williams's death is thus mentioned by Camden: 'The very same month (Dec. 1595.) died Sir Roger Williams, knight, a Welsh gentleman of the family of Penrose, Monmouthshire: He first tried his fortune in the army under the duke of Alva; and afterwards, having obtained a full and complete experience of the arts and discipline of war, he was perhaps no way inferior to the best soldiers of that age, could he have put bounds to his courage, which ran away with his conduct and discretion. It was undoubtedly by a singular excellence in him, that he was capable, upon the bare stock of experience, without the least stock of learning or education, of writing a most exquisite and judicious history of the Low Country wars, in which he was an actor, and of maintaining, as he did, in an admirable book on that subject, the art of fighting, as it is now practised, against that which was in former ages, to the great mortification of the antiquated admirers of bows and arrows. The Earl of Essex attended at his funeral, which was solemnized at St. Paul's, besides as many officers of the army as were then in town.

'No apology is necessary for the insertion of this scarce piece among the Somers' tracts. It is not only a curious record of important events, by an eye-witness and actor, but claims peculiar authority from the blunt manly style in which the old warrior details, not his successes only, but the blunders, discomfitures, and even panics, with which his warfare was chequered. There is also a humorous simplicity, with which he frequently acknowledges that his own opinion leaned to the worse, or more imprudent counsel. In short, these commentaries present a singular picture of the man, the war, and the age.'

All this, and yet more, is justly due to the tract before us, which is one of the most natural, unaffected, and interesting memoirs of the time that we have ever read, its only fault being that it breaks off abruptly while the reader is enjoying the full spirit of the narrative. It concludes with the overthrow of the Spanish fleet sent to relieve Middleburgh, soon after the appointment of Requesens to the government of the Low Countries, in which engagement it appears that Sir

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Roger Williams himself was present on board the Spanish admiral. The character of 'a soldier of fortune,' is hardly known in these days, when it seems a little singular that a brave English captain after serving on the side of the patriots for a considerable time with no little glory, should appear at a subsequent period enlisted in the cause of the Spaniards. But, as he says, he happened to be travelling, 'and was loath to return to England without seeing something;' besides which, 'in those days there was no dispute betwixt her majestie and the Spanish king, *to his knowledge*. A soldier of fortune was, like the Italian Condottieri, ready to draw his sword in any cause, *for the sake of practice*; and he was more than honourable, who withheld himself from employing it in direct opposition to his natural government.

Mr. Scott's notes and illustrations are many of them very useful, and most of them entertaining; nor in general can fault be found with him on the score of authority. But he is sometimes unaccountably careless and inattentive, probably from the multitude of labours in which he is always immersed. For instance, speaking of 'John Vowell, *alias* Hooker, of Exeter,' author of a tract entitled 'the olde and auncient order of keeping of the Parliament in England,' (which being extracted from Holinshed's Chronicles might, for the reason we before assigned with respect to another piece from the same source, have been with great propriety omitted in the present collection), he says,

'Hooker translated Girald Barry's History of the Conquest of Ireland, and was hence enabled to add to Holinshed's labours, 'the Supply of the Irish chronicle, continued from the death of Henry VIII. 1546, until the year 1586.'

Now is it possible that Mr. Scott does not know Girald Barry, and Giraldus Cambrensis to be the same person, or not know that Giraldus Cambrensis was a contemporary of Henry *the second*, and consequently that no writings of his could have enabled Mr. Vowell Hooker to compile a history of transactions subsequent to Henry *the eighth*? The truth is that four distinct tracts are comprised in the Irish part of Holinshed's Chronicles. 1. The history of the conquest of Ireland, by Giraldus Cambrensis, translated by Hooker.—2. 'The processe of Irish affaires (beginning where Giraldus Cambrensis did end,)' by Philip Flatsbury, down to 1370, and by Henry of Marlborough, down to 1501.'—3. 'A continuation of the Chronicles,' comprising the reign of Henry the eighth, by Stanihurst.—4. '*The Supply of the Irish Chronicle*,' from the death of Henry the

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eighth, to 28 Eliz: *by John Vowell, alias Hooker, of the city of Exeter, Gentleman.*

In one very essential, though not very dignified, branch of editorial duty, Mr. Scott has laid himself open, we think, to just and severe censure. So far from being at the pains to amend those numerous and gross errors of the press which already disfigured the collection, he has suffered them to remain untouched, and, we suspect, has not guarded against the occurrence of many more to be added to the number of the former. This is too bad, and not justifiable nor excusable upon any pretext of *reverence for antiquity* or *unwillingness to alter the ancient text*, the usual pleas for editorial idleness. The orthography of words an editor is perhaps bound not to meddle with—but we are not complaining of this.

We certainly do not object to Mr. Scott, 'as a personal disqualification for his present task,' that 'his name has been prefixed to works of a lighter and more popular nature.' This is an idea which we are convinced he has no need to deprecate in any well-informed or unprejudiced man. But if he makes use of his poetical fame as an excuse for hanging over serious business with less attention than is usually required of a dealer in simple prose, we must beg leave to say that we shall always treat, as two distinct personages, the author of Marmion, and the editor of Somers' tracts.

ART. V.—*Annals of Great Britain; from the Ascension of George III. to the Peace of Amiens. In three Volumes. pp.* 1409. 1*l.* 7*s.* Ostell. 1807.

AN accurate, circumstantial, and impartial history of the present reign can hardly be expected for fifty years to come. When the several actors in the scene have gone to their 'long home,' when the different factions which have aspired to the government have ceased, and the passions which they have excited are extinct, then may we expect that the whole truth will be spoken; that events will be referred to their true causes; that the characters of men will be justly appreciated, and that praise or censure will be equitably bestowed. Many secret memoirs, which will throw considerable light on the most important transactions, are yet deposited in the port-folios of the various actors in the political scene, not to be produced till the writers are dead, or till the court to which they relate, is peopled with new occupants.

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The histories of the present reign which have yet appeared, are little more than an epitome of what has been previously detailed in the newspapers. These 'Annals of Great Britain,' do not appear in general to have been compiled from more authentic sources of information; but the execution seems to be the work of an able and impartial mind. This is more than we can say of many similar productions.

Those who are fond of tracing events to their remote causes, have deduced many of the transactions of the present reign from the education which his majesty received when prince of Wales. That education is said to have been such as to attach his majesty to a certain set of men, and a certain set of principles for which he has ever since retained his original predilection.

'Frederic, the former prince of Wales, had unfortunately been at variance with the ministers and politics of his father, during the whole course of the late reign: in consequence, however, of the coalition of the whigs, after Sir Robert Walpole's resignation, the prince was thrown out of their interest into that of the tories. It became, therefore, a struggle between those opposing parties, when George, prince of Wales, succeeded to the title of his father, under the influence of which the heir apparent should be educated. Upon the death of prince Frederic, that charge had been intrusted to lord Harcourt, as governor, and to the bishop of Norwich, as preceptor. Two gentlemen, Mr. Stone, brother of the primate of that name, and Mr. Scott, were recommended as sub-governor and preceptor.

'While the prince continued under the tuition of these gentlemen, at Leicester house, a party was said to have been secretly formed, of which the names and history are but obscurely known, and of which, either from want of authority to establish the proofs of its influence, or from delicacy in making free mention of persons related to the reigning sovereign, much and curious information is yet required. The princess dowager was supposed to be connected with this mysterious cabal. Lord Bute, a nobleman of great assiduity and accomplishments, who had been lord of the bed-chamber to the late prince, held undoubtedly a high place in the princess's favour: he was evidently preferred to the less courteous bishop of Norwich, and to the proud and unaccommodating lord Harcourt. These men complained of their declining influence at Leicester house, and predicted disastrous consequences to the nation from the books, the principles, the persons, and the conversation, by which the mind of the heir apparent was exposed to be biassed. It was to the duke of Newcastle that his lordship and the bishop directed their first complaints of this noxious influence at Leicester house, hoping that the Pelhams, as one of the greatest whig families in the kingdom, would assist them in repelling it. The Pelhams, however, did not at first interfere. But the duke of Bedford, after the bishop's and his

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lordship's resignation of their respective trusts, attacked, in public debate, those persons by whom the lurking principles of arbitrary government were said to be infused into the prince's mind.

'Mr. Stone, the sub-governor, and Mr. Murray, afterwards lord Mansfield, of principles and politics perfectly congenial with Stone, were the persons charged in the duke's motion with being jacobites, and with inculcating jacobitical doctrines. Scott, the sub-preceptor, and Cresset, the princess dowager's secretary, shared in the same imputation. But the motion being over-ruled by the opposition of the Pelhams, who in this affair were said to be blind to the rise of that secret influence which they and other whigs had afterwards so much cause to lament, all was settled to the satisfaction of the party of Leicester house, and lord Waldegrave and the bishop of Peterborough succeeded to lord Harcourt and his colleague. Stone, Murray, and lord Bute, though not ostensibly, were confidentially in union. Lord Bath, and other supple statesmen, were admitted by the last into that inner cabinet, which, in process of time, was accused of over-ruling the measures of the nation; for lord Bute was known to coincide with lord Bath in this political opinion, 'that official men were the servants of the executive power, and not that power itself.'

'Three years afterwards, the duke of Newcastle was known to regret his former supineness, in neglecting the rising influence of the party at Leicester house. Both the duke and lord chancellor Hardwicke avowed that *their wish was now to get possession of the prince.* As if awakened from a fatal lethargy, they found themselves duped by the very men * who owed their places at Leicester house to the Pelham family's recommendation. But although they invited his royal highness to change his residence, offering him a suite of apartments at St. James's and Kensington palaces, their caution was too late to remove the established intimacy and confidence of a tory favourite. The blossom was off, and the fruit was set.'

The total change of men, and of measures, which took place at the commencement of the present reign, is at least a proof that the political principles and views of the new monarch, were different from those of his predecessor. One of the first acts of our present gracious sovereign was the dismission of Mr. Legge the friend of Mr. Pitt, from the office of chancellor of the exchequer, and the appointment of lord Bute to the secretaryship of state, which was resigned by lord Holdernesse. Mr. Pitt, and lord Temple relinquished their seats in the cabinet on the 9th of October 1761. Mr. Pitt soon lowered the sublimity of his character in public estimation, by accepting a pension and a title. The office which had been held by Mr. Pitt was transferred

* Stone and Scott.

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to the earl of Egremont, a man of more pliancy than his predecessor. Lord Bute is said industriously to have infused into the royal mind, an opinion that a king of this country might rule the nation by whatever minister he chose, without the support either of the leading aristocracy, or of the people. Those who contemplate the characters of the different administrations which have been appointed during the present reign, have thought that this sentiment has, ever since the year 1760, been the favourite principle. For, during a period of near fifty years, we shall find that those administrations have always been of the longest duration, and most favoured by the smiles of the court, which have been, at the same time, obnoxious to the most antient and respectable families and to the great body of the people. But those administrations which have been decidedly supported by the popular voice, and of which some of the great families, to whose ancestors the house of Hanover is indebted for the throne, have formed a part, are supposed to have obtained a very unwelcome admission into the cabinet; and the first favourable opportunity is thought to have been cheerfully embraced for their expulsion.

Hence, as the men and the measures of the great majority of the different administrations during the last half century have been adverse both to the sentiments of the antient aristocracy and of the people; a substitute has most diligently been sought for this natural support, in the extension of INFLUENCE. This influence has indeed been so prodigiously increased, and by such a complicated variety of means been so diffused through all the nerves, veins, and arteries of the state, that the very life of the body politic, is supposed to be identified with the continuance. But at length we seem to have arrived at this perilous alternative, when the state must either put an end to this influence, or when this influence will put an end to the state.

In 1762, lord Bute became not only the actual, but the ostensible prime minister by the resignation of the duke of Newcastle, who found himself only a cypher in the cabinet.

'A pension was offered to the aged duke; he replied that since his services were no longer useful to the state, he was determined never to be a burthen to it.'

Lord Bute in vain endeavoured to exemplify his own counsels to the sovereign, and to prove that a minister, who possesses the favour of the crown, may despise that of the people. That influence which has since formed an efficient shield for any administration, however incapable, had not then been so widely extended, nor so firmly established as

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it has been in later times. In 1768, 'to the astonishment of all, the earl of Bute suddenly resigned his place of first lord of the treasury, and retired from public business.' The real reason of this retirement has not yet been satisfactorily explained; and perhaps the secret motive has not yet been divulged. If the cause which has been assigned by Mr. Adolphus, in his history of this reign, be true, the resignation of this nobleman, who still possessed the favour of his sovereign, must have been occasioned by some consciousness of the latent hostility of his colleagues in the cabinet, and the dread of being abandoned by treachery to the popular resentment.

The honourable George Grenville succeeded to the office of lord Bute. It was during the administration of this gentleman that the question of general warrants was so warmly agitated, and that the impolitic attempt was made to tax America under the form of a stamp-act, which finally led to the total separation of the United States from the dominion of the mother country. The administration of Mr. G. Grenville was of short continuance. It had excited the resentment of lord Bute, who was at this time generally supposed to be the secret mover of the political machine. After this, several negociations were set on foot with Mr. Pitt and lord Temple, for the formation of a new ministry, but which had not at that time a favourable termination. His majesty at last gave full power to his uncle the duke of Cumberland to select what persons he chose as the members of the cabinet.

'The duke of Newcastle, the marquis of Rockingham, and their friends, thought it their duty to accept of his royal highness's invitation. The duke of Grafton and general Conway were made secretaries of state, the management of the house of commons being intrusted to the latter. Mr. Dowdeswell was named chancellor of the exchequer, and the earl of Hertford lord-lieutenant of Ireland. As the leading members of this cabinet were avowedly men of whig principles, the tide of popular favour was expected to flow in upon them. One of their first acts was to bestow a peerage upon the lord-chief-justice of the common pleas, a strenuous friend of liberty, who, to the general satisfaction of the nation, received that dignity by the title of lord Camden. Unfortunately for the new ministry, the illustrious character to whom they owed their nomination continued but for a short time to aid them with his influence and advice. In less than four months after their appointment the duke of Cumberland was cut off by a sudden death. The country deplored his loss as a general misfortune; for in politics his royal highness was a firm supporter of those pure principles upon which his family had ascended the throne. His patriotism was sincere. In military fame he was one of those commanders to whose abilities fortune seemed not

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to have done justice, having seldom favoured him with victory; yet among judges of military merit, he was held in high esteem, his talents having been conspicuous in many instances, where he had to combat with superior numbers, and to save himself in disastrous circumstances.'

The marquis of Rockingham and his associates, who appear to have been men of the best intentions, had recourse to a plan for conciliating America; but which, unhappily, was only a *half-measure*, and like most *half measures* entirely failed of its end. It left more ill-will remaining than it appeased; and it added the feeling of contempt to that of resentment. It was proposed to withdraw the tax but to retain the principle: to assert the right, but, for the present, to abandon the exercise. In the inflamed and irritable state of the colonies nothing could be more unwise. This indecisive proceeding excited the severe animadversion of Mr. Pitt. We shall quote a part of his speech on the occasion, because it includes a prediction relative to a certain decayed part of the constitution, which is not even yet unlikely to be realized.

'The distinction between taxation and legislation is essentially necessary to liberty. The crown and the peers are equally legislative powers with the commons. If taxation be a part of simple legislation, the peers have rights in taxation as well as yourselves; rights which they will claim, which they will exercise, whenever the principle can be supported by power. There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in the house. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here. Is he represented by a knight of the shire in any country in this kingdom? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number. Or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough; of a borough which, perhaps, its own representatives never saw? This is what is called the rotten part of the constitution. It cannot continue a century. If it does not drop it must be amputated. The idea of a virtual representation of America in this, is the most contemptible idea that ever entered into the head of any man; it does not deserve a serious refutation.'

The whig ministry of lord Rockingham, though composed of many most respectable characters, was of short duration. The repeal of the stamp-act is said to have been particularly disagreeable to the sovereign and the faction which was headed by lord Bute.

'The dissolution of lord Rockingham's ministry was begun by the defection of its own principal members. Mr. Conway coinciding with Mr. Pitt in his views respecting American politics, joined him with all his influence. The duke of Grafton resigned his office

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of state-secretary, on finding Mr. Pitt's assistance positively refused to the support of the party. His attachment to the great commoner he avowed publickly in the house of lords, declaring that 'he had no objection to the persons or the measures of the ministers he had recently acted with, but that he thought they wanted strength and efficiency to command success. He knew but one man who could give them that strength and solidity, (meaning Mr. Pitt); that under him he should be willing to serve in any capacity, not only as a general officer, but as a pioneer, and would take up a spade and a mattock.' The prospect of a new administration deterred even the candidates for public employments from accepting them in the present crisis, for fear of being speedily dismissed from the falling ministry, and excluded from a share in that which was to rise on its ruins. Of this number were, lord Egremont, who refused the seals resigned by the duke of Grafton, and lord Hardwicke, who, on their being next offered to him, alike declined them.

'In consequence of lord Northington's negociation, Mr. Pitt was introduced to the king at Richmond. His majesty's expression was, that he put himself entirely into his hands. After a conference with the chancellor, and some arrangements with his faithful friend general Conway, the intended minister invited his brother lord Temple to see him at North end, Hampstead, as his health would not permit him to come to town. His lordship went, and Mr. Pitt acquainted him, that his majesty had been graciously pleased to send for him to form an administration; and as he thought his lordship indispensable, he had desired his majesty to send for him, and put him at the head of the treasury, and that he himself would take the post of privy seal. He then produced a list of persons whose entrance into office he said was necessary, and not to be altered. Lord Temple replied, that he had indeed had the honour of waiting on his majesty, but had not understood that Mr. Pitt was to be *absolute master;* if he had, he should not have given himself the trouble of the present visit. Having the prospect of his brother George Grenville's support in the intended cabinet, (although excluded from all enjoyment of office), and deeming an union of opposing interests the best basis that could be laid for a powerful system of administration, he remonstrated against Mr. Pitt's assuming superior dictation, and urged his claims to an entire equality with him in official rank, and the distribution of places. Mr. Pitt asked his lordship who were the persons whom he intended for cabinet employments? Lord Temple proposed lord Lyttleton for the privy seal. This office Mr. Pitt had already taken for himself. His lordship then mentioned the post of lord president. Mr. Pitt said, the presidency was engaged, but offered to give him a pension, which the other rejected. On the mention of a secretary of state, their opinions differed so widely (Mr. Pitt insisting on the continuance of General Conway in office, and the admittance of lord Shelburne, circumstances inconsistent with the reception of lord Gower to that office, which lord Temple proposed) that the conference ended without hope of renewal, and with reciprocal marks of displeasure between these

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illustrious brothers, whose political and private friendship had so long continued stedfast and sincere. Mr. Pitt having made choice of the office of privy seal for himself, was necessarily created a peer. General Conway was continued in his post of state-secretary; the management of the house of commons was given to Mr. Townshend; and lord Granby was put at the head of the army. Although popular throughout the bulk of the nation, from his high talents and approved integrity, Mr. Pitt was far from being beloved by many of his own principles in politics, owing to that unyielding haughtiness which conscious superiority gave to his language and manners. With a generous, yet an arrogant temper, (rendered irritable perhaps by the long continuance of sickness), he was unable to consummate by personal influence that command over the public mind which his genius procured to him. His offers in forming a new cabinet, to those whom he wished to partake of his employments, were conveyed in such proud terms as seemed to provoke, though unintentionally, the necessity of a refusal. He waited upon lord Rockingham, with a view to coalesce all the whigs capable of being admitted into office; but his lordship was not to be reconciled, and refused to see his visitor although at home.'

In this administration, which was formed by Mr. Pitt, who was now called up to the house of peers, under the title of lord Chatham, the duke of Grafton was made first lord of the treasury, lord Camden lord chancellor, C. Townshend chancellor of the exchequer. The popularity which lord Chatham still retained was only a small remnant of what he enjoyed in his first administration. Few men ever possessed more influence on the public mind than he did in the progress of his parliamentary career, and as he was originally a commoner without great or splendid connections, he was indebted for the authority which he acquired almost solely to the exalted opinion which was entertained of his talents and integrity. The administration, which he had contributed to form in 1766, experienced a powerful opposition, and various expedients were employed to give it solidity and strength. But it appears to have been formed of materials which could not well be brought to cohere; and after several partial changes, it may be said to have been finally dissolved in 1770; when lord North was made first lord of the treasury in the place of the duke of Grafton.—The violent and animated discussions which occurred respecting the Middlesex election, and the unconstitutional proceedings of the House of Commons, in the case of Mr. Wilkes, contributed not a little to the downfall of the ministry. The following remarks of the author on the persecution of Mr. Wilkes evince good sense and moderation.

'Mr. Wilkes's popularity was founded on persecution, and it

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consequently gained ground by every harsh and hostile measure of government. Had they suffered him quietly to take his seat in parliament, his opposition in that place, having no mobs nor public animosity to support it, would have sunk into insignificance; but by taking him into custody, after his election, they instituted a contest between the king and his subjects, highly unfortunate for the popularity of a sovereign. It counteracted the natural affection which Englishmen bear to their common head, by the jealousy which it was impossible they should not feel at seeing their dearest rights in danger of invasion. In spite of all Mr. Wilkes's profligacy, and admitting that his talents were over-rated by his friends and supporters, as well as by the very importance attached to them through the false zeal of government, the agitation of several questions connected with his cause was favourable to the spirit of liberty, calling forth resistance to illegal stretches of power, which, it is to be hoped, that Englishmen will never behold without indignation.'

In the year 1770 the livery of London remonstrated against the decision of the House of Commons, in the case of the Middlesex election, with a freedom and spirit which have not often been employed in addressing the sovereign. They

'affirmed, that parliament, in overthrowing the elective rights of the subject, in a recent instance, had assumed a power more illegal and ruinous than the levying of ship money by Charles I. or the dispensing power exercised by James II. In a strain of exaggeration that even exceeded this assertion, they declared, that having forfeited authority, by an over exertion of it, the house of commons had ceased to be the representatives of the people. In conclusion, they prayed for a speedy dissolution of parliament, and the removal of the king's evil ministers from his councils. An audience being granted, to receive this remonstrance, which was attended by the lord mayor and a numerous deputation from the common hall, the common serjeant was overcome by the presence of the royal personage, to whom its contents appeared so disrespectful, and could not read it out; but the common clerk, without embarrassment, relieved him from that duty. The king returned for answer, that although ever ready to hearken to all the grievances of his people, he could not hear the present petition without painful regret that his subjects should address him in terms so unconstitutional: that it was his aim and resolution, in government, to abstain from all violation of those powers of the constitution which had been reposed in other hands; and that it was only by adhering to such a principle of conduct that he could hope for a steady and affectionate loyalty from his people.'

When Lord Chatham in a subsequent debate in the house had adverted to this remonstrance of the livery, whom he mentioned with great respect, he perceived a sneer upon some faces among the peers.

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'Let me tell you,' said he, 'my lords, though I have the honour to sit in this house, as a peer of the realm, coinciding with these honest citizens in opinion, I am proud of the honour of associating my name with theirs; and let me tell the noblest of you all, it would be an honour to you. The livery of London, my lords, were respectable long before the reformation. The lord mayor of London was a principal among the twenty-five barons who received magna charta from king John; and they have ever since been considered to have a principal weight in all the affairs of government. How have these respectable men been treated. They have been sent away sore afflicted from his majesty's presence, and reprimanded for pursuing their lawful rights.'

'Soon after the rising of parliament, a third address was presented to the king by the city of London, in which they lamented the heavy displeasure of his majesty, under which they had fallen by a free expression of their sentiments in a late petition and remonstrance, and renewing their prayer for the dissolution of the present parliament. His majesty's answer was, that he should have been wanting to the public, as to himself, if he had not expressed his dissatisfaction at their late address: that he should ill deserve to be considered the father of his people could he suffer himself to be prevailed upon to make such an use of his prerogative as was inconsistent with the interests, and dangerous to the constitution of the kingdom. The lord mayor, Beckford, a man of undaunted spirit, demanded leave to answer the king. In the momentary confusion which this demand occasioned, permission was granted; and with great presence of mind and fluency of language he delivered an address, concluding with the following words:—'Permit me, sire, farther to observe, that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, by false insinuations and suggestions, to alienate your majesty's affections from your loyal subjects, in general, is an enemy to your majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution.'

The reflections which the author makes on a petition which was presented to the House of Commons in 1772, signed by about two hundred and fifty clergymen of the church of England, and by various other respectable individuals, praying for a relief from subscription to the thirty-nine articles, are highly judicious, and evince a reflecting and enlightened mind.

'Sir William Merdith proposed, and Mr. Thomas Pitt seconded, the motion; it was ably supported by Wedderburn, sir George Saville, Dunning, Sawbridge, and other distinguished speakers in the minority. Among its opposers, although upon different grounds, were Burke, lord North, and Mr. Fox. The movers of the bill said, that a happy opportunity was now offered of opening a door for the dissenters, through which, it was probable, that most of

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them would enter, and be received into the bosom of the church. The high-churchmen expressed alarm at this proposal, as tending to subvert the very foundation of established religion. They denied that parliament, in all their legislative authority, or the king, compatibly with his coronation oath, could anywise alter the articles of the national faith. As a personal argument against the petitioners, it was alleged, that subscription being a voluntary act, they were not entitled to complain of violence being offered to their consciences; their benefices had not been forced upon them, and they were ever at liberty to resign, to tranquillize their scruples, should any supervene. There is a wretched spirit of intolerance, and a fallacy, in this mode of arguing, which deserve to be noticed. All political evils might be glossed over with the same apology; since, even in despotic countries, the power is often left to the miserable inhabitants, of creeping out of their native place to seek refuge elsewhere; it is left to them to creep out of existence itself, if they find it intolerable; but does this alleviate or sanction the injustice under which they groan? When applied to the clergy, this principle is cruel, no less than grossly impolitic. The church being erected into an incorporate monopoly, whose charter is a creed, the meaning of which even its preachers can scarcely explain, far less reconcile its contradictions; the honest friend of religion is either precluded from entering into it at all, or should he have embraced it in early years, is placed between the cruel alternatives of incurring beggary, or propagating error. The hypocrite, on the other hand, who can disguise his opinions, and the sot who has no opinion at all, remain as the candidates for honour and promotion. For, in the common affairs of life, two men cannot be found whose thoughts, if they think at all, have not some characteristic difference. In religious speculations, there must be at least an equal variety of belief; and whosoever frames a specific creed for men to subscribe, must either trepan their consciences or their understandings, most generally the former. Of all the thousand individuals who sign the thirty-nine articles, is it credible that a hundredth part believe every article of what they sign? if one grain of allowance be made for mental reservation, it is perjury in the clearest sense, whatever gloss may be thrown over it by use and accommodation. The members of opposition, as well as those of administration, were divided upon this question. It was negatived, however, by a great majority.'

Lord North, who had carried his measures by large and decided majorities since the commencement of the American war, was twice left in a minority in the session of 1780; once on the 6th of April in that year, when the ever memorable resolution was passed, that the 'influence of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished.' If, at this important juncture, an illness of the speaker had not happened, which caused an unusual recess, and gave the minister time to practise the arts of corruption on the deserters from his banners, it is probable that this vote would

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have been followed with many practical reforms, suited to the spirit in which the noble resolution was conceived. But how trivial are the circumstances which often frustrate the wisest plans!

The riots in the following June, served to strengthen the hands of the government; and lord North took advantage of the sudden effervescence of something like courtly feeling to dissolve the parliament. But the new parliament did not prove so obsequious to the court as was expected; and on the 20th of March 1782, lord North declared that his ministry was at an end.

'During the adjournment of parliament, a new administration was formed, on as broad a basis as the nature of things would admit, and included the most distinguished personages among the two great parties who divided the whig interest: the Rockingham party, which borrowed its name from the auspices of that amiable nobleman, and its vigour and popularity from the talents of Fox; and that other party, which, since the death of Chatham, had been accustomed to regard lord Shelburne as their political leader. The marquis of Rockingham was appointed first lord of the treasury, the earl of Shelburne and Mr. Fox secretaries of state, lord Camden president of the council, the duke of Grafton privy seal, lord John Cavendish chancellor of the exchequer, admiral (now created lord) Keppel first commissioner of the admiralty, general Conway commander in chief of the forces. The duke of Richmond was made master-general of the ordnance, lord Thurlow was continued lord high chancellor, Mr. Dunning was created baron Ashburton, and appointed chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. The public measures for which the whig administration stipulated were said to be, peace with America; a reform in the expenditure, on Mr. Burke's plan; the diminution of the influence of the crown, by the exclusion of contractors from the legislature, and of revenue officers from the power of voting at elections.'

This administration was of short continuance; but the good which they did during the short time in which they were in office, and the greater good which their wisdom and patriotism projected, and which they certainly would have carried into effect if opportunity had been afforded, must for ever cause us to regret their early dismission from power. This dismission was accelerated by the premature death of the marquis of Rockingham, who formed the centre of union among the whigs. Lord Shelburne was now made first lord of the treasury; and Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan and other leaders of the Rockingham party resigned their official situations. The recognition of American independence was the ostensible reason of this division between the statesmen who had acted together under the banners

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of the marquis of Rockingham; but the real reason is probably to be found in the distrust which was entertained of the intentions of lord Shelburne. The administration of lord Shelburne possessed only a sort of ephemeral life, but it lasted long enough for the conclusion of a general peace. On the 21st of February 1783, the new minister was left in a minority in the house of commons, which induced him to abandon his post. This victory had been chiefly obtained by a coalition which had lately taken place between the party of lord North, and that of his great political opponent Mr. Fox. This ill-advised measure was the most disastrous event in the political life of Mr. Fox; and it teemed with the most pernicious consequences to himself and to his country. It blasted the blooming fame which his former conduct had acquired; it shook the confidence which was reposed in the sincerity of his patriotism; and finally it had a fatal influence on the general opinion which was entertained of the probity of public men. It lowered the political character in the general estimation, and, it unfortunately prepared the way for the almost universal contempt and distrust in which it is at present held.

A new administration was established on the 2d of April 1783, of which the following persons formed the cabinet council.

'The duke of Portland first commissioner of the treasury, lord North secretary of state for the home department, Mr. Fox secretary for the foreign department, lord John Cavendish chancellor of the exchequer: lord Keppel assumed the head of the admiralty, lord Stormont was made president of the council, the earl of Carlisle privy seal. The great seal was put into commission. Lord Townshend was appointed master of the ordnance, Mr. Burke paymaster-general, and Mr. Charles Townshend treasurer of the navy; Mr. Fitzpatrick was made secretary at war, Mr. Wallace attorney-general, and Mr. Lee solicitor-general. The earl of Northington succeeded as lord lieutenant of Ireland.'

The proposed India bill of Mr. Fox, which excited a violent ferment in the country, which was greatly increased by the general abhorrence of the late coalition, furnished the court with an opportunity to terminate the existence of his ministry. Mr. Pitt was appointed first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. For a short time the singular phenomenon was exhibited of a minister being in a minority, and yet holding his place in contempt of the decided resolution of a majority in parliament. But Mr. Pitt was supported on this occasion not only by his own talents, by the popularity which he seems to have re-

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ceived as a bequest from his father, by the credit which the public gave him for a larger stock of patriotism than he possessed, but by the odium which the coalition had cast on his great rival Mr. Fox.—Mr. Pitt presided at the helm till the beginning of 1801, when his place was supplied by Mr. Addington.

The administration of Mr. Pitt was the longest which has been seen in the present reign. Its effects will long be felt by those who pay taxes, but its real character will probably be more correctly appreciated by posterity than by the present generation. We have thus exhibited a concise view of the different administrations that preceded the peace of Amiens in 1801, where the present history ends. This is not the place to calculate how much the different administrations have added to the burthens of the people; but we may remark that the single ministry of Mr. Pitt made a greater addition to the national debt, than had been done by all his predecessors in office since the revolution. If this be merit, he had it in abundance; and if it be not inscribed upon his tomb, it will never cease to be recorded in the history of this country.

We have already said that these Annals are impartially executed. We will only add that in political candour and adherence to truth, as far as the writer could procure information, they are not exceeded by any similar publication.

ART. VI.—*Letters of the Swedish Court, written chiefly in the early Part of the Reign of Gustavus III. to which is added an Appendix, containing an Account of the Assassination of that Monarch. With some interesting Anecdotes of the Court of St. Petersburg, during the Visit of the Duke of Sudermania and the present King of Sweden to the Russian Capital.* 12mo. *pp.* 282. 6s. Cradock *and* Joy. 1809.

THE editor of these Letters does not inform us by what means they came into his hands; and therefore the only proof which we have of their being genuine is his assertion, and that which is furnished by the internal evidence. To the assertion of an anonymous individual, unless corroborated by circumstances, but little attention would be due; but it remains to be seen whether the letters themselves carry with them such internal marks of authenticity as ought to command our assent.—Taking these letters at present, as they are said to be, for genuine compositions of the parties, we shall proceed to give a sketch of their contents.

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Letter I. is from Sophia Magdalena, of Denmark who was married to the prince royal of Sweden afterwards Gustavus III. It is addressed, as many of the other letters are, to her sister princess Wilhelmina Carolina. It describes her first reception at the Swedish court.—The sensitive modesty, and trembling delicacy which are depicted in this letter, serve at the outset, to interest us much in favour of the writer. The mother of the prince royal, who was averse from the match, and who dreaded either the presence of a rival in the administration, or the loss of her influence in the state, received the timid stranger with a coldness, suspicion, and reserve, which depressed her spirits, and increased her embarrassment. —She thus describes her first introduction to the prince:

'I was soon after presented to the amiable prince; but what a difference! he approached me with the most attractive, yet respectful and gracious sweetness of address. I fear I did not receive him as I ought to have done; my foolish bashfulness, encreased by what had just passed, rendered me cold and aukward; I believe I involuntarily turned my head when the prince first approached me; I thought, when I could look up, he appeared chagrined and surprized. His mother just then cast upon him one of her expressive looks.'

Letter II. is from the same, in which she depicts the prince in very favourable colours; but thinks him ceremonious and reserved, which she ascribes to the malign influence of his mother, or to her own want of attractions.—Letter III. contains some characteristic traits of the duke of Sudermania. Letter IV. exhibits the very amiable character of the Countess Fersen, who was appointed one of the household of the princess royal.—Letter V. is from the Countess Fersen to her daughter the Countess Hoepken, who had been married to a very vicious character, from whom she was separated. Some of the sentiments in this letter are sensible, pious, and impressive.

'Be not discouraged, my child; there is no trial to which a Christian is not equal, when he trusts not in his own strength alone, but daily looks up for support and aid to a higher power, *and throws himself not in the way of temptations.*'

'Peculiarly situated as you now are, my love, it is impossible for you to adopt a too delicate circumspection. This caution is, I know unnecessary; but the anxious thoughts of a mother embrace every possible exigency. Do not at present, extend your visits beyond your uncle's house; nor exhibit your striking figure in any place of public amusement. A woman's ultimate happiness

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depends not only upon her intrinsic purity; but upon the unsullied whiteness of her fame; of which, there should never be a question. In this respect, how great a difference has custom made between the sexes!'

Letter VI. is written by Sophia Magdalena, now princess royal of Sweden, and contains some good reflections on the trials of affliction, and the uses of adversity. Letter VII. describes the three daughters of the Countess Fersen, who went by the name of the three graces. In Letters VIII. and IX. Sophia Magdalena gives an account of the benevolent and enlightened Count Scheffer, who had once occupied the important post of governor to the prince royal.—In Letters X. XI. and XII. Sophia Magdalena now become queen of Sweden, furnishes some details respecting the revolution, which Gustavus III. soon after the death of his father in 1771, effected in the constitution of that kingdom. This revolution abridged the power of the nobles, but on the whole was not unfavourable to the lower orders, and to the general interests of the kingdom. A widely diffused and powerful aristocracy is equally adverse to the liberties of the people, and to the independence of the sovereign. That monarch is most truly independent, whose throne is founded on the broad basis of popular freedom, which renders his power too strong, and his authority too general to be shaken by the intrigues or the discontent of particular individuals, however elevated by station or aggrandized by wealth. The king of Sweden did not sufficiently regard this truth; or when he had the opportunity, he would have made larger additions to the liberty of his subjects, and thus have increased the stability of his throne, and probably have prevented his own assassination; and, by limiting the power of his successor, have prevented the fatal necessity which occasioned his recent dethronement.

Letter XIII. is from Count Scheffer who was with the king in Finland, to Countess Fersen, in which he begins to develope the cause of the coldness and reserve which had for some time subsisted between Gustavus and his consort. It seems that the letters of Sophia Magdalena had been copied before they were sent to the king by one of her female attendants, who, either from her own malicious propensities, or from compliance with the insidious designs of the queen, had omitted every expression of esteem and love, and sent such epistles as were calculated to have a chilling influence on the sensations of her spouse. But the duchess of Sudermania, who suspected the machinations which were carrying on against the felicity and the confidence of the royal pair, contrived to have one of the queen's letters delivered to the

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king, without having previously passed through the hands of her confidential woman, the treacher, us Madame Hellenburgh. The style of this letter, so different in expression and in sentiment from those which the king had previously received, the tenderness, sensibility, and regard which it breathed, made a powerful impression on the mind and heart of the sovereign. When his majesty read the letter his emotions were so violent that he upset the small table, at which he was sitting

'with the chess-board, and king, queen, knights, bishops, and pawns came rattling about our heels. Amazed at the noise, and unconscious of the cause, the king looked for a moment angry—seeming to mistrust his eyes; he caught up one of the candles, extinguished it by his quick motion, and complaining there were no lights in the room, was proceeding to the next apartment: meeting young Rosenstein at the door, who was formerly page to the queen, he appeared touched at the sight of him, turned, and paced the chamber—accidentally catching a smile of surprize upon our faces, he looked very grave; then fixing his eyes again on the letter, with the most animated glow of delight, "I should be tempted to believe that the queen really loves me."—Young Rosenstein, encouraged by a gracious regard cast upon him at that moment, ventured to say, "did your majesty never know that before?"

'The king answered, with a serious look, that he had so many reasons to suppose otherwise, that he could never flatter himself that he was so happy as to possess her affection.

'If your majesty will permit me to proceed, I can, I trust, remove these unwelcome doubts. From my own observation, and from the confidential communication of a relation in constant attendance upon my gracious mistress, I will pledge my life to your majesty for her unceasing and tender affection.

'The king in his transport and surprize absolutely hugged the noble youth, and when he could speak, assured him of his never failing friendship and protection, tears running down his face—the feeling was catching and general—my amiable pupil, overpowered, retired hastily to his own apartment.

'After some time he as hastily called for writing apparatus, and not long after requested my attendance.

'There,' said he, as I entered, 'peruse that, my worthy friend, and tell me by what means the effusions of this heart have been so long kept from me?' The letter was delicately expressive of the most tender regard, carelessly written, and words occasionally scratched over. A thought struck me—'Is not this,' said I, 'the first epistle my prince has received in the queen's own hand.'—'Yes.'—'And have they not always been written out by her confidential woman—who never appeared to have a very complacent respect for her sovereign?'

'I have it,' said the king, rising and clapping his hand to his forehead;—'leave me, I must write—let a courier instantly prepare to depart.'

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We shall now quote Letter XIV. from the queen to the king, which occasioned the happy *dénouement*, which we have mentioned above.

'Ever tenderly anxious for the health and safety of my revered sovereign, I fear I did not cordially join in the praises that were bestowed upon him from every quarter, for voluntarily undertaking, at this severe and dreary season, the dangerous navigation to Finland, for the welfare of his kingdom, the object most near his heart. Alas! a sigh obtrudes! Why are not his glory and fame my just and most anxious desire? because that to be able occasionally to behold him, surrounded by his courtiers and friends (are they not synonymous terms?) dispensing his smiles and favours, each contending for a word or a glance, is more gratifying to my partial heart, more necessary to my happiness, than to *hear* only of his exalted patriotism. To catch a few broken sentences of his intelligent and brilliant discourse is more soothing to my ear, than the most laboured harangue on his virtues could be, in his absence. I attempt not to justify this weak and selfish sensation; but the harmony of his voice, the fire of his eye, give a grace to every sentence. When he is present, when I behold him, I fancy myself, for the moment, happy. My sickly imagination conjures up another source of anxious perturbation. My prince had not, since the memorable event in August, enjoyed his usual degree of good health. When I saw him at the court, I fancied a languor and debility hung over him; perhaps it was owing to the distance, but I thought his eyes had lost something of their usual lustre; their last glance as he quitted the apartment is still present to my mind. My fearful heart too readily anticipates all the possible bad consequences to a constitution, not too robust, of this northern voyage; dreads the fearless exposure of a life so justly dear to all Sweden. But I must endeavour to turn to the bright side of the picture. Have I not a billet from the sovereign of my heart, announcing his safe arrival, and requesting one in return? And am I not indebted to this dreaded absence for the opportunity of expressing, in faint terms, my admiration of his exalted virtues, my anxious feelings for his safety, which perhaps otherwise I had not enjoyed? Why could not my eyes say this, when last they met his! Alas! overpowered by a painful sense of their own insufficiency to please, they were suddenly cast on the ground. Could my prince have read in them the interior of this poor weak heart, he would have seen himself there reigning absolute sovereign, not mocked with the shadow of authority, as once among his natural subjects. But whither does my heart carry me, it means not to embarrass, by putting in a claim: it would submit in silent patience to its destiny. May a merciful providence watch over, and long preserve the most valuable of men. May a second courier ere long announce his continued health and welfare: and may he soon return, to bless, and grace that court, of which himself must ever be the brightest ornament.

'The lively duchess of Sudermania has rushed into my cabinet,

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saying the carrier has all his letters, and is impatient to depart. She is watching to draw this from me, insisting that she shall envelop and dispatch it.

Alas, I can scarcely subscribe,
'SOPHIA MAGDALENA.'

This letter is far from appearing to us one of the best in the collection; there are several very superior in sentiment and diction.

In Letter XV. the countess Fersen congratulates count Scheffer on the restoration of mutual confidence and affection tween the king and queen, and exhibits some further details respecting that joyful event.

The following, Letter XVI. is from Gustavus III. to his royal consort, in reply to that which we have extracted above.

'Do not my eyes deceive me?—are these sweet, these tender expressions of anxious solicitude from my queen—my wife? Am I awake?——I seem as one just roused from a long and comfortless dream to hopes of happiness, never before enjoyed. Where have I existed for ages? how remained ignorant of the real feelings of the lovely princess whom I have always admired? How blind, how dull must I be, not to have discerned in those tender modest eyes, that seemed to elude my earnest gaze, all those delicate, those charming sentiments which now fill my heart with rapture! Perhaps, I was too impatient, too eager in my hopes of a reciprocal tenderness—expected too much from a delicate plant just removed from the fostering care of tender relatives to a foreign conservatory.

'Warmly impressed with the innocent loveliness of her appearance, my heart instantly acknowledged itself her captive, and as warmly sought a return of those sentiments. I ought to have patiently waited till her tender mind, accustomed to the change of scene and situation, could have defined its feelings; perhaps, at last have expressed them; contented in the mean time with her modest and chastened smiles.

'But how is it that the letters of my fair princess have never before breathed these sentiments, so flattering, so consoling to my heart? Why have they been, may I say, cold and common place? so very unlike this first epistle, literally from her own hand. This, and a thousand questions, I die with impatience to have answered from her own mouth. Ah! why cannot I fly this instant—throw myself at her feet—implore her forgiveness, and receive the solution of this enigma!

'Nothing but imperious duty should detain me; smarting under this uncertain absence, I am ready to abjure the motives, right as I thought them, which have brought me so far from my capital. Impetuous fool! to forget that, but for this absence, you might have long remained ignorant of the sentiments of her you adore. Most gladly would I instantly fly, myself the second courier, to announce

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to my Magdalena the joy and health of her devoted. A tolerable article I think it would make in future chronicles—

" His majesty, after some years of coldness and and inattention to his fair queen (wretch that I am!) immediately on completing his voyage into Finland, on the most important affairs, returned with the speed of a courier, to throw himself at her majesty's feet, to receive her forgiveness, and to return with the same speed to the completion of the important matters scarcely commenced.

' As the possibility of this last movement is entirely out of the question, O! confirm to me, beloved princess, my vision of happiness so welcome, so earnestly sought, that I hardly dare flatter myself it is real. O! speedily forward to me another packet from the same loved hand, that I may be assured I am not self-deceived.

' The courier, who is in readiness to take this, has orders to give immediate notice for another to be ready instantly to forward my queen's dispatches; do not detain him, yet, send me not a short epistle. I can only patiently endure my exile by the continual passing of messengers. Excuse my impatience; pity my impetuosity. So great, so long lost a happiness, so unexpectedly found, almost overpowers me.

' Adieu, my beloved wife—a name more sweet to my feelings than any other title—princess—queen—empress. May that gracious being whom we mutually worship, in the same faith, cherish, and bring to a happy maturity this opening bud of joy——may we be permitted to pour out our hearts to each other; and to raise them in united devotion to the giver of all blessings, who deigns to bring good out of evil, and forsakes not his faithful servants. May he comfort and preserve my Magdalena till the anxiously wished for return of her adoring

' GUSTAVUS.'

Letters XVII. XVIII. and XIX. which pass between the king and queen, exhibit some further particulars respecting the cause of their unfortunate misunderstanding of each other's sentiments and affections. These letters pourtray a refined and elevated passion, and *supposing them genuine*, interest us in no small degree in favour not only of the queen but of her august spouse.—The character of the queen is resplendent with meekness, diffidence, modesty and those virtues which are the most attractive ornaments of the sex. Letter XX. is from the lively duchess of Sudermania to her husband, giving an account of the return of the king to Stockholm and of his first interview with the queen after the discovery of the plot to alienate their affections and destroy their reciprocal confidence.

In Letter XXI. the queen acquaints her sister of the unexpected event which had restored the conjugal bliss which she seemed to have lost. She at the same time mentions the

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jealousy and regret which the intelligence excited in the queen-mother.

'Court etiquette having rendered an interview with this lady indispensable, she took care to make it sufficiently chilling and painful. A haughty and forced condescension, marked her every look and movement.—One of her piercing regards seemed to say, 'would she had remained in retirement, unknown, unbeloved.' I felt myself tremble at the influence of it, as if I were blighted; she wills me no good; and may, I fear, if possible, still be the cause of sorrow to me. But am I not blameable thus to hunt for evils, and prophecy sorrows? My sovereign, who presented me in his most gracious manner; with, "I present to you, madam, a long lost daughter," was so chagrined at the kind of look and reception, that, for a moment, indignation heightened his colour, and flashed from his eyes:—respect, duty, prudence, smothered the rising emotion. We retired as soon as propriety would permit, and the king appeared grave and silent during the remainder of the day. The blighting look still rests upon my imagination, and chills my heart: it appeared reflected in the countenances of her surrounding courtiers; we seemed as in an enemy's country: secret dreads arise to disturb my peace. Still—let but my prince's esteem, and my *good name* remain to me; and I think I can bear any trials.'

Letter XXII. is from the queen to her sister, in which she delineates the character of the princess Sophia Albertina, the sister of the king. In Letter XXIII. the queen writes to her sister that an attempt had been made to blast her character, which had received countenance from the queen-mother, who had mentioned the report to some of her court.—She requests an interview with the king, which is very feelingly described.—His majesty remonstrates with the queen-mother, as the propagator if not the author of the calumny; and they part with mutual dissatisfaction.

'Alas! my Carolina!' says the amiable queen in the conclusion of Letter XXII. 'how very soon has my sun-rise of happiness been clouded by these dark storms! Is not our life a sort of alternation of joy and sorrow, that we may never be too much elated, nor too long depressed: and when we are a little raised above the common level in our hopes and expectations, may we not naturally look for something to lower us again to a sort of moderate happiness! a happiness not built upon the favour and countenance of frail unstable beings; but upon conscious rectitude and purity of heart; upon a hope that we are, in some degree, deserving of the favour and protection of a fixed and immovable object of our adoration.—One who cannot err, but who will allow for our errors?

'Dearest sister, pray for—pity—continue to love your

'S. M. R.'

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Letter XXIV. contains some farther particulars respecting the magnanimity of the king in the accomplishment of the revolution; and shews the gentle and benevolent disposition of the queen. Letter XXV. is from the Countess Fersen to one of her daughters, in which we meet with this charming character of the queen; and it would be well for mankind if queens in general harmonized with the delineation.

'Our young queen is the king's wife, and nothing else; the sweet companion of his cheerful and leisure hours; the solace of his care-worn and busy mind; the animating pattern of piety, harmony, peace, and gentleness of spirit. Confident of his entire capability to conduct the great machine, she meddles not in affairs of state; but reserves all her influence for the promotion and encrease of virtue and happiness.'

The following reflections, though trite, are yet so true, that they cannot be too often repeated for the interest of the domestic circle.

'If there is any one quality more useful and indeed necessary in daily intercourse than another, I think it is, quiet forbearance. A hasty resentment of petty offences, proceeding from pride and self consequence, perpetually disunites those who might long have been happy in mutual friendship and affection.'

In Letter XXVI. the queen who had recently been delivered of a son, gives this pleasing account of her newly experienced maternal sensibilities.

'After the anxieties, perturbations, and sufferings to which we are doomed the moment a mother first presses to her bosom her little cherub is—not to be conveyed by words. But still, this new joy is accompanied by so extreme an anxiety for the health and continuance of this little treasure, that the very passing idea of its being taken from us at any period, seems to rend the heart asunder. Every other attachment, friendship, love, partake in a degree of selfishness; there may be a return; it must be fed with kindness; but the feeling of a mother for her helpless babe is pure affection, and receives a perfectly disinterested addition, from the reflected delight of her second self. When I first saw my Gustavus take this darling into his arms, press it to his breast, and raise his eyes to heaven, it was nearly too much for me, weak as I then was; a faint sensation closed my eyes—the pressure of my husband's cool hand recalled my recollection.'

The following reflection is such as neither queens nor women in any of the inferior ranks of life often entertain; but we shall quote it, hoping that the elevated moral and parental feeling which it breathes, may find its way to some

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soft bosom, where it will be affectionately cherished and religiously observed.

'The delight of this choice gift is also accompanied with an awful sense of responsibility to its great giver. A human soul—an heir of immortality committed to our care, to nurture from the early dawn of reason, in the ways of holiness and virtue—to preserve, as far as possible, from the contagion of the world, and to raise its opening and tender faculties to the worship and service of its great Creator. Were this aweful sense deeply impressed upon the minds of mothers in general, there could not be so many as there are solely occupied in the pursuit of trifling pleasures abroad, when the purest heartfelt joy remains for them at home, in the culture and tender care of those little innocents, the confidence and approving smiles of the partner of their heart.'

Letter XXVII. relates the death of Count Scheffer, one of the few politicians who *made humanity his principal care.*

In Letter XXVIII. the queen gives a very affecting account of the last illness and death of the queen dowager. The king visited his mother before her death, when she seemed to reflect with regret on the inquietude which she had occasioned to him and his amiable consort. Their little child was introduced to the dying queen, and received her affectionate benediction.—Sophia Magdalena, who seems to have been maligned, and calumniated by her mother-in-law, retained not only no resentment, but was melted with sensations of sympathy and kindness towards her expiring fellow-creature.—Her feelings on this occasion are, we believe, such as naturally arise in that bosom in which, if transient ill-will is felt, no malice is ever suffered to abide.

'At such a moment how does every feeling vanish, but those of tenderness and regret: how trifling appear all those circumstances which once caused us emotion and offence!

'Could we occasionally anticipate this possibly affecting catastrophe in regard to those we love, how readily should we pass over many little causes of irritation, and dwell only on their virtues and engaging qualities: but the idea of losing those we dote on is so distressing, that we cannot dwell upon it sufficiently to extract this lesson from it. Who that has lost a beloved friend can ever persuade himself that he has shown towards that friend sufficient tenderness, forbearance, and affection? No one of sensibility. Frequent reflection upon this would probably tend to lower our irascible, and quicken our tender feelings; to soften our sense of the failings of our dearest friends, and brighten every good quality. Bitter indeed must be the remorse of those, who, by harshness or unkindness, have in any degree detracted from the peace of mind, or comfort, of those to whom they were nearly allied, and who are

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now taken from them: since, even under an anxious discharge of its duties, guided by a tender affection, the feeling mind can never remain satisfied with itself when deprived of the power still to solace and comfort. Would we, my Carolina, wish to secure the peace of our last hours in this world, and to brighten our hopes of a better, we should daily and hourly endeavour to practise that mild forbearance and forgiveness to one another, upon which alone we can found our hopes of obtaining for our numerous offences, the forgiveness of our Father which is in heaven.'

Here the letters end; no dates are given, but the period of time included is said to be from 1768 to 1779. The question which now arises is, are they genuine? or have they been invented to serve a *particular purpose*, by delineating the connubial infelicity of a certain elevated personage; and by inviting another elevated personage to contemplate the mirror of her virtues in the character of Sophia Magdalena, the consort of Gustavus III. If the letters be a forgery contrived with such a view, the circumstances and the characters are not rendered so strikingly parallel as they might have been, and as they usually are in similar attempts. We have so seldom seen in the elevated sphere of royalty, any person so enlightened, amiable, modest, and benign as Sophia Magdalena is represented to have been, that we are unwilling to suppose the delineation a fiction; and for the honour of human nature in the persons of queens and princesses, heartily *hope* that it is an *historical reality*. If the letters be genuine, they must certainly be regarded as a very interesting composition; but upon the whole we rather wish that they *may be*, than believe that they *are*.

ART. VII.—*Modern State of Spain, translated from the French of J. F. Bourgoing, (concluded from p.* 187.)

FROM the fair sex to the subject of public amusements the transition is natural; and M. Bourgoing proceeds to describe the voluptuous *fandango* of the Spaniards with the luxuriant pencil of an Aretin. He does not entirely trust on this occasion to the prolixity of his own pen: the description of cotemporary writers being slily thrown in, by way of notes in order to add colouring to the picture. It is but justice, however, to M. Fischer to say, that although a German, his description of the Spanish dances is still more lively and elegant than that of M. Bourgoing. There is a peculiar *naïveté*, however, in the sentence with which the latter concludes his eulogium on the dancing girls of Spain. Al-

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luding to the fandango he says: 'C'est la qu'une Espagnole habillée suivant son costume, accompagnant les instrumens avec des *castagnettes* et marquant du talon, la mesure avec une rare precision, devient un des objets les plus seduisans dont l'amour puisse se servir pour etendre son empire!'

Next to dancing, music holds the highest rank among the amusements of the Spaniards; but they admit that the art of musical composition has made so little progress among them that music has scarcely acquired a national character. The Italian and German masters are therefore their favourite composers.

The *tertulias* and *refrescos* of the Spaniards resemble our routs and assemblies. Every Spanish lady of rank and accomplishment sighs to be the directress of a *tertulia*, at which her pride and vanity are regaled by the homage of both sexes,—an homage which a Spanish woman demands rather than expects. The shades of distinction between a French lady of *haut ton*, and the head of a Spanish coterie, are admirably drawn by M. Bourgoing.

'An ingenious verse of a ballad is sufficient to captivate the former, the latter requires the sublime accent and majestic cadence of the ode!'

The Spanish drama next engrosses our traveller's attention, and he seems to have been disposed to give a favourable representation of the national genius in this respect, had he not unluckily stumbled upon the following diatribes against the French stage in the *Theatre Espanol* of Don Vincent de la Huerta, published in 1785. We quote the rhapsody of Huerta, because it contains some truths, which, if we are not mistaken, have more than once appeared in an English dress. It also exhibits a spirit of nationality not excelled by that of the Swedish botanist who favoured the world with a folio to prove that Sweden was the original garden of Eden.

'A single spark of fire, (exclaims Huerta), that shines in this divine poem (*Pharsale*), would be sufficient to warm and enliven all the *debilitated* and *wretched* muses of France; without excepting the Limosines, who, being nearer Spain, have for that reason perhaps felt in some degree the influence of the enthusiasm and true poetic spirit which characterize our nation.'

'How is it possible that this divine fire could animate the souls of men born and educated in a marshy country, (France) without sulphur, without salt or fertility, and so little favoured by heat that their fruits would scarcely ripen did they not carefully place them in situations exposed to the full rays of the sun? This is the natural cause of the mediocrity observed in their works. The French in poetry and eloquence will never pass the measure and standard

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of minds feeble and without vigour. From this also results their astonishment at the *grand sublimity* of the Spanish productions, the faults of which *if there be any*, are very easily corrected.

'The great Corneille was not esteemed by his countrymen till he had produced a wretched imitation far below mediocrity of one of our poorest poets.*

'The Athalia of Racine is reckoned his best piece, but is the greatest proof of the imbecility of the author's genius; because, without mentioning the extraordinary number of actors, buffoons, and the whole troop of performers, (a very common resource of those who are not capable of sustaining the plot and the movement of an action without wounding probability); the affected regularity and *hellenism* even, by which he contrives to supply the *want* of *genius*, prove that the piece *should not have left the school to which it belonged.*' . . . . . ' I had formed only by the reading, a *very low idea* of the Phaedra, but after having seen the piece acted at Paris when Mlle. Dumesnel, a very celebrated actress, played the part of Phaedra, I was so shocked at seeing decency and probability so outrageously sacrificed in her declamation; *that I determined never to see it again.*'

What a punishment for the author and actress! smartly rejoins our author and proceeds to repay M. Huerta in his own coin with the most scrupulous punctuality.

'It must be left to foreigners,' says M. Bourgoing to 'decide whether blindness or malignity has dictated the judgment of this merciless censor . . . . . All those, however, who have the least pretensions to taste, as well in Spain as elsewhere, agree that all the Spanish pieces, with the exception of a few modern, are full of the most shocking defects. The incidents are without probability, and they are full of impertinence; all kinds of composition are confounded. They join the most miserable parade to affecting and sometimes terrible pictures; and a buffoon, under the name of *Gracioso*, who is sometimes diverting and often insipid, distracts the attention by his vulgar wit. The lovers are talking gossips. They try to purchase the tear of sensibility and delicacy by cold and tedious, but physical dissertations on love . . . . . Their speeches are long and misplaced, and particularly shocking by their digressions, gigantic companies, and by the most absurd abuse of wit. On the other hand the plot is so intricate that there is hardly a Spanish play to which the verses of Boileau are not applicable.

> 'Et qui debrouillant mal une penible intrigue,
> D'un divertissement ne fait qu'une fatigue.'

* The Cid.

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Here M. Bourgoing sarcastically adds,

'This fatigue, however, does not seem to be felt by the Spanish auditors, those especially whose minds are least cultivated. Whether they owe to nature this readiness to follow the mazes of the most intricate plot, or whether it is with them the result of habit, certain it is that they have in this respect a remarkable advantage over other nations, particularly over the French!'

It is evident that the pictures drawn by Huerta and Bourgoing are grossly surcharged, and the reader is fairly left by the latter without materials upon which to form an estimate. There is something fantastical in M. Huerta ascribing the want of fire and wit in the French writers to the absence of sulphur and salt from their soil! A Spanish author is a punster even in his gravest moments. His wit is therefore frequently incapable of being transfused into another language, and it is unfair to judge of the state of the drama in Spain from a translation.

With respect to the histrionic department of the stage, the Spanish actors are far behind those of France or England. The chaste imitation of nature is unknown to them, and nothing but the grossest caricature is palatable to a Spanish audience. Bourgoing happily describes their favorite comedians in a few words. 'Their impassioned heroines are furies, their heroes mere captains, their conspirators vile malefactors, and their tyrants butchers.'

An interlude, descriptive of the language and manners of the lowest vulgar is suffered between each act of a Spanish drama. The disgusting exhibition of the quarrels, the villany and barbarity of the lower classes, is in fact a favourite amusement in Spain, and we learn that there as well as in this country the vulgar have their imitators in high life. 'There are in both sexes,' says M. Bourgoing, persons of distinguished rank, who chuse their models among the heroes of the populace, adopt their customs, manners, way of speaking, and appear flattered when the resemblance is found perfect.'

A chapter minutely describing the Spanish bull-fights concludes the second volume. These public amusements were prohibited in 1805, by a royal edict much to the honour of Charles IV. and his advisers.

In the third and last volume, M. Bourgoing resumes his tour through the country. Toledo arrests his attention, for a considerable time, chiefly with a view to hold up to public estimation, cardinal Lorenzana, archbishop of Toledo, whom he describes as exhibiting in his person a sublime picture of true unaffected and christian piety. His enormous revenues as primate of Spain are literally expended in binding up

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the wounds of suffering humanity. Houses of industry—schools—manufactories—hospitals—lunatic asylums—and work-houses—all bear the venerable name of Lorenzana inscribed over the entrance. On his visit to Avila, our author takes occasion to mention the failure of an attempt to establish two English cotton-weavers, in order to infuse a spirit of industry into the population of the place: the stupid and ignorant priests of Avila gravely told the inhabitants from the pulpit, that the favourite passion of heretics consisted in devouring catholic children!—the unfortunate adventurers were avoided by all, and if a human being approached them it was to commit an insult or indignity to their persons. The prejudices and bigotry of the inhabitants were not to be surmounted; a Frenchman (Betancourt) was called to supply the place of the English, and in a short time the establishment died away.

From Toledo M. Bourgoing proceeds to the banks of the Ebro, the scenery of which is described with great taste and no little poetical decoration. The peculiar beauties of the palace and grounds of Aranjuez next occupy his attention, whence proceeding through the kingdoms of Granada and Cordova he arrives at Cadiz. It is impossible to read the details upon the commerce of Spain, which he introduces at this part of his work, without admiring the comprehensive grasp of his mind: political œconomy seems to have been the favourite study of our author, and in no part of his work has he evinced the qualifications he possesses for diplomatic business more to advantage than in this department of political science.

While M. Bourgoing was in Cadiz, the last blow was given to the negociations between the French republic and the court of Madrid, by the death of Louis XVI. Our ambassador was hastily ordered out of the country without regard to the etiquette of taking leave. He then visits Gibraltar, and after a brief description of this wonder of modern Europe, hazards an opinion, which is rather at variance with the sound political doctrines he had previously promulgated: namely that Gibraltar is of no real value either to the Spaniards or to the English!—The former merely wish to regain it, from their national pride being wounded by its remaining in the possession of the latter, who in turn expend immense sums annually upon it from similar motives!

From Gibraltar the reader is hastily carried to Malaga, and from Malaga to Valencia, where horrid disturbances at that time (1791) prevailed, in consequence of the French revolution, and M. Bourgoing was under the necessity of

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stifling the cries of his children lest they should be massacred in consequence of the antipathy excited against French republicans. On the other hand the hospitable and humane reception given to the French emigrant priests does great honour to the Spanish character; they were soon defrauded, however, of the charities of the inhabitants, by the intrigues and jealousies of the indigenous parasites of the catholic persuasion. A decree was issued from Madrid, ordering the dispersion of these unfortunate refugees over less civilized districts than those of Valencia, and they were prohibited from making a settlement in any church or convent in Spain.

M. Bourgoing concludes the topographical part of his work with some sagacious political reflections on the state of manners and society in Spain. Nothing, we think, can more strongly point out the necessity of some kind of reform or *regeneration* in that unfortunate country, than the following description, which, under the government of Charles IVth., and his ministers, the Prince of Peace, and Don Pedro Cevallos was unhappily too correct.

'Artists, men of talents and learning, are languishing in obscurity, while pensions, and places are lavished on fools and intriguers.—Money is wanting for useful purposes, while it is wasted in keeping up a splendour, which adds nothing to the lustre of the throne, but which furnishes the discontented with most dangerous weapons.'

With respect to the manner in which the English translation of this valuable work has been *got up*, we have only to say that it is in many instances far below mediocrity.—*Jalousie*, a Spanish window-blind, is faithfully translated *jealousy*, and seems to have given the translator much uneasiness, as he has fairly bewildered himself, and his readers for several successive pages.

A thing called '*a large quarto atlas*' is published along with those volumes, at the moderate price of one guinea. It contains a map of Spain, the intrinsic value of which is sixpence, and some vile scratches of public buildings, which seem to have been etched upon pewter trenchers, and which would sell very heavily in the print shops of St. Giles's at a farthing each.

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ART. VIII.—*A Letter to John Haygarth, M.D. F.R.S. London and Edinburgh, &c. from Colin Chisholm, M.D. F.R.S. &c. Author of an Essay on the Pestilential Fever; exhibiting farther Evidence of the infectious Nature of this fatal Distemper in Grenada, during* 1793, 4, 5, *and* 6; *and in the United States of America, from* 1798 *to* 1805: *in order to correct the pernicious Doctrine promulgated by Dr. Edward Miller, and other American Physicians relative to this destructive Pestilence.* 8vo. Mawman. 1809.

PERHAPS a more useful lesson was never read to the community than a scene exhibited two or three years ago in the centre of this metropolis, upon the stock-exchange. When the assembled merchants were informed that the negociation for peace, entered into by the Grenville administration, was broken off, they could not restrain the tumultuous expression of their satisfaction. The air was rent with their clamorous demonstrations of joy. They could not express more clearly how much they were interested in the continuance of scenes of slaughter and devastation; and how lightly they estimated the tears of the widow and the orphan, in comparison with the success of mercantile speculation, and the gratification of mercantile cupidity. These interests then were (at that time at least) in direct opposition to that of the community; and the same event which elated their hearts, and covered their cheeks with smiles, should have drawn tears of sorrow and compassion from the true friends of peace, order, and humanity.

The calculations of avarice are apt to contaminate subjects which would seem most remote from considerations of profit and loss; and on which the community is most interested to form a calm and unbiassed judgment. A fever, for example, breaks out in a town. Is it, or is it not contagious? Nothing can be more important to the inhabitants than to determine its nature. But nothing is more difficult than to arrive at the truth. Idle terror on one hand, presumptuous confidence on the other, either exaggerates the danger, or makes men insensible to it. Besides these common sources of error, there is a large description of persons interested in stifling the truth; these are the traders, inn-keepers, and all those whose gains flow from the resort of strangers, and the free intercourse of the inhabitants with their neighbours. Such has been the violence and intemperance of persons of this description, that physicians have been terrified from giving their honest opinions, and thus the mischief, which might have been checked in the beginning, has been suffer-

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ed to spread, till the devastation has bid defiance to every obstacle opposed to its progress.

Every appearance of the yellow-fever in the sea-port towns of our transatlantic brethren has given occasion to scenes like these. As the disease has been the scourge of the West India islands, no hypothesis is more natural, than to suppose it imported from places, with which they maintain a constant intercourse. But a party of great power and influence, even upon the legislature of the country, have felt themselves interested in tracing it to another source. This party consists of all those connected with foreign commerce; an immense body of people, and, we believe, like the merchants of England, totally regardless of the lives, liberties, and happiness of their fellow creatures, and intent upon nothing but their commercial gains. We have seen this body of men so powerful as almost to excite an insurrection against the embargo laws; a measure which we doubt not that calm reflection will denominate the most wise, humane, and politic, which could be adopted under the circumstances of their country. Whilst trade flourishes what care those men if the miserable population of their sea-ports are destroyed by the pestilence? When the fever breaks out they run away into the country. *Sauve qui peut* is the order of the day. It is calculated, we presume, that the loss incident upon the scene of confusion which ensues, and the temporary stoppage of business is less than would arise from a prohibition of intercourse with infected places, or a regular quarantine.

Dr. Chisholm, in his Essay on the pestilential Fever, had strenuously supported the doctrine of the infectious nature of the yellow fever. The design of the present publication we will give in his own words.

'It is no doubt in your recollection how often we have regretted the diversity of opinion, which unhappily prevails in North America, on this interesting subject. Some of the physicians of that country, we have seen and lamented, entertain a very different opinion from ours, of the fever which has prevailed with so much destructive violence at different times in their cities; and have assigned a cause, which in our unrestrained discussion, we could perceive no rational nor existing grounds for. It is also doubtless in your recollection, that one of these physicians, Dr. Miller, of New York, has published a 'Report on the malignant Disease which prevailed in New York,' calculated for the maintenance and establishment of the opinion he and a few other American physicians have promulgated, viz. that this malignant disease has owed its origin to local and domestic causes alone. And you will likewise remember, that to promote the impression his report may have made on the public

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mind, towards the establishment of this opinion, Dr. Miller, has, in an appendix to it, taken occasion to animadvert on the essay I some years ago published on the malignant pestilential fever of Granada, with a view to impugn the opinions I have therein upheld, and to subvert them by endeavouring to prove that these opinions were peculiar to myself, that the malignant pestilential and yellow remittent fevers of the West Indies are precisely the same disease; that my deduction of the former from the pestilential state of the ship Hankey, is founded on erroneous principles, false information, or fallacious appearances, and that in a letter of mine written to a friend, published without my concurrence, I have virtually relinquished the doctrine and principles I maintained in my essay. This very extraordinary report, and the still more extraordinary animadversion intended to support it, is the immediate occasion which presents me with the pleasure of addressing you. Considering, however, the statements I published in my essay, as founded on principles which were generally admitted and incontrovertible; it was my fixed resolution to maintain silence in every instance of controversy or opposition. Now I fear silence might be forced into the construction of conscious inability, and consequent abandonment of opinion. And I know it will be a source of real gratification to you, and every other physician, who, like you, has exerted himself in the cause of humanity, with an assiduity, an energy, a benevolence, and an acuteness and accuracy of observation worthy of such a cause, to have my doctrine and opinions vindicated from the insidious ratiocination of a speculatist, and to see them remain uninjured by the open and avowed promulgation of a theory subversive in its application, of the means of public safety from infection and pestilence.'

From the extensive connection and perpetual intercourse of the inhabitants of our island, with the principal seat and focus of the pestilential fever, the question is as much British as American. Our sailors, our soldiers, and numbers of Britons in civil life, are deeply interested in it. We cannot therefore condemn the warmth with which Dr. Chisholm, a British physician, vindicates his claim to form his opinion, and to be attended to by the public, as well as the American practitioners. Besides his having exercised his profession in the West Indies, he resided several years in or near Philadelphia and New York during the revolutionary war. He is therefore perfectly acquainted with the localities of these situations, and competent to judge how far these may be supposed adequate to the production of pestilential fever.

Dr. Chisholm arranges his defence against the attack of Dr. Miller under the form of the following four propositions:

'*Proposition I.* That my opinions concerning the malignant pes-

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tilential fever, as it appeared at Grenada, and the other West India islands in 1793, 4 5, and 6, are not singular.

'*Proposition II.* That this fever and the yellow remittent are not precisely the same disease.

'*Proposition III.* That my deduction of the disease from the pestilential state of the ship Hankey is just, correct, and supported by evidence corroborative of that which I received from Mr. Paiba.'

'*Proposition IV.* That in my letter published in a mutilated form in the Medical Repository of New York, and quoted by Dr. Miller, I have not relinquished the doctrines and opinions I upheld in my essay.'

The proofs adduced by Dr. Chisholm in support both of the first and of the last of these propositions, being rather personal questions than of general interest, we shall pass over. The question whether the yellow fever differs only in degree from the remittent fever, which is endemic in many situations, or should be considered as a distinct indiopathic disease, is a point of the first importance. Those who maintain that the disease is a native of America, and generated by local circumstances, assert it to be no more than the highest *grade* of the common remittent; while their adversaries, at the head of whom is Dr. Chisholm, contend that it is distinct and peculiar; and assert that one great cause of the controversy has been owing to common cases of remittents having been mistaken for the malignant, we do not say the *yellow*, (for the symptom of yellowness is acknowledged to attend the common remittent;) but the malignant and pestilential fever. Dr. Chisholm attributes its origin to accumulation of filth of every description, more particularly of putrid animal matter in a very limited and unventilated space. This is the cause of the pestiferous atmosphere respired by the wretched inhabitants: a pestilential fever is the consequence, and this fever is propagated by contagion: something emanates from the person diseased, which attaches itself to the clothes or bedding, or furniture of the sick, or of the chambers where the sick are lodged.

'In cold temperate climates (says Dr. Chisholm, in language somewhat too florid, we think, for a calm enquiry on a scientific subject) we see a *simple* fever of infection, or typhus, is the consequence; within the tropics, there is superadded to the most malignant virus of typhous infection, many of the most distinguishing features of the most violent yellow remittent fever, thus forming a monstrous *compound*, which hitherto has not found a place in any nosological arrangement. It is a disease which, from this peculiar conformation is defined with difficulty, and is distinguished by shades which require the industry, the discernment, and the fidelity of a Claude Lorrain to delineate. It is hence we so often meet with

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counterfeits, and with so many on whom the imposture has been too successfully practised; and it is hence a 'Libro di Verita' of its history and portraiture is become so indispensibly necessary. It is a disease, however, more obvious to the senses of the experienced, discerning, and unprejudiced observer, than capable of being thoroughly conceived by description. The coup d'œil of the former at once perceives and distinguishes it; in the latter it becomes too often doubtful, too often assumes the garb of the malignant offspring of marshes, when, in truth, it is 'hell-born.'

All this is not very definite, or precise; nor can we say that Dr. Chisholm has marshalled his demonstrations with the same regularity, that he has observed in the enunciation of his propositions. Much of the matter under his second head though strongly corroborative of his opinion that the pestilential fever is propagated by infection, is inapplicable to the proposition it professes to illustrate. At Philadelphia the authorities on each side were strong, though not perhaps equally balanced. The college of physicians conceive the disease to have been imported. The academy (we believe a private association) espoused the opposite opinion. On the nature of the disease the following are the sentiments of the college.

'The college of physicians of Philadelphia, acknowledged by all parties to be a respectable and enlightened body of men, declare solemnly their conviction, 1st. that the 'yellow fever' (so called) differs essentially from any other disease which is common to North America; and agrees in its most essential symptoms, with what is called the yellow fever in the West Indies. 2d. That it has been regularly traced to the vicinity of some vessel or vessels from the West Indies; or to persons or clothing connected with them. 3d. That the principal peculiarities of this fever are its contagious nature, the progress of the symptoms, and the mortality consequent on it. 4th. That to prove the contagious nature of this disease, would be equally useless as to prove the contagion of the plague. 5th. That in all their observation and practice, they know of no case where the autumnal bilious remittents of their country have proved contagious. 6th. That although these are sometimes attended with violent and dangerous symptoms, this striking characteristic of contagion being always absent, they never become an object of public dread or concern.' These corollaries are preceded by these pointed questions: Where do we see the first appearance of our pestilential fever? Is it amongst the marshes to the southwest of our city, or in the neighbourhood of our wharfs? Is it in the confined alleys, or on the salubrious banks of the Delaware at Kensington? Is it not always near those places where vessels from foreign countries are found? Do the fevers common to the country, steal on insensibly, infecting one person after another in a family, and in a neighbour-

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hood? Are they equally severe in seasons so opposite as 1797 and 1798? They afterwards remark the very proposition I am contending for, viz. 'That very erroneous opinions on this subject have arisen, from confounding the pestilential fever with the malignant remittents of the West Indies and America;' and subjoin some remarkable proofs immediately applicable to the importation of infection in 1798, among which is the case of the ship Deborah, the prevarication, if not perjury, of whose captain is proved by the return of sick, by the steward, and by the information of the mate, and of two citizens of Philadelphia, and more especially by the letter of Dr. Bonnaville to Dr. Griffiths. These were the sentiments of the college in 1799.'

It is well worthy of remark that during the revolutionary war not a single instance of 'yellow' or malignant pestilential fever occurred. And yet at this time the city was more crowded, and more filthy than ever it was at any other time. This fact is strongly in favour of its being an imported disease. At the same time it militates against Dr. Chisholm's theory, which attributes its origin to the mere accumulation of filth and putrid animal matter. We are more inclined to think that there is a specific contagion distinct from mere putrefaction, and which perhaps is not cognizable by any of the senses.

Dr. Chisholm attributed the introduction of the pestilential fever at Grenada to infection imported from Bulama (on the coast of Africa) in the ship Hankey: In the state of this ship, he says,

'are to be found the remote causes of the dreadful fever, which has devastated the West India islands, the British army and navy, the principal cities and towns of North America, and some of the more populous sea-ports and towns of Spain in Europe. These again are discovered in the events which led to the fatal termination of the Bulama expedition; and they are stated, in a very clear and manly manner by Captain Beaver, the whole of whose conduct reflects the highest honour on him.'

The public have been put in possession of the facts concerning the unhappy fate of the adventurers to Bulama, with the intention of establishing a colony on that island, from captain Philip Beaver's 'African Memoranda,' whose narrative of the proceedings is written with a candour and *naïveté*, which stamp it with the seal of authority and truth. These ill-fated persons embarked at Gravesend on board of two vessels, the Calypso and the Hankey. Out of two hundred and ninety-four persons, one hundred and twenty-six, or nearly one half, died. The far greater numbers were cut

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off by a pestilential fever. Many of the survivors re-embarked on board the Hankey, and sailed to the West Indies. During the passage several more died, and in particular one man who had been very recently received from another ship. These circumstances seem to render it indisputable that this ship was infected with a contagious fever of the greatest malignity: and therefore that it might have occasioned the pestilential fever which desolated Grenada in the year 1793. But when Dr. Chisholm describes it as

'a nova pestis'—'a peculiar, original, foreign pestilence, recently generated, and utterly unknown before, endued with a new and distinct character, possessing new powers of devastation, and capable of propagating itself by contagion throughout the world,'

we must beg leave to pause before we can give our unqualified assent to this conclusion.

However destructive was the fever to the Bulama sufferers, we see no reason to suppose it a novel disease, or characterized by any peculiar features, distinct from the common contagious fever. Our own *typhus gravior*, or jail and hospital fever is at times equally malignant and destructive. And considering that infection from this source must be perpetually passing over even from the European ports to the West Indies, we see not how it is possible to account for its superior powers of destruction in these regions, without considering the nature of the climate, and particularly the effect of it upon European bodies. If physicians of no small discernment have confounded the *yellow remittent*, and the *malignant pestilential* fevers, and if Dr. Chisholm himself has failed to convey to his readers any distinctive marks by which to discriminate them, candour exacts the acknowledgment that they greatly approximate in their form and features. Speaking with the diffidence which is becoming those who have never practised in warm climates, we should conjecture that the same causes, be they what they may, which aggravate the endemic remittent so much as to make it pass for the pure yellow fever, heighten also the malignancy and mortality of the pestilential fever. These causes surely are local causes. Perhaps they may be principally the heat of the climate, improper diet, and noxious exhalations. The Anglo-Americans and the West Indians, though living almost under a tropical sun, use abundance of animal food; and indulge plentifully in spirituous potations. If numbers of young men carrying with them our customs to the West India islands, are cut off in twenty-four hours or less, without the aid of any infectious fever, can we wonder that infection

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when received is so rapid and destructive? Perhaps, too, some of the transantlantic physicians have been fanciful in the causes they have assigned to this fever, and have exaggerated the evils and nuisances under which their sea-port towns labour. But we must give our own testimony that we have heard from an unprejudiced witness, that the city of New York some years ago was absolutely offensive to the nostrils during the hot months, from the accumulation of filth and the want of proper drains. Probably too it is much more crouded and close than during the revolutionary war, from the great increase of commerce, and influx of settlers. Whether this is enough to explain the facts we will not determine. There is a certain *τὸ θεῖον*, a something that eludes the grasp of human intellect, in the formation of epidemics. Why in our own climate the small pox, measles, and hooping cough should at some seasons be mild, and at others malignant, it is beyond the power of any man in the present imperfect condition of medical knowledge to determine.

There are some points in which the pestilential fever and the plague are remarkably different; a difference has been observed in the mode of communicating the contagion. It seems probable that the plague cannot be communicated except by actual contact of an infected person, we presume either immediate, or intermediate, through the clothes, &c. A diseased atmosphere does not appear to possess the power of infection. But in the pestilential fever, an infectious atmosphere is formed around the diseased person, and contact is not necessary. A second distinction is perceived in the atmospheric temperature necessary to give prevalence to each disease respectively. The contagion of plague can only become active in a temperature between forty and eighty degrees; a temperature below or above these degrees extinguishes it. The contagion of the malignant pestilential fever, becomes prevalent only in a temperature between seventy and ninety degrees; but it is extinguished or suspended in a higher, and probably cannot exist in a much lower.

When men of talents and integrity, (and it would be extreme want of candour to deny that there are such among the supporters of each side of this controversy) espouse with great warmth opposite sides of a question, we are apt to suspect that neither party are wholly wrong, and that the truth may be found by pursuing a middle course. When we find such men as Dr. Rush, Dr. Mitchell, and (we believe) Dr. Woodhouse, strenuous champions of the cause, which Dr. Chisholm so severely impugns, however little we are disposed to yield to the authority of names, we cannot believe that there are not facts on the opposite side. Dr. Rush, and other enlightened advocates of the endemic system, do not

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deny *their* yellow fever to be contagious, though some other resolute theorists have gone this length. Surely then it may be imported; and this is quite sufficient to justify Dr. Chisholm and others, who insist on the necessity of a rigid system of quarantine upon all vessels coming from infected places; and upon the adoption of every proper measure to prevent the spreading of the disease, when it first appears. If it be granted too that the mere accumulation of filth is not enough to generate infectious fever, it is also evident that it is enough to produce dangerous remittents, with malignant symptoms. They, therefore, who have been so anxious to warn their fellow-citizens of the evil consequences of such abominable nuisances, and to exhort them to drain, cleanse, and purify their cities, deserve well of their countrymen, and of humanity. The example of London, which has escaped from the visitation of the plague, ever since the year 1666, in consequence principally of these measures, is a sufficient evidence of the wisdom of their counsels.

Dr. Chisholm himself seems to us in one passage to concede almost as much as would be demanded by a liberal opponent.

'It often happens,' he says, 'that when the contagion of a pestilential disease has been once imported, (and incontestible proofs of this I have already adduced) its recurrence at subsequent periods may not require fresh importation. The seminium of the disease may be preserved in clothes, and when the temperature of the atmosphere, habits of the inhabitants exposed to it, and other predisposing circumstances concur, then the evolution and action of its virus may with certainty take place, and become as fatal as after the original importation. The records of plague, small-pox, and yellow fever (malignant pestilential) abound with manifest proofs of this. Is it not, then, more probable that this happened in the United States, than that their sea-ports should be, maugre the utmost exertions of the executive of their government, sinks of pestilence from causes existing in, and inseparably attached to their soil?'

In an appendix we meet with some valuable documents. The first is a letter from the late Dr. John Gordon of the island of St. Croix, to Dr. Haygarth. Whenever yellow fever appeared on this island Dr. Gordon is confident that it was imported, and believes that he was always able to trace it to its source. But in the Danish islands, as elsewhere, the medical men were divided in opinion, and formed themselves into parties; and the jealousy of traders opposed great obstacles to quarantine regulations. To be the first in the market is the grand object of these gentry; and he little heeds whether or not he imports the plague with his pepper and cotton. The Roman patrician rule of action has equal preponderance among all merchants.

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——————— cave ne portus occupet alter.—
Ne Cybaritica, ne Bythina negotia perdas.

Many of the quarantine regulations are unnecessarily burdensome, from want of a proper knowledge of the real medium of infection. If cotton, coffee, or any other substance, from simply being damaged, cannot convey a pestilence, why adopt regulations with regard to the cargoes of vessels, which are vexatious, tedious, expensive, and at the same time useless? If human infection be the only original source, it will be enough that precautions be confined to the sick, their apartments, clothes, bedding, or whatever has been in contact or approached their bodies. Under these limitations, it is probable that the necessary measures may be taken with very little impediment to trade.

It appears, upon a close scrutiny, that the fever at Gibraltar in August 1804, was conveyed into the garrison from Cadiz. Dr. Fellowes has informed Dr. Haygarth,

'that one Sancho had been an inmate of a family at Cadiz, when they were ill of this pestilence, that he left Cadiz, on the 25th of August, 1804, and was attacked with this distemper in Gibraltar, whither he had returned on the 27th. Sancho kept a retail grocer's shop. Near it was a canteen, or liquor shop, whither the fever soon spread. From these two houses with which numerous visitors had undoubtedly, hourly intercourse, who had not the least suspicion that they contained any infectious patients, many families in the neighbourhood speedily received this mortal distemper. Dr. Fellowes shewed me a ground plan which he had taken of the streets first infected, that illustrated in an excellent manner the progress of the epidemic. In consequence of the fatal error and positive assurances that this pestilentiat fever was not infectious, you know that it rapidly spread, attacked about twelve thousand, and became mortal to between five and six thousand patients.'

This memorable example is of itself sufficient to justify the warmth with which Dr. Chisholm has sustained his hypothesis, and ought to deter visionary speculators from inconsiderately calling in question opinions, which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages, and on which depend the lives of thousands of their fellow beings. We think that the author of this letter merits the warmest thanks of the friends of humanity.

ART. IX.—*The Mother, a Poem, in five Books. By Mrs. West. Author of 'Letters to a Young Man,' &c.* 12mo. *pp.* 242. Longman. 1809.

WE were sorry to see a lady who has obtained so deserv-

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edly high a reputation by her excellence in one interesting species of composition, hazard the loss or diminution of her fame, by attempting what, even with the most perfect success in the accomplishment, would scarcely have added to it. We have been amazed by the 'Gossip's Story,' have shed tears over 'a Tale of the Times;' but from a didactic poem on a subject of dry moral reasoning and instruction, our expectations either of pleasure or improvement are very limited indeed. It is impossible, we are persuaded, that time can be more sadly misemployed, or genius more effectually thrown away, than in so futile an occupation. If the writer is indeed possessed of the smallest poetical talent, he must be perpetually at variance with the stubborn and intractable nature of his theme; the chain of his reasoning must be broken by repeated digression, the force of his lessons weakened by the unwelcome interference of the lighter powers of his fancy. If, on the contrary, the didactic poet is gifted with none of these dangerous propensities to wander from the straight line of his unbending subject, in what is his poem likely to exceed a prose essay tending to the same end? and on the other hand, how will his arguments be checked and confined by the shackles of metre, and the supposed necessity of what is called figurative ornament and elevated diction?

In addition to these general obstacles, Mrs. West has had a particular one to encounter in the very choice of her subject, the first division of which, viz. 'infancy,' has been preoccupied in the very same style of composition by an elder writer. Many of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with Dr. Downman's 'infancy,' a didactic poem like Mrs West's, in blank verse also like Mrs. West's, and on which we believe that very favourable judgments have been passed by the critics of a former day. We have no intention of calling those judgments in question on the present occasion, and shall only observe, that, if they were at all well-founded, Mrs. West's labours on the same theme, might have been spared with great advantage to herself.

After we have said that the remaining books of this poem are devoted to the subjects of, 2. Religious Instruction, 3. Education, 4, Separation from Children, and 5. Maternal Sorrows: and after acknowledging, which we do with the utmost satisfaction, that under each of these several heads are comprised precepts of the most unexceptionable tendency, and worthy of the most serious consideration in a moral view; we think that we shall sufficiently have performed our duty, and given our readers a just idea of the character of the work, *as a poem*, by presenting them with the *argument*

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of the first book, as a specimen of the author's management of her subject, and by selecting one or two impartial instances of her execution of it.

'*Argument.*—Invocation to Nature.—Address to young women to be careful in their conjugal choice.—Licentious, irreligious men make bad fathers.—A coxcomb described in low life—considered as the father of a family.—Misfortune of having a spendthrift husband, or an illiterate, covetous one.—Not to expect a faultless character.—Misery of communicating hereditary diseases to children.—Marriage requires fortitude and patience.—Birth of a first born child.—Its supposed address to its mother.—Transport of the parents; yet fear is blended with joy.—Its baptism.—Attention of the mother to the infant's bodily wants and diseases.—Death of a young child.—Blamable grief of the mother. The sorrows and cares of her, whose family encreases beyond her means of supporting it.—Advantages of a hardy education and early difficulties.—The wealthy enjoined not to make their children selfish, or vain, or fastidious.—The aspect of the times requires generosity, and fortitude.—Danger of Britain.—State of European sovereigns.—Sweden.—Emigration of the Braganza family.'

There is no branch or topic of this argument more susceptible of genuine pathos or of the finer, and more exquisite graces of poetry than the 'death of a young child.'—Let us see how our authoress has treated this most affecting subject. We must begin our quotation from the conclusion of a preceding head, that of 'Baptism.'

'Thus in the christian commonwealth enroll'd
A future claimant of those glorious hopes;
Transcending thought! maternal care reverts
From the undying spirit heav'n-derived,
To its frail tenement of clay, earth-born,
And earth-devoted, ev'n in early life
The never resting family of pain
Vex with allow'd hostility the race
Of rebel Adam. Instruments of good,
Tho' of infernal origin, they come,
By the sharp anguish of the suffering babe
To discipline the mother, and exalt
Her carnal wishes, still inclined to build
Her tabernacle on Mount Tabor's side;
Nor, looking o'er it on th' eternal hills,
Seek a more firm foundation for her hopes.
For this her heart is often doom'd to wail;
Her beauteous scion, blasted as a plant
Pierced at the root by reptile vermin, droops;
Nor genial suns, nor tepid gales, nor showers
Call'd by Favonius from the balmy south,

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Renew its freshness. Thus, Celina, fail'd,
Thy anxious care to save the loveliest babe
Heav'n ever lent to man; whose cherub smile
Spoke the mild beauty of the happy realm
To which the infant pilgrim soon aspired,
Weary of suffering, to assume the crown
Of immortality. And did thy grief,
Celina, swell beyond the lawful bound
Of calm regret, which, while it deeply feels,
Endures the chastisement in meekness? Yes,
Frantic in agony thou didst accuse
Capricious heaven, thus early to resume
A gift so highly prized, so long desired;
Shrouding in endless gloom thy day-dreams, erst
Employ'd in painting the fair creature's fame,
Prosperity, and bliss. O most unwise
And most unhappy! Hast thou not survived
To wish thy other offspring in the grave
In holy hope, like this now envied child,
Reposing? Then had thy sad heart escaped
The mother's tortures most extreme, who lives
To every fear, but dies to every joy:
While, like accursed Cain, her guilty race
Wander, abhorr'd and dreaded through the land.' P. 23—25.

We will not deny that there may be, in the preceding passage, some expressions, some sentiments, calculated to touch the feelings of parents, especially of such as have been exposed by Providence to the severe trial which is here described. Yet, considering the ground-work of the painting, and what a field it presents to the enthusiasm of poetical melancholy, we are afraid that it will not impress our readers with a favourable opinion of the poem now before them. Nevertheless it was selected by us in the most perfect impartiality, and we do not believe that we could easily find a passage better qualified to sustain or establish the reputation of its author.

Aware of the dry, metaphysical nature of the subject she had chosen, Mrs. West seems to have thought it necessary, (as will appear from the argument of her first book,) to diversify it by episodes or digressions the most foreign to its design and tendency.—This is always a bad plan in itself, and we cannot compliment our fair author upon the spirit with which she has executed it. Upon the whole, while we wish that it may be our fortune often again to meet with Mrs. West on occasions suitable to her real genius and disposition, we hope that she never more will appear before us as the writer of a didactic poem.

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CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*The Expediency of translating our Scriptures into several of the Oriental Languages, and the Means of rendering those Translations useful, in an Attempt to convert the Nations of India to the Christian Faith; a Sermon preached by special Appointment, before the University of Oxford, November 8, 1807. By the Rev. William Barrow, of Queen's College, L.L.D. and F.S.A. Author of an Essay on Education, and the Bampton Lecture Sermons for 1799.* pp. 29. 4to. Rivington. 1808.

'IF it be enquired,' says the author, '*from what original text* the projected translations should be made, I venture to recommend our own authorised *version*;'—This struck us at the first perusal, as a very strange proposal; and it does not appear less strange upon subsequent reflection.—When it is intended to translate a book written in the eastern idiom of Palestine, into the idioms of a more remote part of the east, who could imagine that a learned doctor, to whom Hebrew and Arabic ought to be as familiar as A B C, should seriously advise that this book should first be rendered into English before it is turned into Hindostanee; or that when we want an eastern version of the Bible we should have recourse to an European translation, instead of resorting to the original in a dialect of the east?—If we were going to translate the Bible into Spanish, what scholar could recommend the translation to be made from a Bible in Erse? Every translation loses and must necessarily lose much of the spirit, and something even of the sense of the original; and more of this spirit and sense must be lost in proportion as the version is made from sources more remote from the original. A version may be made from a version till all resemblance to the original is lost.—The English authorised version of the scriptures is faulty in numerous instances, and these faults would not only be retained, but be multiplied by the plan of translation which Dr. Barrow proposes to adopt; so that by the time the songs of Sion became vernacular on the banks of the Ganges, they would preserve less of the inspiration of the sanctuary than the doggrel discords of Sternhold and Hopkins which are chanted by some Irish devotees in the purlieus of St. Giles's.—The learned Dr. Barrow thinks that by adopting the authorised version as the original he would greatly facilitate the performance of the task.—Here, again, we dissent from the doctor; for the task of translation is easy in proportion as the two languages, one of which is to be rendered into the other, have a closer affinity in their phraseology and idiom. It would be easier to translate a book out of Latin into Italian, or out of Italian into Latin,

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than out of German into French, or out of French into German. It must be easier to translate a book from the Hebrew into the Arabic, the Persic, or Hindostanee than into English; for the idioms of the former languages are much more diverse from that of Great Britain, than they are from the ancient dialect of Palestine.—In addition to the recommendation of the Doctor in his projected translations to confer on our own authorized version the dignity and importance of the original text, his kind concern for the spiritual welfare of the Hindoos, causes him to advise '*without hesitation or reserve*,' that we should increase this rare favour of a translation in an extraneous idiom by that of '*such a commentary*, as teaches our *own peculiar faith, the creed of our national church*.'—Thus the Athanasian creed, and the thirty-nine articles are at last to be made competitors for belief with the visions of Mahomed, and the ceremonies of Brahma.—Thus, while they are declining in repute in the west, they are to be transported in a new dress to acquire fresh consideration in the east. But, is not the east already sufficiently bewildered with mysteries without our adding to the stock?

ART. 11.—*Discursory Considerations on the Hypothesis of Dr. Macknight and others, that St. Luke's Gospel was the first written. By a Country Clergyman.* 8vo. *pp.* 180. Rivington. 1808.

THE author strenuously, and, as far as the subject will permit, ably, contends for the priority of the composition of St. Luke's gospel in point of time to that of the other evangelists. Though we applaud his learning and his diligence, we cannot assent to his hypothesis; not merely because it is contradicted by the concurrent testimony of antiquity, but because it does not furnish such satisfactory explanations of the phenomena as the hypothesis of Dr. Marsh. We do not say that the hypothesis of Dr. Marsh appears to us the true, or that it is not liable to serious objections; but these objections are not so weighty nor so numerous as those which might be adduced against the theory which is vindicated in the present discursory considerations.

ART. 12.—*Scripture the only Guide to Religious Truth; a Narrative of the Proceedings of the Society of Baptists in York, in relinquishing the popular Systems of Religion, from the Study of the Scriptures. To which is added a brief Account of their present Views of the Faith, and Practice of the Gospel. In a Series of Letters to a Friend. By David Eaton.* 12*mo. pp.* 154. Sold by the author, 187, High Holborn. 1809.

THIS is a republication of a work, some parts of which will be found to contain a very sensible and potent antidote to the spurious Christianity which is so much in vogue.—We are sorry that the author should have gone out of his way to vindicate the system of the materialists.

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ART. 13.—*Occasional Sermons. In two Volumes. By the Rev. Robert Lucas, D.D. Rector of Ripple in the County of Worcester, and Vicar of Pattishall, Northamptonshire. pp.* 435. Longman. 1809

THESE occasional sermons, which are plain and sensible compositions, are likely to prove an acceptable present to some of our clerical friends. For their sakes we shall enumerate the contents. They consist of fourteen sermons, three of which are on Sunday schools, and two on parochial clubs. Two are assize sermons; one was preached at a music meeting, for the benefit of distressed clergymen and their families; one before the mayor and corporation of Northampton; and one before the university of Cambridge. Two were delivered at a visitation, and two for the benefit of a charity school, and an infirmary.

POLITICS.

ART. 14.—*Outlines of a political Survey of the English Attack on Denmark in the Year* 1807; *translated from the Danish of C.F. Hellfried, Commander of the Order of Danbrog, and Post-Master-General of Denmark; by the Author of a Tour in Zealand, with an historical Sketch of the Battle of Copenhagen, in* 1801, *&c. &c. 8vo. pp.* 236. 6*s.* Baldwin. 1809.

WE cannot be surprized at the inveterate resentment against this country which lurks in the bosom of every honest Dane, on account of the conflagration of his capital, and the spoliation of his marine which were projected and executed by the present ministry in 1807. No feeling is so strong nor so permanent as that of injustice; and no injustice, that was ever perpetrated by one nation against another can well exceed that which was exercised by this country against the unoffending Danes. It was not merely that injustice which consists in the violation of right, but which was aggravated by treachery and insult.—The disgrace, which this nefarious transaction has brought on the political character of this country can be expiated, and the rancour which it has excited in a power which was sincerely disposed to be friendly to us, can be appeased, only by the most ample restitution. This restitution is demanded by every claim of honour, and, comprehensively considered, even by the calculations of interest. When the English troops had obtained the surrender of the Danish navy, Lord Cathcart removed his head quarters to the citadel for the purpose, as he professed, of being better able to maintain public order.

'These new head-quarters,' says the author, 'were to be delivered up, agreeably to the 5th article of the capitulation, in the same condition in which they had been surrendered. The presence of the general-in-chief did not, however, preserve the church of the garrison from sacrilege; tables, benches, and bedsteads were destroyed and carried off; implements, and iron-stoves were taken out of the barracks and other places. The quarantine-house, which is situated near the lime-kilns on the citadel-road, was also plun-

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dered, and sustained much damage; and yet this institution is an establishment of public safety, it is accessible to all commercial states, and is, therefore, necessarily entitled to the general protection of the law of nations! But nothing can convey a more adequate idea of the characters of the commanders-in-chief than that solemn meeting, which took place in the king's yard for the purpose of celebrating with every degree of military pomp, the triumph of Sir Home Popham, when he caused the ship of the line, which was nearly ready for launching, to be thrown over, it having been previously sawed through in various places. Thus the supreme British authorities made the wondrous exploits of Sir Home their own acts and deeds, and, in characters never to be effaced, subscribed their names to the transactions in Zealand, in the year 1807. They did every thing to aggravate the remembrance of the British expedition, and there is no doubt, that the latest annals of the world will exhibit that enterprize not only as a disgrace to British politics, but as a warning to all nations, and to Denmark in particular. The peaceable salute of British fleets, as they pass by forts and batteries, must not henceforth be esteemed a mark of respect and friendship; and the payment of the toll in the Sound, by British transports will be considered (as it was on the 4th and 5th of August, 1807,) a stratagem to conceal the hostile purpose, for the execution of which, the captain of the fleet issued the order on the 7th of August. An interchange of those public tokens, which were understood by all nations, and sacred to their commanders, cannot, in future, be made with England; nor is the report of a British gun at sea to be taken as a seaman's word of honour.'

The following is an account of the work of unnecessary destruction, which was done to the capital of a neutral power, in order to obtain forcible possession of her marine:

'The cathedral was destroyed, with the exception of the walls; two other churches, and several public institutions and buildings received material injury. Three hundred and five houses were burnt down, and considerable quantities of corn, malt, furniture, tradesmen's tools, and materials were annihilated, together with seventeen private libraries, which contained various scarce works and manuscripts in all departments of science, and above seventy-five thousand volumes; independently of several smaller collections, and the stock of three booksellers, valued at forty-two thousand rix-dollars. Several collections of curiosities and scientific instruments were also consumed. Twelve hundred houses sustained considerable damage, as did the furniture of the inhabitants, and three large libraries. Eleven hundred unarmed inhabitants, of whom two-thirds were women and children, were killed, or died in various ways from the effects of terror; about eight hundred were wounded, among whom many never will recover their health and strength. Seven thousand families were, for the time, driven from their homes: five or six hundred tradesmen were put out of employment, and their families deprived of means of subsistence. Independently of

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the poorest class of people, two thousand families have applied to be relieved by the contributions collected throughout the kingdoms; perhaps a greater number, whom a sense of delicacy restrains, suffer additional distress amidst endless tortures of mind. Such are the monuments, which the British commanders have left behind them in Denmark. But they, and their employers, will assuredly be rightly judged by the feeling, thinking, and calculating part of the British people.'

ART. 15.—*Sketches on Political Economy, illustrative of the Interests of Great Britain; intended as a Reply to Mr. Mill's Pamphlet, 'Commerce defended, with an Exposition of some of the leading Tenets of the Economists. pp.* 124. *3s. 6d.* Longman 1809.

THESE Sketches embrace the following subjects of discussion, 'value; agriculture the source of national wealth; capital; manufactures; commerce; consumption; public debts.' On these topics the author supports the doctrine of the economists with less qualification or reserve than even Mr. Spence. He begins with attempting a definition of '*value*,' upon which he expends a good many words without throwing much light upon the subject. He first plunges into a sort of metaphysical labyrinth, from which he does not extricate himself without considerable difficulty. He says 'in attempting to establish the criterion of value, the first circumstance which occurs is its strict correspondence with want.' Now we all venture to say that this *strict correspondence* is far from being the first thing that would strike a man of good common sense on sitting down to define the meaning of the word, or to develope the idea of the thing. The author does not tell us what he means by *want*, but, from what follows, we conclude that he considers it as analogous to *necessity*. But yet the wants which tend most to give a value to more than half the objects of human pursuit, or of commercial exchange are the *artificial*, which cannot truly be denominated '*necessities*.' The author says, in the next sentence, '*all our desires depend upon our necessities*; and when the latter are supplied the former are at an end.' But, compared with the countless multiplicity of our desires, how few depend upon our necessities? We are then told, that 'a person desires to eat no longer than he is hungry; which is true as far as respects the natural, but not the artificial desire, as those who have ever been present at a well furnished table or '*a dubious dinner*,' may readily recollect. But what has all this to do with the definition of value? Does the author mean, when a man '*desires to eat no longer than he is hungry*,' that with him food loses its *criterion of value*, because it has no longer a *strict correspondence with want*? Agreeably to his position that want is the criterion of value, the author goes on to say that 'the value of commodities always corresponds with the proportion which they bear in quantity to our necessities;' and that 'as objects of desire are multiplied, want is reduced.' But surely the latter proposition is not true, for is it not always the case that *wants*, which the author considers as synonymous at least with *desires*, increase in pro-

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portion as the objects of desire are multiplied? Indeed how can it be otherwise? For does not the multiplication of objects of desire suppose the multiplication of desires? The author then says, that 'value *arises from scarcity*,' and that '*value may be defined labour*.' Here the author has bewildered himself into an erroneous conclusion, by not considering that value must be of two kinds, one of which relates solely or chiefly to exchange, and the other to enjoyment; the one of which has a relation to scarcity and the other to abundance; of which the one is more the object of art, and the product of man in society, and the other more the gift of the deity, and the creation of infinite benevolence. An object may, from its scarcity, have great value with respect to exchange, and little with respect to enjoyment; while another may have no value in exchange and yet contribute largely to the happiness of human life. A diamond may have great exchangeable value, and a spring of fresh water may have none at all; but yet who can calculate how much it may contribute to the pleasure of existence? Will the author say that fresh water has no *value*, though it will not accord with his definition of what value is? For he defines value to consist in labour, and to originate in scarcity. The author considers agriculture as the *only source of national wealth*. Here, what the author asserts resolves itself into a mere logomachy about the meaning of wealth, and the greater or less number of ideas which we are to comprehend in the term. If by 'national *wealth*,' the author means merely the national stock of bread and meat, we shall not quarrel with his assertion, for, we cannot tell him how bread and meat can be better produced than by cultivating the earth, and attending to the production of wheat and the propagation of sheep and cattle. But does not the author recollect, or does he write too much in the vicinity of the north-pole to know, that there are such words in the English language as *roast-beef and plum-pudding*? These sounds are silvery-sweet to the ear of an Englishman; and he would be very sorry to have the scheme of the economists so far carried into practice as to destroy the dear and long-cherished association. But does not the author recollect that though the beef, in this proverbial picture of British felicity, be the product of the soil, at least some of the principal ingredients in the pudding are the import of that commerce against which he declaims? But perhaps the economists and their advocates have found out a method how to make plum-pudding without plums! In this case we reviewers, who have no ships at present coming from the Levant, should be much obliged to them for the receipt. To be as grave as the author, who comes forth invested with an air of metaphysical profundity—the prosperity of Great Britain appears to be intimately identified not only with her agriculture but with her commerce, and every period of her history will prove that it is her commercial greatness which, by a powerful re-action, has contributed so much to her present high state of agricultural improvement.

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POETRY.

ART. 19.—*Bidcombe Hill, with other Rural Poems.* By the Rev. Francis Skurray, *A.M.* 12mo. pp. 158. Miller. 1808.

THE principal poem in this collection opens with an invocation to the shade of Denham.—

> 'Spirit of Denham! I invoke thy spell:
> Thou, who didst first presume to string the lyre
> To unknown strains of local poesy,
> With kindred inspiration aid my song.'

Without stopping to enquire why Mr. Skurray, when professing himself a follower of that great descriptive poet, has thought fit to despise the advantages of his lofty and sonorous rhyme, and adapt himself either to the bad taste of the age, or the poverty of his own genius, by the preference of heavy and monotonous blank verse, we shall only say that, for this or some other reason, the shade of Denham has not yet condescended to return an answer to his humble address. Bidcombe-Hill is as flat and prosaic a performance as the foolish rage for imitating Cowper has ever produced. A very short specimen will suffice, selected on account of its embracing a topic on which the poetical spirit cannot fail of displaying itself, if it really exists, the tender recollections and associations of early life.

> 'In the low vale, beneath yon tufted mount
> Is the neat cot where reverend Theron dwells,
> The guide and pastor of the village train,
> The dear companion of my earlier days.
> Not long ago, on Cherwell's banks we moved,
> Link'd arm in arm, *like other tasselled youths,*
> *Conversing on the day, when we should guide*
> *Our village flocks to virtue and to Heaven.*
> 'Long would we linger by the classic stream,
> Musing on schemes which *ardent fancy* formed,
> Till the loud bell from Merton's ancient pile
> Recall'd us home to join in evening prayer.'

We do not know how it might have been at Merton college while Mr. Skurray was an undergraduate. But we do not recollect that, in *our* times, or those of our fathers, the topics above alluded to, formed an usual subject of conversation among the 'tassell'd youths.'

The smaller pieces, which fill about half of the volume, are some of them very amorous, some of them very sentimental, but none in the least degree poetical. The 'Ode to the river Isis, on revisiting its banks with a college friend after five years of absence from the University,' is chiefly remarkable for the author's remembrance of the time when:

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'Sometimes I row'd against thy stream,
To Wytham village bound,
To feast on strawberries and cream,
Reclining on the ground.'

But, although we do not think the letter-press of this little volume very valuable, it would look invidious in us not to add that it possesses a merit of much more general estimation than any that can be found in poetry, however exquisite—four engravings of very superior elegance.

ART. 17.—*Europe; Lines on the Present War. By Reginald Heber, M.A.* Hatchard. 1809.

WHEN from the fields of 'Palestine' Mr. Heber directs his steps homeward, we hail his return to 'Europe,' and feel assured that he will call at Parnassus by the way.

The opening of his new poem, which has at least had the advantage of local inspiration, being written 'in Dresden's grove,' is most happily circumstantial:

'—Through tangled bows the broken moonshine play'd,
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade:—
Yet slept not all, I heard the ceaseless jar,
The rattling waggons, and the wheels of war;
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,
And—lost and heard by fits—the languid drum;
O'er the near bridge the thund'ring hoofs that trode,
And the far-distant fife that thrill'd along the road.
Yes, sweet it seems across some wat'ry dell
To catch the music of the pealing bell;
And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray,
The ship-boy's carol in the wealthy bay;—
But sweet no less, when Justice points the spear,
Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear;
To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,
And bid the blood-red paths of conquest hail.'

We cannot forbear continuing the extract for a dozen more lines:

'Oh song of Hope, too long delusive strain!
And hear we now thy flattering voice again?
But late alas! I left thee cold and still,
Stunn'd by the wrath of heaven, on Pratzer's * hill.
Oh! on that hill may no kind month renew
The fertile rain, the sparkling summer-dew!

* A hill near the town of Austerlitz, upon which the fatal battle between Austria and France was most obstinately contested.

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Accursed of God, may those bleak summits tell
The field of anger, where the mighty fell!
There youthful Faith and high-born Courage rest,
And red with slaughter Freedom's humbled crest;
There Europe, soil'd with blood her tresses gray,
And ancient Honour's shield—all vilely thrown away!'

While he is thus 'sadly musing,' the poet is borne in fancy from the giant 'Elbe all silver bright' to the hills of Helvetia, where he descries the guardian angel of Europe, and from his lips heaves an appalling statement, of which, as far as the subject is concerned, we have deeply to regret the correctness, and with regard to the lines themselves, slightly to censure their obscurity! We cannot sympathise with the panegyrick on Mr. Pitt, though we are willing to admit that there is much spirit in the execution.

NOVELS.

Art. 18.—*The Cottage of the Var: a Tale.* 3 *Vols.* Tipper. 1809.

THE word novel generally palls upon our ears, and almost strikes us with disgust. But when we are fortunate enough out of the ninety-nine to find one that is not unexceptionable, one in which good sense and delicacy are combined, it gives us much satisfaction. The Cottage of the Var contains much to commend, and little to blame. Virtue is rewarded, and vice is punished.—We have no *very horrid catastrophes*, no very *direful disasters;* but those circumstances which are brought forward to excite interest, are of such a nature, and so conjoined, that they have the desired effect. We are presented with many delightful scenes, rural excursions, and interesting occurrences, &c. We have a very well drawn character in the young Compte d'Aubigny, who though a young man with great warmth of temper, strong passions, and brought up in the vortex of Parisian dissipation, is open to the charms of feminine virtue in the character of Celestina. These characters are well contrasted. The Italian female is well drawn, as well as the Italian fratricide. D'Aubigny's escapes and rescues are wonderful; but the plan is so well combined that it does not present any outrageous violation of probability. The different characters are brought naturally on, and move as naturally off the stage; they are besides, on the whole, well grouped, and the colouring is smooth without being *vapid*. The keeping of the piece is correct enough, at least much better than that of many novels which it is our sad destiny to peruse.

Art. 19.—*The Dominican, a Romance; of which the principal Facts are taken from Events relating to a Family of Distinction which emigrated from France during the Revolution. By Captain T. Williamson.* 3 *vols.* Longman. 1809.

THIS romance is dedicated to his most christian majesty Louis XVIII. In this dedication, and also in the preface, the author in-

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forms us that many of the anecdotes are genuine, though he has blended them with fictitious matter. The story is too complicated to allow us to give the heads of it, but it is not without interest; and it is certainly very inoffensive with respect to its morality. Many of the characters are well drawn and well supported, though we cannot say much for their novelty. We have a monster in the form of the Dominican, who stops at no atrocious act to satisfy his views of ambition, and another, in the character of the chief of a banditti, who is represented as the younger brother of the count de St. Hilaire, a most amiable nobleman, upon whose life he makes various attempts through the instigation of the wicked Dominican, whose daughter he had married. The character of the Dominician is a close copy of the character of Shedoni in Mrs. Radcliffe's Italian, though not drawn with so much force and discrimination. The delays and the dangers, which the count de St. Hilaire experiences in the course of his journey are very naturally described, and his character, as well as that of his wife are well drawn, and very amiable. Annette, and Paulina with the old royalist, Philip St. Amand, are happily pourtrayed, the two former with much simplicity, and the latter with great energy, and effect. We can very safely recommend this novel to those who are lovers of this kind of reading; it contains nothing that is likely to corrupt or vitiate the mind;—the characters, which are copied from other works of this kind, are well selected, and those which the author may claim as his own, are very well sketched on the whole.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 20.—*The Military Cabinet; being a Collection of Extracts from the best Authors, both ancient and modern, interspersed with occasional Remarks, and arranged under different Heads, the whole calculated to convey Instruction in the most agreeable Manner, and to give to young Officers correct Notions in regard to many Subjects belonging to, or connected with the Military Profession. In three Volumes, By Captain T. H. Cooper, Half-Pay 56th Regiment Infantry, Author of a Practical Guide for the Light Infantry Officer. 3 Vols. 12mo. 18s. boards.* Egerton. 1809.

THIS is a very amusing, and we think that our young officers will find it, a very instructive compilation. The subjects are arranged in alphabetical order, in the form of a dictionary. They contain but little original matter; but enough to show that the author is a man of good sense and reflection;—while the extracts from other writers afford ample testimony to his extensive reading, to his care in digesting what he has read, and to his skill and discernment in selecting what others are likely to read with interest and improvement. The author does not appear to be unduly biassed in favour of any particular theory, but to have observed with sagacity, and to have studied with attention the recent improvements, in the military art. And one use, and that not the least, which the military student is likely to derive from the perusal of this work is, that it will probably incite him to have recourse for more enlarged, as well as more detailed views of some of the subjects, to the original au-

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thors from whom the extracts are made. To those, who have only a small stock of military books, these volumes will be of great use; as they contain numerous quotations from the best writers on the most important objects of the military art, and to those who have a larger library, they will not be superfluous, as they present, in a small compass, a large quantity of matter, in a form in which it may be consulted without the necessity of long or tedious search. We shall quote what the author has extracted from a foreign journal respecting the French, under the head of character.

'The French soldiers are quick, and attack with incredible rapidity; they retreat with the same rapidity, return to the charge with no less impetuosity, and as quickly retire again. They retain during their retreat the greatest composure, and are not disheartened when they lose ground. The death of their officers produces no confusion among them. When the commanding officer falls, the next to him assumes the command, and so in succession. The inferior officers are almost all qualified to command.

'The French soldier is accustomed to live in a requisitionary country, sometimes as a prince, and sometimes as a *sans culotte*. To make him perform his duty well, uniformity in living is not required.

'A strong *esprit de corps* prevails among the French troops. In the beginning of the revolution, their bond of union was republican fanaticism, and at the conclusion of it *la grande nation*.

'Their infantry of the line cannot be compared with the Russian; their cavalry is very inferior to the Hungarian; and their artillery, once the best in Europe, is far from being equal to the Austrian. But their light infantry, or their *tirailleurs*, and their new tactics, confound all the principles of war which have prevailed since the time of Frederick the Great.

'Austria has scarcely any light infantry: Russia has about twenty thousand. In the French armies, nearly one third of the infantry are *tirailleurs*. These take their post before the troops of the line, separate into different bodies, unite again, attack, and after being ten times repulsed, will attack again. In a broken, intersected country, these *tirailleurs* prepare the way to the French for that victory which the infantry of the line complete. The incredible quickness of the French renders this corps the best of its kind in Europe.

'All the principles of the new French tactics are calculated for an intersected, broken country, as the old tactics were for large plains. The object of the former is to exhaust the enemy by incessant skirmishes, when he has the folly to repulse the light-heeled Frenchmen with his whole force. These small flying bodies suffer themselves to be driven back the whole day, and towards evening a fresh body appears, and decides the contest. A battle with the French may begin at sun-rise, but it will not be terminated before the evening. The French may be beat the whole day, but at night

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they will be the victors. Every general who does not spare his strength till the evening, must in the end be defeated by the French.

'In consequence of the quickness and composure of the French soldiers, they do not readily think of capitulating; and they are able in a peculiar manner to extricate themselves from great dangers. We have seen instances where a thousand French soldiers, have contended the whole day with a much stronger body of the enemy, and disappeared at night like a vapour. This is done in the following manner:—the corps, when hard pressed, divides itself into two or three bodies, and while one occupies the attention of the enemy in an advantageous position, the other remains quiet at some distance. As soon as the first is driven back, they all run with incredible velocity, and in tolerable good order, to the place where the other is at rest. The second knows pretty exactly how long the first was able to make a stand, and rushes with the same impetuosity on the enemy, who find themselves suddenly checked by fresh troops, who alsomust be repulsed. In the mean time, the first body take some rest; and thus they continue to act the whole day with considerable loss of men, indeed, but when night puts an end to the battle, the corps, at any rate, has not been beaten, and next morning to follow it isuselyss. Moreau was pursued for some days in Swisserland by the Russians: but they were never able to come up with him in his flight. Towards evening he had taken a strong position, and next morning he had disappeared.

'But this activity must not be confounded with durable strength. The French are the lightest, but not the strongest soldiers.

'The medical establishment of the French army is excellent, and their officers, in general, exceedingly good.'

Art. 21.—*A Series of Letters to a Man of Property, on the Sale, Purchase, Lease, Settlement, and Devise of Estates. By Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law.* 8vo. pp. 127. 5s. Harding. 1809.

THERE are few men of property, particularly country gentlemen, who will not find this a very useful work. The author has very clearly and definitely shewed the precautions to which it is of great importance to attend in selling, buying, settling, and devising estates. This he has done without more technical phraseology than the subject rendered absolutely necessary.

Art. 22.—*A Compendium of the Laws and Constitution of England. By William Enfield, M.A. Assisted by eminent professional Gentlemen.* 12mo. pp. 374. 4s. 6d. Tegg. 1809.

MUCH of the essence of Blackstone's Commentaries is condensed into this little volume, which it executed with neatness and precision.

Art. 23.—*A compendious Digest of the Statute Law, comprising the Substance and Effect of the most material Clauses in all the Public Acts of Parliament in force within Great Britain, from Magna Charta, in the*

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ninth Year of King Henry III. to the Forty-eighth Year of his present Majesty King George III. inclusive. By Thomas Walter Williams, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1060. Kearsley. 1089.

THIS is the third edition of a work which has been long out of print. The necessary alterations and additions have been supplied up to the present time. The title of the work sufficiently indicates its utility, and the promise which it holds forth is realised by the execution.

ART. 24.—*An Appendix to the Appeal to the Legislature and the Public, occasioned by the same Part of the Hints of a Barrister, on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By the Rev. Wm. Bengo Collyer, D. D.* 8vo. 1s. Williams and Co.

NOTHING can serve to shew more conspicuously the weakness of a cause, than that no one man of sterling sense or sound judgment comes forward in its defence. *Defences* of evangelical preaching have, indeed, been given to the public, in reply to the barrister, but they are so feeble and so flimsy, and mark such a total want of capacity, that they are absolutely worse than ineffectual, since they serve only to manifest the strength of the assailant, and to betray the defenceless condition of the party attacked. *Doctor* Collyer, mortified by his exposure and defeat, has here been indiscreet enough to publish an Appendix, which can only have the effect of exposing him still more. We have no doubt, but that he heartily regrets that he ever came forward; but the apology which he makes for retiring from the contest, is both insufficient and absurd.

'I imagine,' says the Doctor, 'that here on my part, the controversy will close. Any further notice taken of me, or of my pamphlet, in the spirit and language employed in the second part of the Hints will not merit a reply. When a man so far forgets the gentleman, as to affect contempt at the understanding of his antagonist, the public can expect, nay, they could tolerate only *silence* opposed to so gross a violation of decency.'

It is wise in the Doctor *to sheer off*, as the sailors say, with the best grace he is able. But we fear that even the *evangelical* party will attribute his future *silence* to the true cause. The author has made a vain attempt in the present *Appendix* to rescue himself from the charge of wilful misrepresentation in the instances of Mr. Toplady, and Mr. Burder; but the detection was too palpable for defence.

ART. 25.—*The Elements of English Education, containing, 1. An Introduction to English Grammar; 2. A Concise English Grammar; 3. A short System of Oratory; 4. An abridged History of England; 5. Outlines of Geography; 6. Miscellaneous prose Selections from approved Authors; 7. A miscellaneous Poetical Selection from the best Authors, intended for the Improvement of Youth of both Sexes. By John Brown, Master of an Academy, Kingston, Surrey.* 12mo. pp. 348. Crosby, 1809.

"*Multum in parvo,*" or *much in a small compass*, is a species of encomium, which is well merited by the present publication.

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ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE,

Of Books published in July, 1809.

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Ware—Poems consisting of Originals and Translations, from the Greek, Latin, and Italian. By Mrs. Ware. 7s.

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C.R.

Memoirs of Percival Stockdale.
Banks's Baronage, Vol. III.
Letters from Portugal and Spain.
Wright's Horæ Ionicæ.
Middleton on the Greek Article.
Elton's Hesiod.
Jackson's Account of the Empire of Marocco.
Meadley's Life of Paley.

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THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVII. AUGUST, 1809. *No. III.*

ART. I.—*The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Percival Stockdale: containing many interesting Anecdotes of the illustrious Men with whom he was connected. Written by Himself. In two volumes, 8vo.* Longman. 1809.

IN Vol. XIII. of the New Series of the C.R. p. 142, we gave an impartial account of Mr. Percival Stockdale's Lectures on the eminent English Poets. In our present number we shall exhibit an analysis of the principal circumstances of his life, as they are represented in these amusing volumes.

Mr. Stockdale tells us that he was born at Branxton in Northumberland on the 26th of October, O. S. in the year 1736. Mr. S. intimates that his father cherished a presentiment of his future eminence, for he says that, when he was one day riding within view of Branxton, his father said to him with great seriousness and emphasis: 'You may make that place remarkable for your birth, IF YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.' Mr. S. represents his father, who was vicar of Branxton, and perpetual curate of Cornhill near the Tweed, as a man of scrupulous veracity; an elevated quality which even many who revere, too often want the courage to practise, particularly when it is likely to impede their temporal advancement. Mr. Stockdale, the father, undoubtedly took no small pains, and with more than ordinary success, to impress this dignified and dignifying virtue on the conscience of his son; many of the untoward circumstances of whose life may be traced to the honest and undisguised expression of his sentiments. There are occasions, in which the

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prudential regards for interest, which even an unvitiated mind may feel, can hardly be reconciled with the rigorous injunctions of veracity, in which even silence may imply the equivocation of falsehood or the abandonment of truth. There may be times in which the interests of truth require a man plainly and distinctly to avow his dissent from particular propositions, when assent may be coupled with all the gay lures of secular gratification. On such occasions Mr. Stockdale appears usually to have exerted the energies of an independent mind; and neither to have concealed what he felt nor to have feigned what he did not feel.

Mr. S. informs us that when he was about six years old a great love of learning had seized his mind.

'My father,' says he, 'used to transcribe for me into small books made by himself, passages in verse and prose, which he extracted from the course of his own reading; and which were remarkable for their elegance, or impressive of virtue. Some of these passages were from Greek authors; my father often explained them to me carefully, and minutely: he soon taught me to read Greek;—I fixed them accurately in my memory; and thus inflamed with their spirit, though not conversant with their language, I frequently repeated them with emphasis, and fire; not a little to the entertainment of the persons who visited us.'

In 1745, Mr. S. was placed in the Latin-school at Alnwick, of which Mr. Abram Rumney was master.

'After my parents had entered me at Alnwick-school, and in the family with whom I was to board, they left the place. I have as lively a remembrance of our parting, as if it had happened yesterday. They took leave of me, at the house of a friend, on the open, large ground, before the castle. My grief was frantic, and beyond all bounds: I rushed from the house, as they were mounting their horses, ran to them, and clung to their arms. At that moment what a heart-rending conflict was there in their breasts, betwixt the pathetick feelings of affection, and the prevailing sense of their doing what was right! The clamorous agony of my mind, brought the neighbours about us; we were torne, as it were, from each other;—and this was the end of a short, and domestick, though not ineloquent, nor unimportant tragedy.'

This is a very lively and natural representation of a familiar occurrence, of which the early childhood of hoary-headed reviewers as well as others, will probably furnish some painful and pleasurable recollections.

Our author remained five years, with the exception of a long interval which he spent at home, at Alnwick-school, when he was placed under the care of the Rev. Joseph Rumney, master of the free grammar-school of Berwick

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upon Tweed. Mr. S. accuses this gentleman of what we hope is not a common vice in school-masters, a marked partiality to the children of the rich. In 1752, Mr. S. informs us that his studies experienced some interruption, from the impulses of a passion to which more serious pursuits are often forced to yield.

'I became,' says he, 'extremely enamoured with a very pretty young lady of Berwick; who then lived at the head of the wool market. This latter epithet, I now apply to her, with the strictest propriety: but at the period to which I allude, I thought that she excelled all the powerful, and triumphant goddesses, in the gay, Grecian mythology. I have been frequently, and rapturously in love with virtuous women; but partly from my natural delicacy of sentiment; and partly from those moral, and religious restraints which I always revered; my flame was generally purified from a violent propensity to sensual enjoyment. I was a PETRARCH to my LAURA.

'On this occasion, no man could say to me with propriety—'Digne puer meliore flammâ!'—It's object was prudent, virtuous, and good; and she had the modesty, or the art to be, or to *seem*, unconscious of her charms. She is yet living at Berwick; and I hope that she is well, and happy. She has been for many years, a widow: she was married to a worthy officer of the army; and she has been the joyful mother of several children.'

In 1752, while Mr. S. was at Berwick, John Wilkes, of noted memory, came down to oppose Mr. Delaval as candidate for that borough. On this occasion our author mentions one or two anecdotes of Mr Wilkes, which our readers may not be displeased with us for submitting to their perusal. The following is a stratagem which Mr. W. practised before he left London to weaken the force of his parliamentary opponents. He prevailed with the master of a smack, who had a cargo of Berwick-burgesses on board, who were to be sent to vote for Mr. Delaval,

'to overshoot the harbour of Berwick, and to land his pure and constitutional freight, wherever he pleased in Scotland. The elements, and the revolutions in the heavens, favoured the manœuvre; a dark night, succeeded by a Scotch mist, wrapped in impenetrable shades, the long-wished-for port; and if I rightly remember, the astonished patriots were first undeceived by the sight of Leith, which terminated their voyage. Yet, in spite of this artifice; and in spite of his assiduities, talents, and gallantry, Mr. Wilkes lost his election.'

'Mr. Wilkes went to an assembly, during the Berwick-election. In the course of the evening, he payed his compliments to Mrs. Delaval, in a most respectful manner; who made a cold return;

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as she was not very well prepared to receive them. The gentleman, however, gradually, and gently, improved on his first address; entered into a conversation with the lady, which his presence of mind, and command of subjects, rendered very agreeable; and which came powerfully recommended by that profound, but artfully insinuating homage, which is the supreme pleasure, and triumph of those charming beings who 'delight in empire.' After he had made his retiring bow, and left her, she declared to the company around her, that if Mr. Delaval had not been her husband, she would have ardently wished for the success of Mr. Wilkes.—Surely I have evident proofs, that with all the objections that could be made to him, there must have been something very engaging in this man. Nothing was inexpugnable to his generalship in politeness; neither a blooming lady; nor a stern philosopher. Mr. Boswell can vouch for me, and Mr. Dilly, a bookseller in the Poultry, at whose house the victory was gained; that the social artillery which conquered the prejudices of Mrs. Delaval, many years after, mollified, nay totally subdued the literary, political, moral, and religious hatred; in short, all the violent antipathy of Dr. Johnson.'

In 1754 Mr. Stockdale, who was now in his eighteenth year, returned home to his father, and went to school no more. In this year our author confesses that he felt, for a third time the fugitive influence of the tender passion.

'A young woman,' says he, '(her name was Jenny Mossman) came to Cornhill, for the benefit of the waters. If I rightly remember, she was a farmer's daughter. She was a fine girl, and dressed very smartly. I became extremely enamoured of her: *her* image often foiled, and transcended, the majesty of Virgil; broke, and confused the progress of my epigrammatical compositions, and burned up the sacred roots of my sprouting Hebrew. I generally contrived to sit opposite to this girl at church; where (God forgive me!) I was often guilty of a sacrilegious adoration. I was wickedly neglecting my duty to God; and paying an alienated, and profane homage to *her* charms, while, perhaps, at the very same hour; and perhaps with a baser impiety, the prebendaries of a cathedral, in the midst of their pompous worship, were languishingly anticipating the *fumette* of a partridge, or a pheasant; and while the minor canons, were meditating some well-timed, and ingenious adulation, with which they were to fumigate those prebendaries, and thus to advance their promotion. Priest that I *am*, I shall never give myself absolution for my offence; though I really think that *theirs* was meaner, and more profligate. This juvenile, and imprudent affection, gave my dearest mother great uneasiness; as my father afterwards told me in a letter, when I was at the University. It prognosticated to *her* good judgment, that great constitutional susceptibility, and ardour; which, to their possessor, were the sources of many future woes.'

In October 1754, Mr. Stockdale proceeded to the univer-

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sity of St. Andrews, where his father had obtained for him, an exhibition, or, as it is called in Scotland, a bursary. When he left Cornhill, he says, with touching pathos, that 'his dearest father followed him with his eye as far as it could reach. When he returned home, he said to my mother, and to our maid, with a sigh and a tear;—I have been taking the last look of my son,—he pronounced the truth; for we never saw each other more.' The affection and respect, with which Mr. Stockdale always speaks of his parents, who are frequently mentioned in these volumes, the tender veneration with which he seems to cherish their memory, and his simple and artless effusions of regret for having occasionally slighted their authority and neglected their injunctions, do him great honour; and prove him possessed of that genuine sensibility, which is not incompatible with occasional deflections from virtue, but which is never the associate of obdurate vice.

Mr. S. gives an account of the professors, &c. at the university of St. Andrews, during his residence. His brief sketches of their several characters appear to be drawn with much force and discrimination. We were pleased with the portraiture of the learning and genius of this ancient seat of literature at this time. The following may serve as a specimen of the spirit with which Mr. Stockdale writes, and of the generous and amiable candour with which he confesses his misconduct and retracts his errors.

'I experienced much kind attention from the *literati* of St. Andrews; and in general, from the inhabitants of the town; nor did they, notwithstanding my repeated follies, totally deprive me of their civilities, and esteem, while I continued there. The vivacity, and fire of my imagination, which were agreeably displayed in society; my literary acquirements; and my specimens of poetical composition, procured me a polite reception from the best families in the place: it appeared from my great indiscretions, that I had not a proper sense of this hospitality, and kindness; of which I did not deserve the generous, and long duration. I frequently threw out the ungentlemanlike prejudices, and illiberality of the borderer; and in conversation, and in my verses, made invidious, and obnoxious comparisons between the pretensions of the two countries to those advantages, and excellencies which most elegantly, and gloriously distinguish nations. It was long, however, before these imprudences, and ill manners brought a shade upon me.—I take this opportunity, sincerely, and severely to condemn myself for those inequitable, and most illiberal national prejudices, which I entertained in former years; and which I can now conscientiously declare, that by longer and more accurate observation, and experience, I have totally surmounted.—And let me hope, that the hospitable, and brave Caledonians (as *these* qualities are

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perfectly congenial with the utmost expansion of christian benevolence) will completely forgive the very great obliquity of the offence, for the publick frankness of the confession.—I have suffered, and deservedly, very acute pains, and severe mortifications; but in my many removals through life; in it's few fortunate periods; in it's few halcyon days; no man has seen more clearly, and felt with a more lively pleasure than myself, the involuntary, or the frank, and easy homage, which is payed; the generous, and the patient indulgences which are shown, to a natural manner which is not unengaging; and to talents which raise us above the common level of mankind. If genius could divest itself of it's disadvantageous peculiarities; if it could divest itself of it's ardent, and precipitate passions;—that is impossible;—if it could regulate and govern them; *that* is possible; but it is extremely difficult, and therefore seldom atchieved;—it would obtain a sublimity of station, amidst the creatures of God;—it would obtain an ether of happiness, which would exalt our sublunary existence beyond the due proportion to it's mortal, and transitory state.'

'I always loved coffee, and tea: and I loved them the better that they were presented to me by women. I was honoured with much attention by the ladies of St. Andrews; by the genteelest of them, and *th y* were flaming jacobites.—'One would give up every farthing of her property, and beg in the streets.'—Another 'would submit to have her head struck off on a block; provided that her charming prince was established on the throne.' The loyal zeal of them all, flowed in strains similar to these which I have mentioned. And I really believe that they would cheerfully have fulfilled their conditions, if the much desired event had succeeded. For the fair sex, whose imagination is more impetuous, and extravagant, as their reason is less vigorous than *ours*, often excell us, in nobly disinterested, and romantically heroick; and exceed us in desperately profligate, and abandoned deeds. The irresistible power, and fascination of female influence, operating on the activity, and versatility of my fancy, gradually shook my constitutional loyalty; and at length seduced my allegiance from the house of Brunswick to that of Stuart. It was not the mere society and pleasures of the tea-table, that made a rebel, or a convert of me; it was not the excellent currant-jelly, and marmalade, which, at that time, made a part of it's entertainment; but it was the contagious, and intoxicating ardour of their passion; it was the romance of their eloquence, it was the national enthusiasm that flushed, and animated their charms, to which *I* fell a civil, and political victim.—I now pursued, in imagination, the foolish meteor of the adoration of kings; and I was completely worthy of the white cockade. This meteor was often predominant in my convivial hours; in which, with souls that had been equally sublimed in the retort of monarchy, I devotedly drank the restoration, in whiskey punch, of strength proportionable to the spirit, and glory of the cause. In this respect, I have since been wiser. Whenever I now contemplate kings, I bring them down

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to the moral and intellectual test of common men. Hence, as, when I think of them, I sincerely estimate them as most of them really *are*;—and as I neither expect, nor fear any thing from them, as I am totally independent of them, I need not apprehend that my mind will ever again be degraded, and dissipated on *their* account, into any mean degeneracy, into any idle waste of enthusiasm or of praise.'

While Mr. Stockdale was at St. Andrews, he appears occasionally to have sacrificed rather too freely to the *jolly god*; and he relates with considerable vivacity some of the acts of riot and revelry in which he engaged while under the wild impulse of Bacchanalian power. One of these frolics had nearly caused him to be expelled, or, as the Scotch express it, to be *extruded* from the university. Mr. S., it seems, had been drinking largely with some of his companions at an inn, whence they proceeded to the college-kitchen, where they found

'Tommy Band, the under-cook, defenceless and alone. He was cleaning the utensils of the kitchen; or rather wiping off *old* dirt, and substituting *new*. I had long owed this man a grudge, for the slow poisons which he had (though without malice propense) administered to me. I immediately proposed that we should bury him alive beneath a heap of coals. The proposal was accepted with exultation; and Bacchus bowed his approbation of the sentence. We were determined to avenge our passed disgusts and surfeits, with *coals*; on which our dinners had often been by *him* most dreadfully *carbonaded*. The poor creature was almost an ideot; but if his remonstrances and supplications had been enforced with the eloquence of Cicero, they would have been vain. In short, the black deed was committed, and the entrance of Thomas Meffin, the upper-cook, saved him from something like suffocation.'

The upper-cook, who bore no previous good will to Mr. Stockdale, from the negative manner in which he had panegyrized his culinary art, preferred an accusation against Mr. S. before two or three of the most austere of the regents; who, in conjunction with their brethren, passed the sentence of *extrusion* upon our author; but which, at the intercession of his friend and fellow-collegian lord Doune, son of the earl of Moray, they were induced to revoke. Mr. S. had before this occurrence incurred the displeasure of the less tolerant of the professors by attending divine worship in the house of the non-juring Mr. Lyndesay. For this act of disobedience our author was summoned before a council of the masters, who insisted on his 'punctual attendance for the future at the high kirk, on every Sabbath-day.' Mr. S. defended the rights of conscience against this inquisitorial

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attack with great ardour and ability, though he ultimately conformed to the rule in compliance with the wishes of his father. The following reflections which Mr. Stockdale incorporates with the narrative of the above occurrence are very animated and just.

'To priests, indeed, of all persuasions, a very limited power should always be confided; *great* power is abhorrent from *their* province, properly understood; it is a glaring solecism in their profession. It should be withheld from them, for *another* cogent and most important reason; because they are, in general, strongly inclined to make themselves complete contrasts to the precepts, and example of their blessed, and gentle master; to *him* who publickly declared that 'his kingdom was not of this world;' to his universal mildness, to his universal humility, to his divine and invincible toleration. The causes of this fever of ecclesiastical ambition, and of the success which it has too often acquired, may be easily, evidently, and without any sophistry, ascertained. That love of dominion which is inherent in the arrogant, and encroaching nature of man, has been stimulated in the conduct of churchmen; and it's views have been promoted by incentives, and engines, which were denied to all the other members of the community. With an artful, yet daring, and audacious impiety, they have made the supreme being a confederate with *their* selfish, and imperious passions: by asserting the authority of heaven, and by scaring and frightening mankind with the terrors of hell, they have overwhelmed them with their anathemas, and fulminations, comparatively with which, moral, nay even civil obligations, have proved weak, and inefficient; and thus they have often insatiably robbed, and most inhumanly oppressed a credulous, superstitious, and deluded world.'

Mr. Stockdale lost his father in the spring of 1755:—we shall not notice the apparitions, dreams, and other remarkable circumstances which he mentions as connected with this event; but we cannot pass in silence over the eloquent tears with which he bedews his grave. For a time the grief of Mr. S. was too impetuous and violent to admit of any of those soothing applications, which friendship or which reflection can minister to the troubled mind. It was in the peculiarity of his sensitive temperament one of those events which seem for a time to disorder all the functions of the soul; to cloud the whole expanse of the understanding, and to desolate every chamber of the heart.

Mr. S. left the university of St. Andrews early in the summer of 1755; and repaired to Berwick, where his widowed mother had an apartment in the sailors' barracks, the residence of the poor and unfortunate.

'Our embrace,' says Mr. Stockdale, 'was ardent, and tender; a short scene of sighs, and tears, and silence, followed;—a fine con-

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flict of our best nature; pregnant with the most pathetic, and beautiful moral sentiments, and imagery; which refused *that* verbal expression that would have deadened their life, and action. When these agitations of affection subsided; our minds admitted language; descended to the level of calm condolence; and we payed our mutual tribute to the amiable, and pious life; and to the lamented death of my dear father. In this our first conversation, we could not avoid regretting our hard circumstances, and our discouraging prospects; but we mitigated them by a trust in Providence, and by a christian resignation.'

Mr. S. now sought solace in literary exertion; but he confesses that in his visits in the county (of Northumberland)

'but especially in Bamboroughshire; he was frequently seduced to the warm worship of the jolly god; who often came thither in triumph; or rather who loved to reside there;—he seemed to take as much delight in our northern cliffs, as in his temple at Naxos; or in his Thasian groves.'

Mr. Stockdale now turned his thoughts to the military life. My new resolution, says he, received the stroke of confirmation, from my great propensity to gaiety and pleasure, which are *warranted viatica* in the life of a soldier, but *contraband* in that of a priest. One of his friends endeavoured, through the interest of the member for Berwick, to procure him an ensigncy; but till this appointment could be obtained, he resolved to return to St. Andrews, where his exhibition would contribute something towards his support; and he made up the deficiency by teaching the French language with which he had made himself well acquainted. He appears to have given considerable satisfaction to his pupils in this new employment.

Our author tells us, that the book, which, at this time, particularly charmed and delighted his fancy, was Voltaire's History of Charles the twelfth of Sweden. Mr. Stockdale has made some very just and pertinent remarks on the character of this monarch, which he seems to have appreciated more correctly than most of his biographers.—Charles has been often termed the madman of the north; but if the ardent pursuit of a particular object constitute madness, all truly great men have been mad since the creation of the world.—The ardent pursuit of Charles was military fame, and who will say that his means were not well calculated to obtain this end? We are not now considering whether the end were wise or foolish, moral or flagitious.—The actions of kings will seldom bear such a scrutiny.

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Charles had an object before him which he kept steadily in view;—and from the pursuit of which he could never be diverted by pleasure nor by indolence. His whole soul was concentered in the passion for military renown;—to this he sacrificed every inferior consideration; impelled by this enthusiasm, he performed mighty deeds, with comparatively trivial means; and if he had not been unfortunately wounded on the fatal day of Pultowa, he would have rallied his troops, and more than probably have triumphed over the czar.—Charles was great, where great qualities often dwindle into little—in a long series of adverse events, which his heroic spirit could not overcome, but to which it scorned to yield.—Heroes have never shared any large portion of our regard; but while heroism continues to be the theme of eulogy, we think that that of Charles merits no scanty portion of praise.

In March 1756, Mr. Stockdale received a letter from his friend at Berwick with the gratifying intelligence that he had procured him 'a second lieutenancy in the twenty-third or royal Welsh fusileers;' commanded by lieutenant-general *John Huske*, whom the soldiers affectionately termed *Daddy Huske*.—Mr. S. now bade a lasting adieu to the ancient walls of St. Andrews, and set out on a Scotch hack, for Berwick upon Tweed, full of gay and blooming hopes, which were successively cropped by the harpies of calamity, which lay in ambush to impede his military as well as his ecclesiastical career. Our author sailed from Berwick with a brother officer for London, and after a rough but short voyage, anchored in the Thames.—Mr. Stockdale now interrupts his narrative with a long digression on the peculiar excellences of the different performers of both sexes who have adorned the English theatres in his time. This part of his work, however irrelevant it may be thought by some of his readers, appears to be executed with discrimination and ability.

In the spring of 1756, Mr. S. left London, and went with two brother officers to Portsmouth, where he embarked on board the fleet which was commanded by admiral Byng. Mr. S. was present in the partial engagement between the English and French fleets on the 20th of May 1756, of which he offers some details. Our author was after this stationed for a short time at Gibraltar.

'There was much hard drinking,' says he, 'at Gibraltar, in my early youth; there is too much of it still, there. Nothing can show the salubrity of the climate more than the general good health of the garrison, amidst a great deal of intemperance. The late general O'Hara told me, that he had been stationed as a soldier, in many different climates; but that he never knew such

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moderate lists of the sick in the common course of health, as those of the military hospital of Gibraltar.

'As I was of a lively, and social temper, I entered too deeply into the conviviality of the place; and often made too large libations to Bacchus. But in no situation of my life did I ever forget learning. I had a very few, but very excellent books with me; which I did not neglect to study; and I borrowed some, of those few officers, who had a taste for respectable reading. I attended to classical learning; and I cultivated my knowledge of the French language; both in reading, and conversation. I gave many of my studious hours to the Ancient History of the elegant and virtuous Rollin. I would recommend his works, though they have been despised by erudition, and pedantry, to the careful perusal of young scholars. They are very happily adapted to store their minds with classical knowledge; and to improve, and exalt their morals: and it would be petulant, in old age, not to be pleased with their eloquence, and with their useful remembrances of important history.'

In the autumn of 1756, Mr. S. was ordered back to England, and landed at Southampton; whence he proceeded to the winter-quarters appointed for his regiment at Leicester. We shall transcribe his account of his march to that place, and his encomium on pedestrian travelling and exercise, as a seasonable antidote to the opposite opinions which we quoted from Sir J. Hoare in our last number.

'The "good old town of LEICESTER" was the place appointed for our winter-quarters. As our route lay, we had a march thither of a hundred and thirty, or a hundred and forty miles. The weather was rough; and the roads were bad; but I was very poor; therefore I marched on foot, with other subalterns; whose circumstances were as pedestrian as my own. There is a social ardour, and generosity in the military character. In our way, our superior officers frequently mounted us on *their* horses, to accommodate and relieve us, and walked for several miles. But we were very festive, jovial, and happy, during this winter-march. From common difficulties, youth, and gaiety, and conviviality, suffer no depression; they ever turn them into subjects of mirth, and inoffensive ridicule. Besides, in our physical, as well as moral passage through life, we ought to deem many events, and situations; ultimately blessings, which we are apt to think extreme hardships, and calamities. How many pampered, and titled mortals; indolently lounging, and parading in splendid carriages; and loaded with gross diseases, have reason severely to regret that in their general bodily progress, their circumstances had not obliged him to make an active and strenuous use of their legs! It is farther to be remarked, that no mode of exercise, not even that of horseback itself, so effectually, and indeed agreeably (if our sensations, and sentiments, are not perverted by habit) contributes to preserve, enliven, and invigorate health, as

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walking. In walking, the exercise is most regularly, and equally distributed through all parts of the frame; and the action, and degree of that exercise, make just that motion and agitation, which the animal organs require. I may likewise observe, that when we are on foot, we may deviate when we please, through narrow, and obstructed paths; and take our stand on some arduous ground, from which we may enjoy a variety of grand, and beautiful prospects, that would be inaccessible to us, if our journey was in any other way. Who will presume to controvert this theory, when I add, that walking is that constitutional, permanent, and universal exercise, which is appointed for man, by his Creator?'

Mr. S. very candidly recites some instances of his indiscretion at Leicester as at other places, where he had a temporary residence in his rambling life. From Leicester he was sent on a recruiting party to Biggleswade in Bedfordshire. At Biggleswade our author tells us that he enjoyed some few luminous and halcyon days.—Mr. S. exhibits some amusing sketches of the acquaintance which he formed in this neighbourhood. The following may serve as a specimen of his lively delineations. It is the characteristic portrait of John Harvey, Esq. of Ickwell, a village about four miles from Biggleswade.

'He was an old, and merry batchelor; and an affectionate, and generous uncle to his nephews, who lived with him. On these young gentlemen, he had not bestowed the polish of a liberal education; their knowledge, indeed, was very common, and limited; it's principal objects, were country affairs:—but he had assiduously trained, and habituated them to the sports of the field; to which, as long as he had strength to move, he was very much addicted. Of this honest ranger of hill, and dale, hunting was the chief rural pleasure. Nothing can totally pervert, and spoil a *good*; nothing can effectually correct, and reform, a *bad* disposition.—It had not been in the power even of the rough, and barbarous joys of the chace, to harden *his* neighbourly, humane, and friendly heart; which was ever open to good impressions; and which often impelled him to the performance of good offices.—I imagine that he was in his grand climacterick, when I knew him. He enjoyed a hereditary estate, which had descended to him from a long line of ancestors; and which was worth two thousand pounds a year, fifty years ago.—I frequently visited at *his* house; which was delightfully situated; where I enjoyed several charming, literary days, (for *I* read, while *he*, and his *nephews* hunted,) and several pleasant, and mirthful nights.—He weighed almost twenty stone; but he was on horseback; and followed the hounds keenly, almost every day. He lived well, but he was not intemperate; *such* a man you may easily suppose, would be jolly sometimes. His brisk exercise, co-operating with a natural strong constitution, gave his body, though corpulent, the vigour, and activity; the circulation

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of his blood, the sprightliness; and his face, the ruddy suffusion of a second youth. He was certainly, altogether, one of the most extraordinary men, I ever knew. And *he* must have been a very hard, and unrelaxing scholar; literature must not have produced it's best, and most amiable effects on *his* mind, who could not be pleased, and affectionately engaged, with the friendship of this hearty old gentleman.—He sung a good song; his voice was strong; yet it had it's softer melody; his natural musical taste, was judicious; for he felt what he sung. When fancy was pursuing a train of gay ideas; when he was at a happy hour of elevation; I was never tired; nay, I was always delighted with hearing him sing the following song in Comus.—It is, to this day, more deeply imprinted in my imagination, by the unaffected, and unadorned performance of Mr. Harvey, than by all the gaudy, and meretricious embellishments, with which it *ever* took my attention in the theatre.

'By dimpled brook, and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim,
Their merry, merry wakes, and gambols keep
What has night to do with sleep?
Night has better joys to prove;
Venus now wakes; and wakens love!
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only day-light that makes sin;
'Tis only day-light, &c.

'He had likewise a favourite hunting-song; which, in his rosy hours, he used to sing with great spirit, and glee.—I remember only it's chorus:—

And all the day long,
This, this is our song;
Still hollowing, and following,
So frolick, and free;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds;
No mortals on earth, are so happy as we.

'He used to soften his joys of society, and of Bacchus, with a soothing pipe. He was very liberal of his wine to his friends. He had an elegant chrystal tun, which his butler used to fill with a *magnum bonum* (two bottles of claret)—bunches of grapes were *cut*, and a silver Bacchus was *mounted* on it; it turned on a pivot; and from this transparent cask; and from a silver cock, we drew the ruby nectar of Bourdeaux.—While his soul was warmed with social inspiration;—while, with this precious vessel before him; with his pipe in his hand;—with his rosy, and jolly face, beaming hospitality, and transport; which were enforced by a large, white, and venerable, yet comic wig; he enjoyed the rapture of one of his own festive songs; while he exerted *this* spirit, and was dignified with these ensigns of conviviality;—the god himself, of Crete, and

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Naxos (for in youthful age, this *bon vivant* challenged immortality) seemed to preside at our meeting;—or at least, he completely represented to my fancy, a sublime demi-god, or a jovial high-priest; the Silenus of Ægle; or the Bitias of Dido.'

In June 1757, Mr. S.'s recruiting party was dissolved, and he went into camp at Chatham. Not many months after his he resolved to relinquish a military life, which he found but little to accord with his habits and inclinations. His friends did all they could to dissuade him from that which in his circumstances they deemed an act of singular temerity and imprudence. But says our author

'to compleat any scheme; to execute *any* project that had seized my mind, and at *any* hazard; how unwarrantable soever by prudence, and common sense, was the occasion; and how strongly soever I was dissuaded from it;—was unfortunately a part of my constitution, and of my habits.'

In November 1757, Mr. S. bade adieu to the army for ever; with the mention of this event our author concludes the first volume of his Memoirs. Want of space will oblige us to give a more brief account of the contents of the second.

From the period in which he quitted the army to the Michaelmas of 1759, when he was ordained deacon by Dr. Trevor, bishop of Durham, he appears to have pursued his studies with unremitting diligence. He made himself master of the Hebrew language; he enlarged his knowledge of the French and Italian, and read some good theological works, in order to fit himself for the sacred function which he designed to undertake.

After his ordination Mr. Stockdale repaired to London, to officiate as substitute to Mr. Sharpe in the curacy and lectureship of Duke's place near Aldgate. On his way to London, our author accidentally met Dr. Brown, the author of Essays on Lord Shaftsbury's Characteristicks, &c. whom he found a very agreeable companion, and with whom he formed an acquaintance which subsisted for several years.—To add to his clerical salary, which was only forty pounds a year, Mr. S. began to translate a French treatise on the *belles lettres*, for Lockyer Davis in Holborn;—but, says he,

'I soon tired of my task; partly because I was not born for translating, and partly because I was idly disposed; and more intent on making my purse lighter, than on adding to its weight.'

In 1762, Mr. S. went down to Berwick to be curate to

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Mr. Thorp—the vicar of that place. 'Here,' says he, 'I passed five years; in which time I waged a determined war against my credit and my happiness.' But in this interval Mr. S. wrote several poetical pieces, which have been noticed by our predecessors in the conduct of the C.R.

In the summer of 1767 our restless and roaming bard sailed for London; and in the autumn of the same year we find him at Villa Franca, about two miles east of Nice. In this elysian spot he remained almost two years; and sat down, as he says, seriously to his studies; and read and wrote a good deal.—Mr. S. returned to London in 1769 in very indigent circumstances. He offered in an advertisement to teach languages.—This advertisement brought him acquainted with Mr. Ayrey, a gentleman who lived in Manchester-buildings, Westminster.

'He had no need of the instructions which I had publickly proposed; but there was something (as he afterwards told me) in the strain and manner of the advertisement, with which he was particularly pleased; and on *that* account, he was determined to see me. I found in *him*, the most benevolent, and generous man; and the warmest, and most genuine friend, that I ever knew. He did not believe the divine origin of the scriptures; but perhaps, there was not a man living, who, in the charitable, humane, and liberal essentials of their precepts, practised them so nobly. He was an auditor of accounts in chancery; but he never would engage in any business, till it was evinced to him, that the cause was of the most immaculate integrity.'

In 1770 our author translated Tasso's *Aminta* for Mr. Davies, a bookseller in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden. He sent a copy of this work to the first Lord Lyttleton; who paid him a visit at his lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleet-Street, two or three days after his lordship had received the present of Mr. Stockdale.

'In this interview, we had some conversation on Dr. Johnson, and his writings. Lord Lyttleton regretted the roughness of his manners; and the too frequently uniform, and elaborate structure of his style. I observed that it was apt to cloy us like honey; he liked the similitude.—"But (said his lordship) notwithstanding the exceptionable parts of his character, as a writer, and a social being; if I had power, there is no man whom I should be more desirous to serve; on account of his learning; his talents; and his virtue."

'My translation of Aminta, gave occasion to his lordship of saying something on blank verse. He told me, that on a visit to Mr. Pope at Twickenham, while he was translating the Iliad, he took

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the liberty to express to that great poet, his surprise that he had not determined to translate Homer's poem into blank verse; as it was an epic poem;—and as he had before him the illustrious example of Milton, in the Paradise Lost.—Mr. Pope's answer to Lord Lyttleton was,that' he could translate it more easily into rhyme.'—I communicated this anecdote to Dr. Johnson; his remark on it to me, was very erroneous in criticism; and it was very irreverent and rude, to a memory which deserved more respectful treatment,—"Sir,—when Pope said *that*, he knew that he lied." The remark was false criticism; because there is no doubt, for it is demonstrated by great examples, that the genius of *some* poets is peculiarly adapted to excell in blank verse; and that of *others*, in rhyme.'

On the death of Dr. Guthrie in 1770, Mr. Stockdale appears to have taken an active share in one of the departments of the C.R. till the April of the following year, when some dispute with Mr. Hamilton, the then proprietor, on the subject of pecuniary compensation, caused him to relinquish his critical toils. The next literary undertaking, in which we find Mr. Stockdale engaged, was a life of the poet Waller to be prefixed to Fenton's elegant edition of his works. He appears to have executed his task much to the satisfaction of his employer.—Our author next translated the Antiquities of Greece which were written in Latin by Lambert Bos.—In 1773 Mr. Stockdale published his poem of 'the Poet,' which, he tell us, 'was admired by the first judges of poetical merit.' This poem had been shown to Garrick in manuscript, who professed himself in raptures with its beauties. An acquaintance followed between Garrick and the author, which Mr. Stockdale confesses to have been attended with 'substantial offices of friendship,' on the part of the English Roscius. In 1773 Mr. Stockdale,who seems to have been much too versatile in his modes of life, and too much addicted to locomotive propensities, procured through the interest of Garrick, the situation of chaplain on board the Resolution, a guardship of seventy-four guns, which was lying at Spithead. He kept this office for three years,during which he lived in several places,—'on board of the *Resolution*; at Portsmouth;—in the Isle of Wight; and in London.'—But during this period, he does not appear to have relaxed his literary diligence. In 1766 he published a translation of Sabbatier's work on 'the institutions, customs, and manners of the ancient nations.'—He at the same time varied his labours by devoting a portion of his industry to theology and the muses.

One of the next productions of Mr. S. was an attempt to refute the critical reasoning of Dr. Warton in his Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, and to assert for that

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great poet a right to a higher station in the temple of the muses than has been assigned to him by the head-master of Winchester school. Mr. Stockdale, whom some of the readers of these memoirs will probably think rather too propense to panegyrise his own productions, says of his work against Dr. Warton, that he 'executed his refutation of a scholastic and presumptuous critic, with some strength of argument, and with a strain of eloquence.' 'Mr. S. says that Dr. Johnson solemnly promised to mention this defence of Pope in his life of that poet, with glowing praise; but Mr. S. had the mortification to find the essay of Dr. Warton highly extolled, while his own was not honoured with one sentence of approbation.—When the booksellers in 1779 had resolved to publish a complete edition of the English poets, Mr. Stockdale was selected to write the lives; but he says that the personal dislike of Strahan induced them to violate the engagement, when the work was transferred to Dr. Johnson.

In 1784 Lord Thurlow, to whom Mr. Stockdale had in the preceding year presented a volume of sermons, and some of his poetical pieces, gave him the living of Lesbury in Northumberland, and at the same time, wrote to the Duke of Northumberland to solicit the living of Longhoughton, which was also vacant.—In consequence of the warm recommendation of the chancellor to his grace, the latter bestowed the living of Longhoughton on Mr. Stockdale. Who would not imagine that our author, who had experienced so many previous vicissitudes in life, and had now the opportunity of enjoying the sweet sensation of a peaceful home, admirably suited to the intellectual culture, which seemed a prominent object of his ambition, would not have relinquished that love of *local* novelty which seems to have haunted him through life, and have said with a grateful heart?

> 'Inveni portum; spes et fortuna valete;
> Sat me lusistis: ludite nunc alios.'

But in 1787, we find him quitting Lesbury to accept an invitation from Mr. Matra, the British consul at Tangier, to 'reside with him in the bosom of friendship, and under a genial sky.'—But did Mr. S. forget that it was a despotic government? Mr. S. arrived at Gibraltar at the end of the year 1788; where he received two or three letters from Mr. Matra, which did not encourage him to proceed any farther, and our author tells us, that when Mr. Matra met him at Gibraltar, in the following year, he '*shewed him much illiberality of manners.*' Mr. S. was now determined

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not to visit Mauritania! Admiral Peyton arrived at Gibraltar in the spring of 1789; when, as he had no chaplain on board his ship, Mr. S. solicited and obtained that situation.

'My cabin,' says he, 'was a very little confined spot on the main deck; almost adjoining to the gun-room; and was hardly ever free from the sound of noisy feet, oaths, and execrations.'

This situation did not long suit Mr. S. though it does not seem to have much disturbed his literary pursuits; for he tells us, that in the miserable cabin above-mentioned he studied the astronomy of Ferguson, and the philosophy of Plutarch; that he translated a good deal of Marsollier's life of Cardinal Ximenes, and wrote thirteen sermons for seamen, which were published in 1791.

On his return to Gibraltar in 1789, Mr. S. formed an acquaintance with Major Grey, with whom he went to visit Mr. Logie the British consul at Algiers. Our author found Mr. Logie 'a vain, empty, miserable sot;' from whom and from his friend Major Grey, he seems to have experienced no small share of brutality and insolence, from which he was glad to escape to the house of Mr. Fore, a French watch-maker at Algiers, who entertained him very hospitably till February 1790, when he procured a passage to Marseilles. From this city he travelled through France, and arrived in London in the spring of the same year. He resided in the metropolis till 1791, then took a cottage at Windsor Forest; whence he removed to Durham in the same year. At this time he wrote his 'Poetical Thoughts on the Banks of the Wear;' and a pamphlet on the slave-trade. In April 1792, he returned to the metropolis. From August 1794, to May 1796, we find him settled at Monmouth, where he composed some of his lectures on the English poets. In May 1796, Mr. S. again revisits the metropolis, takes lodgings at Egham, then at Windsor, takes a house at Durham, which he furnishes, and '*resolves permanently to reside there*;' but finds himself shunned by the 'heavy brothers of the college;' writes his poem of the 'Invincible Island;' leaves his *permanent residence*, at Durham, in 1799; and returns to his vicarage-house at Lesbury after an absence of eight years. At Lesbury he finishes his lectures, writes these memoirs, publishes a collection of poems, &c. &c.

We shall now draw our account of these volumes to a close. The first is the best written, and the most amusing; but both may be read with that degree of interest, which a faithful representation of the varied life of an intelligent individual always inspires, and with that degree of instruction which is to be derived from reflecting on the virtues or the

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vices, the industry or the idleness, the right or the wrong courses of our fellow-creatures.—We have given ample proof of Mr. Stockdale's *locomotive propensities;* and we did it in order to impress our more juvenile readers with a conviction of a very important truth in the conduct of life,—that but little benefit is usually derived from change of situation, that similar difficulties, inquietudes, or vexations, will re-appear at different places; that the evil which we experience where we are, is often less than that which we should feel in another locality; that it is wise to make the best of our present circumstances, and not like the *vagrant* (we use the term without the smallest disrespect) author of these Memoirs, to indulge in those vain and delusive anticipations of good, which local transitions may inspire. Happiness is not a local thing;—

'Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.'

We think that Mr. Stockdale has not ill-employed his time in writing his own life; and though we could have wished that he had not so often been his own panegyrist, yet we think that he deserves much praise for the candour with which he has animadverted on his own conduct in different parts of his variegated existence. We now quit his book with our best wishes for the comfort of his remaining years.

ART. II.—*Horæ Ionicæ: a Poem, descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and Part of the adjacent Coast of Greece By Waller Rodwell Wright, Esq. &c. 8vo. pp.* 67. Longman. 1809.

DURING the short peace of Amiens, while, as it were in mockery of the ancient liberties of Greece, all Europe concurred in acknowledging as an independent power the *republic of the seven islands,* Mr. Wright obtained the appointment of consul-general to his Britannic Majesty for that little state. In this situation he remained till the versatile ambition of France, having decreed the demolition of the temporary fabric which she herself had erected, a French force occupied the 'septinsular territory,' and Mr. Wright was compelled not only to relinquish his official capacity but to abandon with precipitation the valuable collection of books and papers which he had made, with the laudable view of transmitting to his countrymen all the particulars in his power, relative to a region so little known in its modern state, and so venerable from the associations of antient learning.

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Of his present poem, the only fruit left of his observation and enquiries, he informs us that a part was actually written among the scenes which it professes to describe, the remainder after his return, 'from general recollection, assisted by a few loose notes.' But although the unfortunate circumstances above alluded to have probably deprived us of a fund of most interesting information, which a longer residence on the spot would have enabled the author to collect and communicate, and at the same time that we sincerely lament, on his account, as well as our own, the disappointment of his more extended prospects, we have to return him our thanks for the very high entertainment it has yet been in his power to furnish, of the materials for which the revolutions of states and empires could not deprive him, since they existed in his memory and were engraved on his imagination. The reason which he modestly assigns for hoping that his poem 'will not be unacceptable to the classic reader' is indeed the highest possible recommendation which a descriptive poem can admit. It is the genuine impression of local scenery connected with history upon a mind well stored with knowledge, and impressed in no faint degree with the true feeling and spirit of poetry. We cannot say less than this in favour of a work which has given us a very high degree of pleasure, even though the author is so ignorant, or so diffident, of its merits, as to be 'fully aware that its general style and versification are not calculated to challenge the ordeal of *severer* criticism.' From all *severity* of criticism we shall indeed most willingly abstain, but not from the motive which he has suggested. In examining a work so totally free from all affectation, yet so full of the most pleasing imagery and natural reflection, so unassuming in its form, yet so correct in style and execution, where can criticism find room to expatiate? Our office in such a case becomes perfectly useless, except in directing the attention of our readers to the poem itself, by selecting a few detached passages in justification of our opinions.

'In that dark season, when the sun declines
His southern course among the watry signs,
And icy winter, from his arctic throne,
Extends his reign through half the milder zone;
Clime after clime the torpid spell invades,
From Bergen's forests to Hesperia's glades;
Till, rushing o'er the Adriatic deep,
His storms invest Thessalia's rugged steep.
Here, as if nature's law restrained its course,
The wintry tempest spends its latest force;

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Beyond Thesprotia's cliffs unruffled lie
A milder climate and serener sky;
Along the vales more genial breezes flow;
And brighter sunbeams on the mountains glow.
'There was a time, when o'er these favoured plains,
Through wintry months where partial summer reigns,
The sun of freedom cheer'd the rising day,
And blooming science drank the vital ray:
Now, sunk in shades of everlasting night,
Extinct for ever is that golden light:
Forlorn and wither'd lies the Muse's bower;
For stern oppression blasts each opening flower,
Checks in the soul each germ of heavenly birth,
And bows her fairest scyons to the earth;
While every vice to slavish fear allied
Pollutes the heart, and chills its genial tide.
'Yet in unfading bloom the scene appears,
All glowing with the pride of distant years;
And still, by nature and the Muses dress'd,
Might waken rapture in a poet's breast,
E'en I, whose thriftless hand for many a day
Had cast the half-formed classic wreath away,
Feel kindling ardour rush through every vein,
And weave once more the long-forgotten strain.'

The few last lines of this passage are as graceful as they are modest; but enough homage is already paid to the bashfulness of a virgin muse, and we are sorry that the poet goes on to make any further professions of maiden coyness and humility, which, though we believe them in this instance honestly intended, wear always a suspicious appearance, seeming to provoke the question, 'why, if your ability is so very mean as you represent it to be, did you write at all?' It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Wright has, even to this perplexing question, an answer at hand, in the spirit, if not in the language, of an ancient troubadour.

'Yet, when the year renews its lovely prime,
And Spring, advancing from the southern clime,
With rosy smile the infant zephyr greets,
And bathes his tepid wing in balmy sweets,
My heart, responsive, owns the genial glow,
And the wild numbers all unbidden flow.'

We shall now accompany the author in his fancied excursion, as closely as the nature of our work will allow.

He begins with Corfu, the first and largest island of the little dominion to which it belongs, and presents us with a picture of its charms worthy of the ancient garden of Alci-

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nous. The prospect of its once famous, and still beautiful harbour, crowned with the classic mountain, Isthone, naturally presents to his imagination the most memorable circumstance in the annals of its former greatness, the sedition of Corcyra, important in itself, but far more important as the origin of the long civil wars which distracted Greece during all the most splendid period of her reign. The description, borrowed from Thucydides, of the long sufferings, the desperate enterprise, and destruction of the brave exiles, is wrought with real feeling.

'Meanwhile the noble and illustrious few,
In faith unshaken, and to honour true,
Were sternly doom'd on foreign shores to know
A wretched life of penury and woe.
'But ah! can distance quench the patriot's flame?
Or wrongs efface a bleeding country's claim?
How vain the thought? Where'er those footsteps stray
That bear him from his native land away,
Indignant though the exile quit his home,
And, like Camillus, curse ungrateful Rome,
Some kindred scene will meet his tearful eyes,
Some sad remembrance in his bosom rise;
His heart still melting, as he still recedes,
Forgets his wrongs and for its country bleeds.
'Thus, many a year, where Achelous guides
His turbid wave, or mild Eurotus glides,
With pensive step the joyless exiles roved
And fondly linger'd near the spot they loved.
At length, indignant, they collect their powers,
Where old Buthrotum rears her warlike towers.
Ill-fated warriors! soon the eastern gale
With unpropitious breezes fills your sail;
And, as it wafts you to your native home,
But speeds your passage to the destin'd tomb.
'And now, restored to loved Corcyra's strand,
Array'd in martial pride I see them stand,
While pensive courage gleams from every eye;
Too few to conquer, yet resolved to die.
Long 'midst the ruins of their falling state,
I mark the heroes struggling with their fate;
I view them on Isthone's rocky height,
From cliff to cliff renew the doubtful fight;
Till, parch'd with thirst, by want and famine press'd,
Fainting with wounds, and unrestored by rest,
Their nerveless arms no more the falchion wield,
They sink exhausted, and despairing yield.'

The siege of Corfu, 'commenced by the Turks immo-

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diately after the termination of that of Candia in 1645, and raised about five years afterwards with considerable loss on the part of the assailants,' forms the subject of another digression, not less picturesque than the preceding, and certainly not of inferior interest, when it is considered that the exertions then made by the confederated defenders of the place, opposed the first effectual check to the before unconquered progress of the Ottoman arms, and so delivered Christendom from the apprehension of a worse than Gothic subversion.

Pursuing his course from Corfu towards Zante, the poet passes the little island of Paxu, not without making his advantage of that memorable legend by which alone the name of the deserted spot is signalized.

> 'By Paxu's shores (thus ancient legends say*)
> As once a Grecian vessel held her way,
> Steering her course for fair Hesperia's land,
> Becalm'd she lay beside this desert strand.
> Dark was the night, and stillness reign'd around;
> When, from the shore, a more than mortal sound
> The trembling steersman by his name address'd,
> And spoke in accents wild its sad behest.
> "Hence to the west thy destin'd course pursue,
> And as Palodes rises to thy view,
> Say to the Dryads of her woody shore,
> That Pan, the great, the powerful, is no more!!!"
> 'Awe-struck, the mariner his course pursued,
> And when his vessel near'd the sacred wood,
> In order due invoked the Dryad train,
> And, as enjoin'd, rehears'd the mystic strain;
> When, from each haunted shade, and cavern'd dell,
> Loud piercing shrieks and notes of sorrow swell;
> Wild strains of anguish load the rising gale,
> That now, propitious, fills his bended sail:
> With haste he spreads his canvas to the wind,
> And joys to leave the fearful coast behind.'

We would recommend to Mr. Wright another legend of

'* This legendary tale may be found more at length in Plutarch's treatise, De Defectu Oraculorum. I have interwoven it here, as being the only remarkable mention of this little island which I have been able to discover. This passage is also alluded to by Milton, in his hymn on the Nativity:

> 'The lonely mountains o'er,
> And the resounding shore,
> A voice of weeping heard and loud lament.'

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more modern superstition, relating to the coast of Cephalonia, which is susceptible of great poetical ornament and picturesque description. He will find it in that part of the chronicles of Froissart where the honest historian is relating the return of the French nobles set at liberty after the fatal battle of Nicopolis, very near the conclusion of his work.

The view of Parga, a small town on the continental coast, gives occasion to another historical digression concerning the wars maintained by the Sulliotes (the Greek mountaineers of that neighbourhood) against the Pacha of Joannina, in the account of which stronger traces are to be observed of the old spirit of Grecian liberty than in any other enterprise or atchievement of the modern descendants of that degraded nation. We may readily imagine that neither Actium nor Leucate would be passed by unnoticed, and that Theachia (the Ithaca of old) would awaken sentiments corresponding with the name of its hero. But the beautiful prospect of the port of Zante inspires strains of more genuine poetry.—

'Welcome, Zacynthus, welcome are thy shades,
Thy vine-clad hills, and deep sequester'd glades!
Soft are the gales that o'er thy bosom stray,
And mild the beams that on thy mountains play.
What though no spreading oak or lofty plane*
Here mark the honors of the sylvan reign,
With rapture we survey thy humbler groves,
Still bending as the changeful zephyr moves.
By Acroteria's steep we pass along,
Whose echoing cliffs repeat the boatman's song;
Then to our destin'd station bear away,
And moor our vessel in the shelter'd bay.
'Sure 'tis enchantment bids the prospect rise,
Like some bright fairy vision to my eyes:†
On every side what varied beauty charms!
Here the throng'd city spreads her crescent arms;
To her white bosom woos the swelling tide,
And rises on the mountain's shelvy side;

* Ὑλήεσσα, is an epithet no longer applicable to the isle of Zante, which though graced with plantations of olive, produces no sort of timber, or even a thicket except the oleaster grove on Scopo, and a small copse of pollards and brushwood near the point of Basilico.'

† It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the beautiful effect produced by the first sight of this charming bay, which would furnish a most interesting subject for the pencil. I have frequently heard it admired as a miniature representation of the bay of Naples; with the difference that the mountain of Scopo, the humble representative of Vesuvius, rises on the left instead of the right. Of the similarity I am unable to judge, as I have never visited Naples.'

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Around whose brow in ruin'd grandeur frown
The hoary honours of his rural crown,*
As proudly conscious of the glorious day
When Dion marshall'd here his small array,
With patriot ardour fired his dauntless band,
And led them forth to free his native land.
'Where to the right extends the level shore,
And rippling surges break with fainter roar,
From yonder turret through the yielding air,
The echoing bell sends forth the call of prayer.
Hail to the sacred spot, † whose bosom gave,
Immortal Tully, thine inglorious grave!
Yet why inglorious? Though no mortal guest
Sigh'd o'er thy turf, or bade thine ashes rest,
While undistinguish'd here thy relics slept,
Beside thine humble grave the muses wept;
In heavenly strains thy hallow'd requiem sung,
And o'er thy tomb the votive chaplet flung;
By fancy wreath'd, with flowers of brightest hue,
Yet freshly glistening with Castalian dew,
And mingled ivy-buds in clusters brown,
And virtue's palm, and wisdom's olive-crown.

* * * * * *

An exile thus from scenes of youthful joy,
What solace shall my lingering hours employ?
Fair queen of wisdom! let thy spirit quell
The anxious thoughts that in my bosom swell,
The paths of science teach me to explore,
And oft revolve the page of classic lore!
And thou bright fancy! wilt thou sometimes deign
To guide my wanderings and inspire my strain,
As oft I rove, in wildly-pensive mood,
Beside the margin of the restless flood,
Or idly seek with some incondite lay
To cheer the irksome solitary day?
'Led by thine hand beside yon rustic seat,
Where tangled olives form a cool retreat,
Through the green shade where evening breezes play,
Oft have I linger'd at the close of day,

'* The castle of Zante, now in ruins. The undoubted site of the ancient Zacynthus, where Dion reviewed his troops previous to his successful attack upon the tyrant of Syracuse.'

'† Remondini, a Catholic bishop of Zante, who published a brief account of this island in Latin, about the middle of the seventeenth century, relates, that in digging for the foundation of the Latin church, A.D. 1550, a stone was discovered with the following inscription, M.T.CICERO·HAVE·ET TU·TERTIA·ANTONIA: beneath were found two urns, the larger of which, containing ashes, was inscribed at the bottom with the words MAR. TULL. CIC. in a circle; the other was a lachryinatory.—If this story should be considered as somewhat apocryphal, it does not appear to me to exceed the limits of poetical licence.'

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To mark the lengthening shadows as they fell
And listen to the convent's vesper bell.
There, while mine eye the cultured plain surveys,
And o'er the wide expanse of waters strays,
I feel, as nature slowly sinks to rest,
A charm resistless soothe my anxious breast.
I love to mark the sun's descending beam
Cast o'er the western hills its parting gleam;
And watch the varied tints of doubtful light,
By soft gradations melting from the sight.
'Fast spreads the gloom; no longer to the view
The waving olive shifts its varying hue;
The orange and her paler sister fade,
Involv'd alike, in undistinguish'd shade;
Sweet are their odours still, but dimly seen
Their mingled fruits and flowers and vivid green.
Alone unchanged the cypress yet remains,
And still her colour as her form retains.
'Now, gently stealing on the yielding sense,
Soft breathing gales their gather'd sweets dispense,
From thousand aromatic plants, that grow
In wild luxuriance on the mountain's brow;
From cultured fields, where blooms the early vine,
And embryo blossoms swell with future wine;
But chiefly thence, where, clad in vernal bloom,
The grape of Corinth sheds its rich perfume.
Still is the landscape; nature sleeps around;
All motion dead, and hush'd is every sound;
Save where the unyoked heifer roams at large,
Or the rude goatherd tends his wand'ring charge;
And, as their bleatings faintly strike my ear,
In mingled notes the herdsman's strain I hear,
List'ning his carol, as in uncouth rhymes
He sings * the warlike deeds of other times;
Or wildly modulates to simple lays
His reed †——the Doric reed of antient days.

'* The modern Greeks retain a variety of traditional stories which they derive from classical antiquity. * * I once observed a circle of Albanian soldiers listening with great attention to a story recited to them by a boy in the most animated manner. They seemed equally interested in and delighted by the narrative, which excited from them loud and repeated bursts of laughter: I heartily regretted that my ignorance of the modern Greek, prevented me from participating their enjoyment; especially as I could distinguish that the hero of the tale was Achilles, or, as the moderns pronounce his name Achilleus.' This, however, is not only the modern pronunciation. Does not Mr. Wright remember the first verse of the Iliad?

'† The rustic flutes still in use among the peasants of Zante, are of two sorts. The one, to which I allude in this place, is a simple joint of the large reed which grows commonly in those islands,—&c. &c.'

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' At this still hour, when peace and silence reign,
Remembrance wakes the sadly pleasing strain
Of former joys; and fancy loves to stray
O'er seas and distant shores, a trackless way!
With tears unbidden swells my pensive eye,
And bends its eager gaze on vacancy;
Or, darting upwards through the fields of light,
Explores the starry rulers of the night;
And vainly seeks among their radiant band,
To fix the zenith of my native land.'

With great regret we must now leave Mr. Wright to pursue his voyage unattended to its termination, and quit the enchanting scenes of Ionia for the less agreeable tasks which our duty imposes on us. The long extracts which we have not been able to refuse ourselves the gratification of making, will sufficiently confirm our impression as to the merits of the poem; and yet we cannot close the volume without citing one more witness to the truth of our opinion, in the notes of mournful pride with which the poet is led from the contemplation of the scenes of departed grandeur to a prediction of the certain, but we hope far distant downfall of his native country.

' Where Previsa extends her small domain,
And boasts her freedom from the tyrant's chain,
Awhile we rest; and, greeting with a sigh
The last remains of Grecian liberty,
Anticipate the sure-revolving hour
When thou, fair island-queen! reft of thy power
(That power which Vengeance on the oppressor hurl'd,
And spread its ægis o'er a trembling world)
Must prostrate lie; and kindred souls shall pay
A kindred homage to thy setting ray.
For in that hour—Oh, distant be its date!—
When thou, like Greece, must own the power of fate,
Thy name in glory's annals shall be found
With arts and arms, and free-born virtues crown'd;
And while pure honour's unpolluted flame
Beyond her praise shall consecrate thy fame,
A brighter track thy evening sun shall fire,
Nor sink in night till time itself expire.'

ART. III.—*The Doctrine of the Greek Article, applied to the Criticism and Illustration of the New Testament, by T. F. Middleton, A.M. pp.* 700. 14*s*. Cadell.

THIS is an elaborate performance on a subject of late

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much discussed, and still in need of farther discussion. The author displays habits of patient investigation, and acute thinking, with an extensive acquaintance with the authors of Greece. The theory he labours to establish is new, but, it appears to us unsupportable, contradictory, and even absurd. Dr. Middleton was abundantly qualified by nature and learning to settle the much disputed meaning of the Greek article; but he has brought to the task a mind perplexed and enfeebled by a religious system. The work seems the unnatural offspring of a preconceived theology, united with learning; which, therefore, exhibits throughout the opposite characters of both its parents, obscurity and prolixity in style and sentiment, taste embellishing error, judgment biassed by passion, a high confidence in himself, and those who agree with him, and an unjustifiable severity towards more liberal enquirers. The work is divided into two parts; in the first he lays down his theory, which he illustrates by a profusion of examples from various authors; in the second he examines the N. T. and endeavours to explain those instances in which the article appears to have no meaning, or an obscure uncertain meaning.

There is no profit in analysing absurdity and error; we shall not, therefore, follow our author through all the subordinate parts of his system. Our plan is to examine and expose its fundamental and most essential principles, then to explain the real signification of the Greek article, and finally to shew that this explanation is capable of solving every difficulty, whether it occur in the N. T. or in profane authors.

'The Greek article,' says Dr. M. p. 7, 'is the pronoun relative ὅ, so employed that its relation is supposed to be more or less obscure; which relation therefore, is explained in some adjunct annexed to the article by the participle of existence expressed or understood. Hence the article may be considered as the *subject*, and its adjunct as the predicate of a proposition differing from ordinary propositions only as assumption differs from assertion; for this is the only difference between the verb and the participle; between ὤν and ὄν.'

Without stopping to shew that this account of the article is destitute of that precision and perspicuity, which should ever characterize a just definition, we maintain that the premises here laid down are palpably erroneous; and that the conclusion is contradictory and even absurd.

In the first place we ask, what evidence has Dr. M. for asserting that the article is the same with the relative pronoun? His argument, the illustration of which occupies

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many pages, is briefly the following. 'The article is used as a pronoun in Homer; it is, therefore, in its nature a pronoun, and being a pronoun in this early writer, it is a pronoun in all other subsequent writers.

Now this argument, so far from being conclusive is refuted by the very first instance in which Homer uses the article, Ὁ γαρ βασιλῆι χολωθείς.—This article indeed may be rendered by the personal or relative pronoun; for '*he* being angry with the king, or *who* being angry with the king.' But does it follow, that because ὁ may be sometimes rendered in our tongue by *he*, or *who*, that it is in its nature the same with those pronouns? Far from it. By so rendering it we make the idiom of the original bend to that of our own tongue, which, if preserved would be thus. 'For *that* being angry with the king,' namely, *that person*, the son of Jupiter mentioned in the preceding clause. And this is the idiom of the original in every instance where the article may be rendered in English by *he*, or *who*. The proper conclusion then is, that, in all such cases, the article is really a *definitive*, serving to bring to the attention of the reader, as the subject of discourse, a name obviously understood, or expressed in the preceding clause.

When the omission would render it doubtful what noun the writer intended to define, the invariable rule is to insert it after the article; thus, ὡς φατ', τὸν δ' ὁ γηρυς, 'he thus spoke, but *that* old man feared.' The speaker was Agamemnon, who is therefore the implied nominative to φατο, who is also the agent to whom the reader would refer the article in the next clause, if the noun γηρυς were not inserted after it: and the insertion shews that the person who felt fear was not he who spoke, but *that sage* to whom Agamemnon had spoken. There is, therefore, no foundation for saying that Homer uses the article as a pronoun, and consequently none for saying that it is so used in subsequent writers. Dr. M. may be an excellent classical scholar, but he betrays an unfortunate want of acquaintance with the general principles of language; and the prejudices of education operating in the absence of this philosophical knowledge, is the real cause which induced our author to offer the present chimerical system to the public. We recognize in Dr. Middleton not the enlightened critic, but the technical grammarian, who is governed in his enquiries only by the minute analogies of his own language; and who hurries himself and his readers into general conclusions respecting the idioms of a foreign tongue merely through the medium of those associations, which he had passively, without any exertion of his understanding, learnt in the school or the nursery. An Eng-

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lish pedagogue of narrow views calls *that* a relative, when it points to a preceding noun, but supposes it to change its nature and become a *demonstrative*, when followed by its adjunct, and again to become a *conjunction*, when it defines the whole subjoined sentence; with the same narrow views has our author pronounced the Greek article to be a pronoun, because it may be sometimes represented by a pronoun in his mother's tongue.

But though the author had established the justness of his premises, his conclusion would, we maintain, still be absurd and contradictory. 'Hence the article may be considered as the *subject* and its adjunct as the predicate of a proposition.' We know things only through the medium of their qualities, and we are acquainted with *subjects* only so far as they are modified or defined by their *predicates*. If this doctrine be true, the article, being the subject of a proposition, is the farthest possible from the nature of a definitive; and the noun following, hitherto supposed to be defined by it is but a predicate, whose use in reality is to limit the article. Of this conclusion Dr. M. seems to have been aware; and he talks in the progress of his work, (see p. 104,) of what is usually called the defined noun, defining the article. This theory reverses the notions which all learned men without exception have entertained on this subject; and the public will be deficient in gratitude, if they do not acknowledge their obligation to this writer for his important discovery. Surely an author should have good reason on his side, before he presumed diametrically to oppose the undivided judgment of the wise in all ages and countries. In the present instance we venture to affirm, that the learned doctor has deviated from the general opinion, in direct opposition to the evidence of truth.

If we were logically to analyse the proposition, ὁ θεος ἐστι ἀγαθος, we should say that ὁ θεος is the subject, and ἀγαθος the quality predicated of him. But the doctrine we are considering reverses this fundamental principle in logic, making ὁ the subject, and θεος, which it defines, the predicate; a contradiction in terms, unless, indeed, the subject of an express proposition may at the same time be the predicate of an assumptive one. What then must we think of a theory, the fundamental principle of which directly contradicts, or greatly perplexes the most obvious dictates of the human understanding?

Towards the close of this analysis we shall more particularly examine the leading positions of our author. We proceed at present to consider a few instances in which he applies his theory to the New Testament. In the last chapter of the

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first part he answers the objections that might be made to the right use of the article by the sacred writers; and we quote with pleasure the following passage to shew to what elegance of language and justness of sentiment our author was capable of rising, when he traversed the plain and solid ground of truth.

'It is not true, p. 195, however prevalent may be the opinion, that the uses of the Greek article do, for the most part, deserve to be considered as *minutiæ*; unless it be deemed minute in writing to adhere to the ordinary construction of the language, and to employ in nouns the case, and in verbs the mood and tense which the writer's meaning require. That there are indeed minutiæ in all idioms, at least in all polished ones, will be readily conceded. Of this class in Greek is the Attic use of many of the particles; which, without being indispensable to the sense, contribute to mark the feelings of the speaker, and the latent operations of his mind; as doubt, conviction, limitation, concession, earnestness. They conduce, therefore, to elegance: they belong to the colouring of discourse: they give it richness and effect: and it is to the very frequent use of them in Plato, that we may impute in great measure, the spirit and vivacity, which enable his writings, as conversation pieces, to defy all competition. Now in this particular the sacred penmen differ from the philosophers and orators of Athens: the former introduce the particles more sparingly; not so frequently in combination, and sometimes in a manner which the classical practice will hardly justify. But this cannot excite surprise: had the style of St. John's gospel differed not even in minutiæ from that of Plato, the authenticity of such a writing could not easily be credited.'

Mr. Jones in his Greek Grammar, p. 97. second edition, gives the following account of the article, which from its simplicity and the extent of its application seems worthy of attention.

'The article ὁ defines an individual in opposition to other individuals; or considering classes, species, kinds, as so many individuals defines these in opposition to other classes, species, kinds.' The same writer in his *Illustrations* of the four Gospels further adds on this subject. 'Of the article ὁ and the relative ὅς, the original appears to have been the Hebrew article ה, which probably was sounded *ho* or *hu*, and which is but an abbreviation of הנה *ha*. Now the use of this last consists in directing the attention to an object, and answers to *en* or *ecce* in Latin. And as the necessary consequence of looking upon a thing is to see it as distinguished from other things: hence ה in Hebrew or ὁ in Greek, from signifying to *see* came to signify an *effect* of sight, namely the distinction or opposition which the thing seen has to other things which may be related to it.'

This appears to us a satisfactory account of the article;

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and we dare assert that there is not a passage in any Greek author, however perplexing to the critics, which may not hence receive an easy explanation. The ideas of Grotius, Markland, Wakefield, Michaelis, and of others who have commented on the N.T. are, respecting the article, equally confused and mistaken, though not equally absurd with those of Mr. Middleton: and it must appear a matter of some curiosity and considerable importance to place its force and meaning in a just point of light.

John ii. 25. 'Jesus needed not that any should testify of man, περι του ανθρωπου: for he knew what was in man, εν τω ανθρωπω.' To one who does not understand the real use of the article, it appears in this place not only to have no meaning, but to be inconsistent with the drift of the passage. Accordingly Mr. Wakefield maintains that its use is here inexplicable, and supposes the text to have been somehow corrupted. Dr. M. who has taken frequent occasions to arraign this great critic, has passed over in silence this fine opportunity of triumphing over him, a sure proof that his theory did not enable him to solve the difficulty. It has, however, in this place a *generic* sense, as it marks, not any known individual, but *mankind* in opposition to *God*. The ideas of the writer, when drawn out to their full extent are these; 'though mankind needed the information which Jesus came to communicate respecting God, he did not on his part need the information of any respecting what was in man.'

John i. 4. 'And the life was the light of man, των ανθρωπων,' literally, *of the human race*. Here also the use of the article is generic, its object being to distinguish mankind as moral agents capable of embracing the gospel, in opposition to irrational animals who are benefited only by the light of the sun. As though the evangelist had said; 'The light of the gospel is the light of man, as rational beings, while the light of the body is a light which they enjoy in common with other animals.' Dr. M. is silent also upon this passage. Newcome, with other critics of the same school, would pronounce the article in this place to be altogether without meaning.

Mat. x. 17. 'Beware of men, απο των ανθρωπων.' Markland supposes that ανθρωπων with the article here means the *Jews*. Dr. M. justly rejects the supposition, and adds that ανθρωπος takes the article, when no particular men are meant. It is true the article does not here designate any set of men in opposition to others, but the *human kind* in contradistinctions to the animals mentioned in the context. Jesus had just told his disciples that he sent them forth as *lambs* in the midst of *wolves*: and by the insertion of the article before

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αὐτῶν, he insinuates that the wolves against which they ought to be on their guard, were their own race. 'Beware of your own kind, who, while they ought to have a fellow feeling for you, and to be grateful for the benefit you offer to their acceptance, will evince the fury of *wild beasts* in tearing you to pieces.'

John iii. 10. 'Art thou a teacher of Israel? ὁ διδασκαλος, *the teacher*. Campbell observes that the article here is remarkable; and Dr. M. adds,

'To determine the precise meaning of the appellation is a task, which, I believe, no commentator pretends to have accomplished. I have only conjecture to offer; but even this may be tolerated, when nothing certain is known, and when even conjecture has scarcely been attempted. It has been observed that the Jews gave their doctors high and sounding names; in the same manner probably as among the schoolmen in the middle ages, one was called the *angelic* doctor, another the *admirable*, and a third the *irrefragable*. Might not then Nicodemus have been styled by his followers ὁ διδασκαλος του Ισραηλ? On this supposition nothing is more probable than that our Saviour should have taken an occasion to reprove the folly of those who had conferred the appellation, and the vanity of him who had accepted it.——Besides the reproof is more severe in the present form of expression; since it seems to signify not only that the followers of Nicodemus distinguished him by this appellation, but also that he thought himself not altogether unworthy of it.'

This conjecture, however specious is by no means necessary. It even blunts the fine and delicate edge with which our Lord has pointed his language. It was certainly his intention to expose the vain pretensions of a Jewish doctor in the person of Nicodemus, and this he has done by prefixing the article to his title, and rendering it thereby *specific* and *prominent*; literally thus, 'Art thou *one that* is a teacher of Israel, or dost thou sustain *that character*, and remain ignorant of these things.' Our Lord, then, does not censure Nicodemus for arrogating the exclusive appellation of teacher, but for sustaining in common with others that admired character, while he and they continued strangers to the most obvious and necessary truths. According to Dr. Middleton's conjecture the reproof falls on Nicodemus *personally*, which assuredly would have been unworthy of Jesus, and which was not peculiarly merited by the Jewish doctor: whereas it is directed against the whole class of Jewish teachers who were exceedingly ignorant, though at the same time they gloried in the most splendid reputation for knowledge.

Luke xxii. 11. 'And say to the master of the house, the

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teacher, ὁ διδάσκαλος, saith unto thee, where is the guest chamber in which I may eat the passover with my disciples. The Saviour in giving this command to his disciples, was aware that if they put the question in their own name, they could hardly expect to ensure the attention of the master. He therefore commissions them to put it in the name of a person who, sustaining the high character of a teacher, had a right to put it as connected with the discharge of his office. Hence ὁ διδάσκαλος, means in this place also, not some individual teacher, or *their* teacher, but one that was vested with the name and authority of a teacher. So far is Dr. Middleton from discovering the genuine force of the article in this and similar places, that he does not perceive its propriety and beauty, even when pointed out to him. See his remark on this verse.

John xviii. 15. 'Now Simon Peter and another disciple (ὁ ἄλλος μαθητης, literally the other disciple) were following Jesus.' On this verse Dr. M. remarks,

'Grotius says, 'it is certain that in these as well as in other writings, the article is frequently redundant.' Schleusner too adduces some other instances besides the present in proof of the same assertion: in the principal, however, of which it has already been shewn, that the assertion is wholly groundless; and it is to be considered as the refuge of ignorance, though of the ignorance of learned men: I am indeed ready to confess that the article in this place is a subject of some difficulty, of greater perhaps than any other in the whole N. T.: yet though it should be altogether impossible to assign its use with absolute certainty, it is surely more reasonable to impute this obscurity to our want of knowledge than to attempt to subvert the whole analogy of language: for to say that ὁ ἄλλος and ἄλλος may be used indifferently, is an assertion which is contradicted by experience and by common sense.'

With this remark we feel happy to agree, though from the decisive manner in which our author speaks of the above-mentioned great man, we might expect some satisfaction on the passage in question: and yet all we can gather to the purpose, in a note *of four pages*, is contained in the following paragraph.

'This phrase obviously implies *the remaining one of two persons*, who not only were in common with many others the disciples of Christ, but between whom some closer relations might be recognized to exist: and if it could be shewn that Peter and John stood towards each other in any such relation, the term *the other disciple* might not unfitly be used, immediately after the mention of Peter to designate John; especially if, from any cause whatever, John was not to be spoken of by name.'

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So then John is said to be the other disciple because he was a friend of Peter, and because there might be some mysterious reason why he should not be spoken of by name! Surely we had better say with Grotius that the article has here no meaning, than to assign to it a meaning so remote and inappropriate. If the writer had supposed John to be called *the disciple*, because in respect to his master he was the most favoured disciple, there would have been some speciousness, if not weight in the supposition. But even this is not the idea, which it is the object of the article to convey; as the intention of it is not to distinguish the other that entered, from Peter or any other of the disciples, but to bring him forth to the view of the reader as *one that was* a disciple. And the clause should be rendered in this manner, 'Simon Peter and another, *one that* was a disciple, followed Jesus.' This version supposes the original to be ἀλλος ὁ μαθητης, and not ὁ ἀλλος μαθητης. The intention of the evangelist appears evident at one glance to a person who understands the real force of the Greek article, and we hesitate not to assert that he should have so written the clause, or that his words have since been transposed. It was of importance to the credibility of the narrative that the writer should have been an *eye-witness* of the scene, which he describes; and this he intimates by holding himself forth as *a disciple*, that is, as one who had a personal interest in the transaction, and whose office it was to record and attest it.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. IV.—*The Remains of Hesiod the Ascræan, translated from the Greek into English Verse, with a preliminary Dissertation and Notes. By Charles Abraham Elton.* Longman. 1809.

MR. Elton worships indifferently the goddesses of blank verse and rhyme, two powerful and rather adverse deities, whose names, if they are not already inserted in the Theogony, assuredly deserve a place there. He thinks the freedom of blank verse essential to the Theogonia; and that the couplet may be employed with advantage where precepts are to be impressed and sententious maxims rounded and condensed, as in the Works and Days.

We are not disposed to quarrel with these opinions, and shall immediately proceed to enquire into the success of his labours in these very different styles of versification.

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His blank verse is avowedly formed on the Miltonic model. The Battle of the Giants affords an excellent opportunity of trying our author's abilities in this way; and therefore we subjoin a passage which we deem a very favourable specimen of his work.

'Nor longer then did Jove
Curb his full power; but instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and *it was fill'd*
With his omnipotence. At once he loos'd
His whole of might, *and put forth all the god.*
The *vaulted* sky, the mount Olympian, *flash'd*
With his continual presence, for he pass'd
Incessant forth, and *scatter'd fires on fires.*
Hurl'd from his hardy grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendour, and the thunderbolt
Fell: roar'd around the nurture-yielding earth
In conflagration, far on every side
The immensity of forests crackling blaz'd,
Yea, the broad earth burn'd red, the streams that mix
With ocean, and the deserts of the sea.
Round and around the Titan brood of earth
Roll'd the hot vapour, *on its fiery surge*,
The *liquid* heat air's pure expanse divine,
Suffus'd: the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from *writhen* lightnings, each dim orb
Strong though they were, *intolerable smote*
And scorch'd their blasted vision. Through the *void*
Of Erebus, the *preternatural glare*
Spread, *mingling* fire *with darkness*. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been, as if *midway* the spacious heaven,
Hurling with earth, shock'd—e'en as nether earth
Crash'd *from the centre*, and the *wreck* of heaven
Fell ruining from high. So vast the din
When gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, *and the tumult roared from heaven;*
Shrill *rush'd* the hollow winds, and rous'd throughout
A shaking, and a *gathering dark* of dust,
The *crush* of thunders, and the glare of flame,
The *fiery* darts of Jove: full in the midst
Of either host they swept the roaring sound
Of tempest, and the shouting: mingled rose
The din of dreadful battle. There *stern* strength
Put forth the proof of prowess, till the fight
Declin'd: but first in opposite array
Full long they stood, and bore the brunt of war.

Theog. V. 908.

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The passages in italics are improvements upon the original; not altogether in the taste of Milton, who if he had been the translator, we presume, would not have added where perhaps it would have been better to have retrenched, nor have mistaken a mock-scriptural phraseology for true simplicity of diction. The original, and much more the translation, are liable to the charge of being super-sublime: and they put us in mind of the hypertragical verses quoted in Longinus.

> Καὶ καμίνῳ σχῶσι μαιέσθω σέλας, &c.
> Νῦν δ' ἐ κἠκραγά πω τὸ γενναῖον μέλος;
>
> Let them the chimney's flashing flames repel.
> Could but these eyes one lurking wretch arrest,
> I'd whirl aloft one streaming curl of flame,
> And into embers turn his crackling dome,
> And now a generous song have I not sounded? *Smith.*

But though we cannot concede to this author the palm for having successfully imitated Milton, his manner having been formed, according to our opinion, in a certain modern antique school of poetry; we readily admit that in the lines above quoted, he has shewn that he possesses the power of entering into the spirit of his original, and of copying his master's hand with vivacity and truth. This power he has not however uniformly exerted. For too frequently in our progress through the work, we were offended not only with redundancy and amplification, but with the interpolation of new thoughts and images foisted in without beauty, and apparently for the mere purpose of eking out the line. A liberty of this kind may now and then be allowed in rhyme, but it is inexcusable in blank verse. Upon the principle that the costume and style of ancient times should be preserved, by giving fac similes in English of the compound epithets which abound in the Greek poets, many strange, uncouth and sesquipedal phrases are admitted which our language will not tolerate. We do not mean to contend that the principle is not just, but that some limitation is needful in the practice. 'Beauty-blooming,' 'evil joying,' 'beauteous-ankled,' 'mortal-slayer,' 'many-sconced,' 'lightning-sender,' 'groan-scattering,' are bald and barbarous versions of the several elegant expressions, which they are intended to interpret. An indiscriminate use of alliteration, an affectation of obsolete and hard words, ambiguity and incorrectness, sameness of construction, needless inversions in the order, are faults of not very rare occurrence. They are

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however, in a great degree compensated by the general appearance of care and attention; the fruit of which has been such as to entitle this author to the meed of no inconsiderable praise. To prove the validity of this claim we refer our readers to the passage already quoted, and as a further confirmation adduce two others, the one affording a specimen of his rhyme, and the other taken from the Shield of Hercules, now first translated into English, and rendered perhaps with more ease, less affectation, and fewer faults of every kind than the two other poems.

'But they who never from the right have stray'd
Who as the citizen the stranger aid,
They and their cities flourish; genial peace
Dwells in their borders and their youth increase.
Nor Jove, whose radiant eyes behold afar,
Hangs forth in heaven the signs of grievous war,
Nor scathe nor famine on the righteous prey;
Earth foodfull teems, and banquets crown the day:
Rich wave their mountain oaks; the topmost tree
The rustling acorn fills, its trunk the murmuring bee,
Burthen'd with fleece their panting flocks: the race
Of woman, soft reflects the father's face:
Still flourish they, nor tempt with ships the main,
The fruits of earth are pour'd from every plain.'

Works and Days, L. 301.

But next arose
A well-tower'd city, by seven golden gates
Enclos'd, that fitted to their lintels hung.
There men in dances and in festive joys
Held revelry. Some on the smooth-wheel'd car
A virgin bride conducted: then burst forth
Aloud the marriage song; and far and wide
Long splendours flash'd from many a quivering torch
Borne in the hands of slaves. Gay blooming girls
Preceded, and the dancers follow'd blithe:
These, with shrill pipe indenting the soft lip,
Breath'd melody, while broken echoes thrill'd
Around them; to the lyre with flying touch
Those led the love-enkindling dance.
A group
Of youths was elsewhere imag'd, to the flute
Disporting: some in dances and in song,
In laughter others. To the minstrel's flute
So pass'd they on; and the whole city seem'd
As fill'd with pomps, with dances, and with feasts.'

Shield of Hercules, L. 361.

The Dissertation on the Writings, Life, and Æra of He-

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siod, comprehends a disquisition on the mythology of the Greeks, in which more pains than necessary are taken to confute the idle opinion, which attributes the absolute invention of that system to Homer and Hesiod.—With regard to the life and writings of the latter poet, it was not to be expected that Mr. Elton should find the means of transmuting uncertainty into certainty; and we think he might have omitted, without disadvantage to his book, the quisquiliæ with which he has stuffed it from Fabricius, Clericus, and a host of other commentators.—By one party Hesiod has been constituted lord of the manor of Parnassus, in the early ages of the Greek poetry, and all waifs found without an owner have been appropriated to him: by another he has been stripped of what may have been his rightful property. It must be owned that the poems, which bear his name, have not much mutual resemblance, and in the absence of real proof there is nothing but internal evidence that seems worthy of attention.—Contrary to the usual custom of commentators Mr. Elton seems more inclined to degrade than to elevate the character of his author both as a poet and a man. One of the arguments of a want of the patient equanimity and mildness usually attributed to the Ascræan sage, arises from his manner of saluting his brother, which is seldom by any other term than *νηπι, great fool,* as if that, and various other gentle expressions, for example, blockhead, goose-cap, dunderhead, were not frequently terms of endearment. We are afraid that Mr. Elton, like poor old Lear, does not know the difference between 'a bitter fool and a sweet one.'

In his view of the argument on the comparative antiquity of Homer and Hesiod, we meet with this bold and unsupported assertion.

'Were the writings of Homer exhibited to us in their primitive form, we should *doubtless* perceive the traces of a ruder antiquity: but they betray evident marks of revision and polish; while those of Hesiod, on the contrary, appear to have remained in the rude state of their original formation: certainly the naked and unrefined simplicity of the occasional details, exceeds any thing of a similar nature that can be found either in the Iliad or Odyssey.'—*Dissert.* p. 63.

If the verses of Homer have been thus *without doubt* corrected, is it not a fair inference that his fable, characters, in short every part of his work betray *these evident marks of revision and polish*?—Now we think but few have had strength to draw this bow: and we never heard that the work of any great artist was improved by the touches of another

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nand. The critics have laboured with much assiduity in the revision and correction of Shakespeare, but the utmost they have reached *may* have been to some syllabical improvements. We suspect that Homer's obligations to his critics are much of the same nature. Moreover we can see no reason for concluding that their ameliorating hand, if so diligently applied in one case should have been totally idle in another: there are diamonds in Hesiod which might have repaid them the labour of polishing.

Though we do not agree in all points with Mr. Elton, we must acknowledge that his dissertation contains many sensible remarks, indicates some reading, and a mind devoted to the object of its labour.

The notes contain every thing a man would desire, and more than sufficient for the generality of readers. We should have recommended, had we been members of this author's privy council, the omission of all those passages, in which Cooke, his predecessor, a poor buzzing fly at best, is broken upon the wheel with all the solemn forms accompanying the execution of a noble criminal.

Subjoined to the work are some specimens of a translation of the Georgics of Hesiod by George Chapman, who also translated Homer. Dryden tells us that Waller used to say he never could read it without incredible transport. Mr. Elton thus characterises it:

'This version is generally faithful both to the sense and spirit of the author. Amidst much quaintness of style and ruggedness of numbers, we meet with gleams of a rich expression, and with a grasp of language, which, however extravagantly bold, bears the stamp of a genuine poet.'

We cannot forbear including a few verses of this old English strain within the present article, though we are aware that it has already attained its full size.

'But then betake thee to the shade that lies
In shield of rocks; drinke Biblian wine, and eate
The creamy wafer: gote's milke, that the teate
Gives newly free and nurses kids no more;
Flesh of bow-brousing beeues, that neuer bore,
And tender kids. And to these taste black wine,
The third part water, of the crystaline.
Still flowing fount, that feeds a streame beneath
And sit in shades, where temperate gales may breathe
On thy opposed cheeks.

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ART. V.—*The dormant and extinct Baronage of England, &c. By T. C. Banks, Esq. Vol. III.*

MR. Banks, it should seem, has been called to account by some of the worshipful brethren of the Herald's Office for interfering with what they deem their sole prerogative, of emblazoning the lives and actions of British peers. How far this claim of an exclusive jurisdiction can be made out and supported upon precedent, we shall not venture to enquire, but leave Mr. Banks to his own resources to encounter the formidable array which his imprudence has mustered against him: we will not however conceal that we wish well to his cause, and sincerely hope that if he is fortunate enough to escape the fangs of Green Dragon, he will not ultimately be nailed by his remorseless antagonists to the arms of Rougecroix.

On one ground, at least, he will stand acquitted even in the cooler judgment of his enemies, from all suspicion of a design to invade their ancient rights and privileges. The most exasperated herald must confess, with something of a proud internal satisfaction, that undignified truth is a stranger to his exalted profession; and he will when the ebullition of a temporary rage has subsided, learn to look with equal pity and contempt on the labours of a man who maintains that the descent of *the son of Rollo* can be traced no higher than to a tradesman of the 16th century* who made his fortune by land jobbing; who considers as doubtful the Grenville lineage from the same Norman fountain; † who refuses to a noble lord of Pitt's creation the evidence of his family name in support of his title to antiquity; ‡ who commends Mr. Coke of Norfolk for declining the honour of a peerage, and spares not his ridicule and abuse of Pulteney, Pitt, and

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* "However ancient *flattering heralds* may assert this family to be, yet it seems that George Rolle, the first person who settled in Devonshire, was only a merchant of the city of London, and on the Reformation was a considerable purchaser of abbey lands." A little further down, we meet with an anecdote so very romantic, that Mr. Banks most prudently introduces it with "*it is stated.*"—The *statement* in short is this, that John Rolle, Esquire, was offered an earldom by queen Anne's last ministry, *but refused it.*

† This John, according to the tradition of *flattering* heralds, by an immediate succession from father to son, from Robert the son of Rollo, &c. &c. P. 58.

‡ "The same description of title has, however, lately been revived in the person of a Mr. Robert Smith; but whether, by the most remote alliance connected with the former ancient and honourable house of Smith, lord Carrington, we will not pretend to declare. Since the time of James and Charles I. when Lionel Cranfield, Baptist Hicks, and Humble Ward, a merchant, mercer, and a jeweller, were ennobled, there is, we believe, no instance of any one who has actually and personally been engaged in business, attaining the honors of a peerage, till the present reign." P. 55.

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other patriots, who have at various times compromised their glory by accepting it. No—these are not doctrines suited to the courtly quality of a herald: and it rather becomes a matter of astonishment that a gentleman so little inclined to pronounce panegyrics on, or even to make allowances for, the modern peerage, should have employed his abilities on a subject where his spleen and indignation are excited at every step.

This third and concluding volume of his work professes to contain 'An account of those peers who were created by charter or patent, with limitation to their heirs, or issue male, direct, or collateral.' Here it is obvious that he must often tread on tender ground, if at all apprehensive of wounding the pride or prejudice of existing individuals; and accordingly he himself informs us that some of his more prudent friends recommended him 'to be particularly brief in this part of his history.'—How far he has judged it proper to adopt their counsel, may be guessed by a reference to the number of pages of which this volume consists, and may be further exemplified in many more instances than those we have already noticed, in which he has given the full bent to his contempt for titled vice and folly, and for the degeneracy of antient nobility. In these respects, indeed, his work may be considered as a good (though somewhat voluminous) commentary on the eighth satire of Juvenal.

He is not more a friend to ministers or princes than to the sleepy descendants of great families. The vulgar coarseness of the following animadversions displeases us perhaps more than their spirit.

'The descent of this noble Lord (Camelford) is from the same ancestor as the Earl of Chatham and Lord Rivers; wherefore the reader need not be surprised that a cousin to the prime minister of the country should be raised to the dignity of a peer of the realm; the surprise (if any may be excited, that such a man as Mr. Thomas Pitt should at all be advanced to any dignity) may rather be that he was not created an earl or a marquis instead of *an humble baron lord.* The peculiar merits, services, or extraordinary talents, which recommended him to this mark of royal favour, history does not furnish, &c.'

In mentioning the late Duke of Cumberland, he presumes to assert that 'the lives of many princes, do not in every respect always surpass those of private men:' that 'they seem born with the same foibles, the same passions, the same weaknesses;' nay, that 'their elevated station, so far from concealing them, renders them far more conspicuous.'

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'Tanto conspectius in se,
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat habetur'.

So says the Aquinian leveller. But Juvenal had not, any more than Mr. Banks, his education in the Herald's Office. What is much more extraordinary than all this, Mr. B. seems not to have the smallest respect for royal mistresses or royal bastards.

'After this great accumulation of honours,' says he, speaking of the duchess of Kendal, 'the reader need scarcely be informed that her grace stood in that degree of favour with King George, as the duchess of Cleveland, and others, enjoyed with Charles II. from whom the happy people of Great Britain are honoured with many worthy ornaments to the British peerage.'

'By a concubine, Joan Hill, he (that, is Henry, Duke of Somerset, beheaded after after the battle of Hexham,) had a natural son, called Charles Somerset; from whom is descended the present family of Somerset duke of Beaufort, the surname and title being exactly reversed. For the sake of *honorary distinction*, this family bears the arms of England with a portcullis for a crest *in memory* of John of Gaunt's castle of Beaufort in Normandy. A proud token, surely, of royal blood, when deduced through a twofold degree of illegitimacy.'

'The prevailing influence this lady (the Countess of Yarmouth) had with the king (George the second) is well known, and the *genuine disinterestedness with which she exercised that influence, in the dispensation of places, pensions, and honours, will ever entitle her memory to the veneration of the British nation.* Hanoverian field-marshall count Walmoden, has generally been considered *the representative of her ladyship's* virtue.

In another place, however, he makes some amends for the indulgence of this satirical propensity, by relating an instance of princely-virtue, most rare and exemplary. It deserves to be held out as well for a model to present, as for a commendation to past, members of the royal family.

'One circumstance adds gloriously to his memory' (that of the noble Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster;) 'he commanded *that his body should not be buried till his debts were paid.*'

What person viewing with the eye of a herald the soldier-like and *chevaleresque* display of illustrious personages in a modern precession of knights of the Bath, or of the Garter, would expect so scurrilous a paragraph as the following to have been suggested by the bare notion of Sir Robert Knollys, the hero of Froissart and companion of Edward?

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'At the first foundation of this illustrious order of knighthood, and indeed for very many years after, the knights companions were only such persons as had most eminently distinguished themselves, and many had no higher rank than that of knighthood; yet now the chief of the nobility only seem admitted into the order, and the meritorious services of a private unennobled individual, however great, do not appear sufficient to recommend him to so high a mark of his sovereign's favour. Wherefore this order, once conferred only upon those of the greatest worth, in these days is used merely to include the zealots of aristocratic pride and ambition.'

It is rather foreign from the purpose and from the practice of a professional writer on heraldry, to expose the danger of too blind a propensity to seek the honours of an ancient descent. The following example, however, presents a good lesson to those so circumstanced to look into the intermediate links of their boasted genealogy, and rather to resign their pretensions to an ancestry 'ante Conq.' than take it encumbered with certain *reminiscences* of a less agreeable nature. Lascelles, lord Harewood, laid claim to an honourable lineage from the Barons Lascelles of the date of Edward II. This is the epitaph written on the tomb (as it is believed) of one of his *more immediate* ancestors.

'Here in a tempest of fatigue, anxiety, and imprecation, self-raised and prolonged through half an age, foundered at length H— L—, who, without strength of head, suavity of tongue, or readiness of hand, natural or acquired; without private patrimony or public esteem, accumulated during the ten years collection of the crown revenues at Barbadoes, '*ten times ten thousand pounds.*' And studious that his labours should not be confined to that narrow spot, through various provinces of the British empire, wearied the twenty succeeding years, in amassing from the orphan, the mariner, the planter, and the public, '*thrice that enormous sum.*' Divine vengeance having wrought his purpose on a dissolute generation, by his agency, deprived him of sight: but impatient of looking, only, where none could look more hopeless of comfort and entertainment—within,—he for once incurred the charge of inconsistency; and by a miserable suicide, October 6th, 1752, did justice to himself, his country, and mankind.

'Reader! When the lust of riches shall hereafter prompt thee to wish their illicit attainment, remember this record of providence, and suffer not H— L— to have lived unbeloved, died unlamented, and perish irretrievably, in vain!'

Where is the Audley, who would not rather deny his descent from the hero of Poitiers than confess its connexion with the name of the execrable Earl of Castlehaven? But more than one illustrious family may be found who would

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gladly compromise their most exalted honours, to wipe away the stain of infamy which attached to them at some unhappy period of their long succession.

Even 'all the blood of all the Howards,' is not so enviable a title to a man of real pride and delicacy of honour, since the same line which is made illustrious by the genius and the virtue of a Surry is blotted by the sordid villainy of a Northampton.

'The character of this nobleman is unnoticed by the baronagians in general, though other authors represent him as the most contemptible and despicable of mankind; a wretch, that it causes astonishment to reflect, that he was the son of the generous, the noble and accomplished Earl of Surry!!!'

It is enough to justify so strong an expression of abhorrence were nothing known concerning the object of it than that he was pander to his niece the Countess of Essex, and an accomplice in the poisoning of Overbury; and it adds fresh blackness to the enormity of his character to reflect that he was considered as one of the most learned noblemen of his age.

It can hardly be denied that in some instances Mr. Banks has suffered himself to be guided rather by a splenetic than a generously indignant spirit in his censures of the follies and vices of a degenerate nobility.

'If the Manchesters and Sandwiches of the day do not reflect the illustrious actions and noble qualities of their worthy progenitors,' the Montacutes of our fifth Harry's reign, it should be recollected that it is not necessary for a duke or earl at present to ride to battle under the load of some hundred weight of armour, or to earn his breakfast, like Hotspur, by killing some half dozen Scots or Frenchmen every morning at sun-rise. And, as to the little poetical vanities which amused the old age of the brave Cavendish, duke of Newcastle, and his lady, we think them hardly deserving the ridicule of Walpole, much less the serious resentment expressed by Mr. Banks concerning them. We leave our readers to judge whether the following sentences are such as ought to have been provoked by so venial an offence as that of the old cavalier in question?

'Walpole, in his noble authors, observes, "that he was a man extremely known from the course of life into which he was forced; and who would soon have been forgotten in the walk of fame which he chose for himself. Yet as an author, he is familiar to those who scarce know any other, from his book on horsemanship. Though amorous in poetry and music, as Lord Clarendon says, he was fitter

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to break Pegasus for a menage, than to mount him on the *steeds* (q ? *steeps*) 'of Parnassus. Of all the riders of that steed, perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than his grace and his faithful duchess, who was never off her pillion.'

'They were both authors; and strange it was, that after all the sacrifices they had made for their master, and during such calamities of their country, they could accommodate their minds to the utmost idleness of literature. What a picture of foolish nobility was this stately poetic couple, retired to their own domains, and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flattery on what was of consequence to no mortal but themselves! He seems to have been a man in whose character ridicule would find more materials than satire.'

And if so, Mr. Banks surely might have spared the severity of his censure in a grave genealogical treatise, however Lord Orford may have thought himself justified in *quizzing* the noble duke in the forms of biographical anecdote. But with regard to this identical *quiz* of Lord Orford's, it is so girlishly flippant, besides being grossly vulgar, that we cannot conceive how any man of sense could think of citing it except by way of exposing its writer. A nobleman whose whole life is frittered away in such vain and trivial occupations may be a fit object of ridicule, or even of more poignant satire. But if a Marlborough were, in his old age, to play at marbles or chuck-farthing, or even were he to pass the intervals of action in making buttons or turning bowls, what food is there in this for laughter or for spleen, or what disposition towards either can it excite in the breast of one who is well acquainted with the necessary imperfection of human nature? Lord Orford, above all, should have reflected on his own employments at Strawberry-hill before he laughed at the amusements of the Duke of Newcastle.

The want of respect which prevails to too great an extent among the great of modern days for the memory of their ancestors is much better instanced in such examples as that of Lord Montfort, who "married Miss Eliza* (or Elizabeth) Watts, the daughter of a *low butcher in Clark-street, Clerkenwell,*" or of the Earl of Marchmont, whose second wife was "Miss Compton, daughter of *a linen-draper* in London," upon which Mr. B. very appositely exclaims,

> 'Non tali exemplo, *nec nobilitatibus istis,*
> Tempus eget.' &c.

* One of her sisters now keeps, or not long since kept a shop in the same petty trade in Honey-lane market.

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But these are the vices of our dormant and extinct baronage. How happy should we be to reflect that no similar instances of degradation are to be met with in our existing aristocracy!

Our incidental mention of the Duke of Marlborough's name leads us to another branch of our animadversions on Mr. Banks, in which we shall have to notice some strange omissions, on his part, of the most obvious and striking circumstances in the lives of illustrious personages. When, for instance, he says that 'in 1722, his grace departed this life in peace, wealth, *and glory*,' can he have forgotten the awful lesson which his latter days presented of the instability and littleness of all human glory and splendour?

> 'From Marlboro's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires, a driveller, and a shew.'

Speaking of James 'the great duke of Chandos,' whom he designates by 'a life spent in a style of uncommon magnificence, and in the exercise 'of those virtues which are requisite to the character of a great and good man;' and after saying that he died in August, 1744, *at his noble seat of Cannons*, in Middlesex,' Mr. B. gives us the following information in a note:

'This most magnificent palace stood *on the road leading to Edgware*. The fronts were all of freestone, and the pillars of marble; as were also the steps of the great stair-case. The gilding, was done by the famous Pargotti; and the hall painted by Parlucci. The apartments were most exquisitely finished, and most richly furnished. The gardens, avenues, and offices, were proportionably grand. At night there was a constant watch kept, who walked the rounds and proclaimed the hours. The duke also maintained a full choir; and had divine service performed with the best music, in a chapel *that could hardly be exceeded in the beauty of its workmanship*. But all this terminated with his life; for on his decease this magnificent mansion was disposed of piece-meal. The stone obelisks, with copper lamps, which formed the approach from the Edgware road, were purchased by the Earl of Tylney to grace *and ornament* the purlieus of his new building at Wanstead, in Essex; and the marble stair-case was bought on account of the Earl of Chesterfield, for his house in May-fair. The ground and site whereon this unrivalled building stood, were knocked down to the lot of an ordinary but rich tradesman, who thereon erected a neat habitation, which yet remains; after having passed through the hands of Colonel O'Kelly of *well known celebrity*.'

Is it conceivable that any writer should have ma-

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particular mention of Cannons and its splendid owner, without glancing for a moment even in thought or expression at the memory of 'Timon's villa?' It is true that the old inhabitants of the neighbourhood still speak with traditionary gratitude of the virtues of the great duke James; and it would be perhaps uncharitable not to allow their testimony in some degree to counterbalance the personal spleen of the poet. But to the accuracy and exquisite force of his description, Cannons, even in its present state, bears the most unequivocal testimony. The growth of two-thirds of a century, and still more the neglect of many successive owners, have indeed improved the scene by the introduction of (what never was in the contemplation of its noble creator,) many *natural* beauties; and the wide and extensive avenues spreading on all sides like rays from the once splendid centre, now broken in parts, and suffered to shoot out in full luxuriance, present a mass of irregular foliage which would have shocked the Dutch taste of our venerable Timon. Yet the forms of the avenues, and in most places the avenues themselves, still exist,

> 'Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other.'

Although no longer

> 'The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
> Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees,'

we can still trace the circumference of that lake, which

> 'Improved the keenness of the northern wind,'

the site of 'the fountain never to be play'd;' and the ruins of 'the summer-house which knew no shade.'

The reverential *admonitus locorum* becomes yet more impressive as we enter the church, which the old travelled duke had fitted up with so much Italian *foppery*, and at which he attended

> 'in all the pride of prayer.'

If it can no longer be said of the place or its present incumbent that

> 'To rest the cushion and soft Dean invite,
> Who never mentions Hell to ears polite,'

* One of ty trade in Hon

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And if those "light quirks of music" which

'broken and uneven
Made the soul dance upon a jig to heaven,'

are now exchanged for the usual droning anthems of a country church, still all the finery of its old decorations remains in excellent preservation.

'On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre,*
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie
And bring all paradise before your eye.'

Yet finical as are the ornaments of this curious house of prayer, we cannot agree to the propriety of Mr. Banks's account of it 'that it can hardly be exceeded in the beauty of its workmanship.' He is mistaken in some other points of his description. It is not a chapel, but a parish-church. The grand gateway (which still remains in part) stands, not on the road to Edgware, but a little beyond Edgware on the road towards Brockley-hill.

But by far the most striking circumstance attending the present prospect of Cannons is the singular accomplishment of Pope's poetical prophecy. It was certainly by no means probable, at the time he wrote, that a palace which was to all appearance built to last for ages, the residence of a family flourishing in grandeur of wealth and titles, and in no want of heirs to succeed to its splendid possessions, would not outlive the ensuing generation; and it could only have been in the spirit of general declamation on the littleness of man, the short-sightedness of human views, and the vanity of human enjoyments that he uttered a prediction of which he might even have lived to witness the fulfilment.

'Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.'

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* The poet is not here, we believe, quite accurate. Perhaps he used the names of "Verrio and Laguerre" only as synonimous with the general appellation of "Painter."—We have at least heard the fresco-paintings on the halls and ceiling of Cannons church attributed to a different artist, but whom in particular we do not now recollect. As a specimen of the sublime conceptions which guided his pencil, take the following true anecdote. In the picture of "the raising of Lazarus," one of the nearest by-standers is represented as holding his nose with his fingers and turning away his head in disgust from the opening sepulchre.

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'That man' as Johnson would say, 'is not to be envied' who can think of these lines unmoved when within sight of what once was Cannons.

We ought to apologize for this digression, and have no right, perhaps, to censure Mr. Banks for not introducing into his work a commentary on one of Pope's epistles. We could however, have easily forgiven him had he dwelt even much more at length on a subject so naturally arising out of the history of the Chandos family. To make some amends for our own loquacity, it would be but fair that our readers should now hear what Mr. Banks says on a point more essentially connected with the plan of his work, the claims still existing to the ancient Chandos barony. But although these are stated with great judgment and perspicuity, and a very free and, in our opinion, just animadversion is passed upon the decision of the House of Lords against the pretensions of Edward Tirrewell Bridges the claimant, in the year 1803, we fear that the limits of our work will hardly admit of their insertion, and shall therefore only refer the reader to pages 169 & seq. of this volume, adding, that if the title of Lord Chandos of Sudeley be an object which the present Mr. Bridges has still at heart, he has at least our best wishes towards overcoming the objections which have been hitherto raised against his attainment of it.

It is difficult not to suspect that, together with his heraldic lore, Mr. Banks has imbibed something of that contempt of the muses which so honourably characterized the ancient barons of England; that

> 'nothing sets his teeth on edge,
> Nothing so much as mincing poetry.'

How else could he, after mentioning George Granville, baron Lansdown, have so carefully omitted to notice the poetical and literary works of that accomplished nobleman, which have rendered his name much more famous than his posts of 'secretary at war, comptroller and treasurer of the household?' It might also have been reasonably expected that he would not have dismissed the family of St. John without a single word concerning the revival of the title of Bolingbroke after the death of Earl Paulet, in the person of Henry St. John, a name most deservedly distinguished by the powerful talents of its possessor, but on which the muse of Pope has bestowed an immortality far beyond the renown of the orator, the statesman, or the philosopher. In like manner, on turning to the article of Herbert of Cherbury, we find the first lord Herbert distinguished as 'a man of a

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martial spirit and a profound understanding;' and he is shortly after noticed as the author of 'The Life and Reign of Henry VIII.;' but not a hint is dropped concerning the nature of those more important works which it may be wished he had never written, but which, nevertheless, have made his memory more famous than all the fire of his chivalry and all the adulatory varnish of his historical painting.

We question very much whether Mr. Banks is able to produce any authority for his new and very improbable derivation of the well known proverb '*To dine with duke Humphrey.*' Upon the character of this prince, he passes the most unqualified panegyric; forgetting that, to his selfish and imprudent conduct in the affairs of the countess Jacqueline, are in a great measure to be ascribed the reverses of the English arms and their final expulsion from France, forgetting also his ungenerous desertion of the same hapless lady and his disgraceful connexion with Eleanor Cobham, circumstances which we cannot but consider as tarnishing in some degree the lustre of titles bestowed on him with such foolish liberality by ancient chroniclers and heralds.* He then adds the following remark. 'He was very hospitable: and from him, *by way of antithesis*, came the proverb '*To dine with duke Humphrey.*' This is so very different from the origin usually ascribed to the proverb, that we shall subjoin the vulgar and, as we believed till now, the only interpretation of it, from Ray.

'*To dine with duke Humphrey.*—That is, to fast, to go without one's dinner. This duke Humphrey was uncle to K. Henry VI. and his protector during his minority, duke of Gloucester, renowned for hospitality, and good house-keeping; and commonly called *the good duke of Gloucester.* Those were said to dine with Duke Humphrey, who walked out dinner-time in the body of St. Paul's; because it was believed that the duke was buried there. But (saith Dr. Fuller) that saying is as far from truth as they from dinner, even twenty miles off; seeing this duke was buried in the church of St. Albans, to which he was a great benefactour.'—*Ray's Collection of English Proverbs.*'

In giving an account of the extraordinary circumstances of the Anglesey family, which made so general an impression more than half a century ago, Mr. Banks has been (which is not at all usual with him when treating of disputed titles, and decisions in the House of Lords) extremely concise and un-

* This Humphrey was for his many rare and excellent qualities entitled the "good," and for his justice "*father of his country.*"—Banks, 313.

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satisfactory. He refers his readers to "The Adventures of an unfortunate young Nobleman" for information, and might perhaps have referred them with still more propriety to the State Trials, where all the proceedings connected with that strange occurrence to which we allude are given very much in detail. But he surely ought to have informed them himself how it came to pass that, after the verdict given for the plaintiff in the trial at law, Richard earl of Anglesey was suffered to retain the rank to which he had clearly no remaining title, and upon what principle when the House of Lords rejected the claim of the present lord Mount-norris to the earldom of Anglesey, they admitted that which he preferred to the Irish honors of the family. We have no doubt that all this admits of a clear explanation, but at the same time it certainly requires one; and our recollection at present does not suffice to furnish us with it. It was not enough for Mr. Banks to close his article with a sarcastic insinuation against the present possessor of those last mentioned titles without having entered into the grounds and nature of his possession.

In mentioning the claim to the Roos Barony, Mr. Banks thinks proper to notice the scrupulous accuracy of a former genealogist with a sneer, which he had better have avoided. It is stated that there was a fourth son of George, the first duke of Buckingham, named James, which James died *an infant*, and (the herald adds) '*without issue.*' This, Mr. B. sneeringly calls 'a *sagacious* remark.' It undoubtedly was a *necessary* one, since all the world knows that an infant in law, (and, we suppose, an infant in heraldry also) may very possibly die the father of a numerous progeny.

With regard however to the laborious correction of errors in Dugdale and other genealogists, and to investigation and statement of disputed titles, Mr. B. will, in general, be found to merit as much applause from his present volume as from either of the preceding ones.

Thus, in the title of 'Banbury' he has rectified from the authority of Salkeld's Reports, a gross mistake of the learned baronagian respecting the degraded descendants of the great Sir Robert Knollys.

William, the well known earl of Banbury, of Charles the first's creation, died in 1632, leaving no issue either by his first wife or '(*as the certificate subscribed by her doth testify*)' by Elizabeth his second wife, who survived him. Upon this Dugdale observes that 'notwithstanding the certificate, and an inquisition taken after his death, importing as much, it was not long after ere she married Nicholas lord Vaux, and produced two sons; viz. Edward, who by reason of a sud-

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den quarrel on the road between Calais and Gravelin, was there slain; the other, Nicholas, as frequently called Earl of Banbury, but never had summons to parliament.'

'With this last sentence (adds our author) Dugdale concludes his account of this family and title; but with what degree of truth and consistency remains to be further discussed.

'At the time of the decease of the said earl, it appears that Edward, eldest of the sons before-named, was aged five years, one month and fifteen days; and that Nicholas, the other son was born on the 3d of January 1630, being upwards of two years before the death of the earl, who was never separated from his said wife Elizabeth, but lived with her during his life, in the usual form of conjugal society and communication; being notoriously seen in bed with her by several at Harwedon, after the birth of Nicholas, his youngest son, whereof she was delivered at the lord Vaux's house at that place. Under these circumstances, it must then be evident, that as the law stands, these children were legitimate; and that however suspicions might be entertained that they were rather the sons of lord Vaux than of the earl of Banbury, at the age of upwards of eighty, yet the maxims and rules of the jurisprudence of the country will not allow the suspicions of an *evil mind** to do away with the established law of the land. The assertion of Dugdale respecting the certificate said to have been signed by the widow countess, is utterly false. There is an entry made in a book of certificates in the Herald's college (the very book to which he refers,) in which it is stated, that the earl died S. P. but is not subscribed '*by her the said Elizabeth*,' nor by any other person whomsoever.'

Mr Banks then gives a very detailed account of the successive claims made to the earldom by the issue of these *equivocal* births; and, as he states that 'his object has been, as much to afford information respecting a title which Dugdale has misrepresented, as to give particulars which have hitherto never been published, *in order that the true state of the case may gratify the reader to peruse*,' we shall take the liberty of presenting it to our readers in an abridged form, as an honourable example, among many, of our author's diligence and accuracy.

On the decease of Edward, the eldest son of these *legitimate bastards*, Nicholas, the younger, became his heir, assumed the title of Earl of Banbury, sat in the convention parliament, and voted as such. On the 13th of July 1660, it

* We suppose Mr. B. must be thinking of the royal motto; "Honi soit qui mal y pense." In these scandalous times, it does not betray any great obliquity of the heart to suspect the legitimacy of the issue of a young woman of notorious gallantry, the wife of a man eighty years old.

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was moved in the house 'That there being a person that now sits as a peer of the realm, viz. the Earl of Banbury, it is ordered that this business shall be heard at the bar by counsel, on Monday come se'nnight.' It does not appear whether the hearing ever took place; but it appears on the journals that the earl repeatedly sat in the house from the day on which the motion was made to the 21st of November, nay (such was then the regularity of senators in their attendance) 'that he was absent only seven days' up to that time, when it was ordered, '*that the earl of Banbury hath leave to be absent for a time.*'

This order, Mr. B. very properly considers as substantial evidence either that the order for taking the motion of the 13th of July had been discharged on the day of discussion, or that the result of that discussion was a confirmation of the earl's right to his seat. However that be, in the new parliament which met on the 8th of May 1661, the name of the earl of Banbury was omitted. Hereupon he presented a petition to the king, which was referred in the regular manner to a committee of privileges; and the report of that committee, 1st July, 1661, was, '*that Nicholas earl of Banbury was a legitimate person.*' The cause was then heard at the bar of the house, was again referred to the committee with some further directions; and the second report, dated 19th July, 1661, expressly confirmed the former. The further consideration of these reports was afterwards postponed from day to day, to the 9th of December, when a bill was brought in 'for declaring Nicholas, called earl of Banbury to be illegitimate.' Which bill was probably rejected, as no further mention is to be found of it. 'From that period to the present, notwithstanding several efforts of the respective heirs male in succession, no final determination has been made on the subject of this title so peculiarly circumstanced.'

Charles, son and heir of Nicholas, presented a petition to the house of lords in the first parliament after his coming of age, 1685; it was referred, as before, to a committee, which made a report on the 23d of June in that year; a hearing was appointed in consequence on the 6th of July following, but on the day before, the house adjourned; parliament was afterwards prorogued; it sat no more on business, being dissolved on the 2d of July, 1687; and thus fell the business of this second petition.

In the year 1692, this same Charles, being indicted for murder, presented another petition, praying to be tried by his peers. This petition being read, a hearing was at last obtained; and on the 17th of January, 1693, the question being put, '*Whether the petitioner hath any right to the title*

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of earl of Banbury?' it was resolved in the negative, and the petition ordered to be dismissed.

These last-mentioned circumstances gave rise to a very curious question and argument at law, which is reported in Salkeld, and is in substance as follows. The defendant pleaded in abatement, on the ground of misnomer in the indictment, 'that William viscount Wallingford, by letters patent 2 Cha. I. was created earl of Banbury, to him and the heirs male of his body. That William had issue Nicholas, who succeeded him in the title; and that the honour descended from Nicholas to the defendant as his son and heir.' Against this plea was set up the dismissal of the defendant's petition to the lords. The defendant demurred; and upon argument of this demurrer, it was held by the court 'that the defendant had a title to his honour by legal conveyance, and that it was under the protection of the common law, and could not be taken from him but by legal means. That the house of lords could no more deprive one of a peerage than they could confer one. That the defendant's right stood upon the letters patent and his legitimacy. That the letters patent could not be cancelled without a scire facias, and that the defendant could not now be proved a bastard, or illegitimate.'

'At this determination of the court of K. B.' concludes Mr. B. 'the house of peers seems to have taken much offence; and it remained a subject of controversy, from March 1693, to the end of the year 1697. But no writ of error was brought in, nor did any trial take place for the alleged offence, and the defendant continued for the remainder of his life, 43 years, under bail; deprived of that inheritance, to which, by the law, (as delivered from the bench itself,) he was stated to have a right; and what is singular, and requires notice is, that while he was disallowed the '*privilege of peerage*,' he was nevertheless compelled to pay taxes '*as an earl.*'

Another case, recorded in this volume, which in many of its circumstances bears a singular resemblance to the foregoing, is that which arose out of the Purbeck title. In this, as well as the other, the ungoverned passion of a licentious woman was the cause of the controversy, and, as in the other an important point of law was involved in its decision. Dugdale, also in his account of the family, is equally erroneous as in that of the Banbury descent. He informs us 'that sir John Villiers, elder brother of the great duke of Buckingham, and the first viscount Purbeck, was twice married, viz. to Frances daughter of the famous sir Edward Coke, and to Elizabeth daughter of sir William Slingsby, *which*

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Elizabeth, he adds, in the life-time of her husband, was delivered of an illegitimate son who for a long time went by the name of Robert Wright.' Now this statement, it seems, has been proved to be nothing but a tissue of error throughout. The proof is taken from Lysons's Magna Britannia, to which work it was communicated by Mr. Townshend the Windsor herald; and it stands thus. It was *Frances* lady Purbeck who, foully belying her descent from the grave and wise author of the Four Institutes, eloped from her husband and lived *under the protection* of Sir Robert Howard.

'The proceedings against her were such that she was sentenced by the high commission court to do penance in a white sheet at the Savoy church in the Strand. Furthermore, after her elopement, she for some time called herself Mrs. Wright, and lay in privately of a son who bore that name.'

This Robert, so called Wright, married the daughter and heir of the regicide Danvers, and changed his former name for that of his wife,

'Professing hatred to the name of Villiers, by reason of the many disservices, which he alledged were done to the common-wealth by that family.

'In 1660 he *levied a fine* of his honours, and is said also to have destroyed the enrolment of his patent of peerage, and denied his being a peer, as incompatible with the character of a patriot.'

This sturdy republican died in 1675 in a voluntary banishment, on account of debt.

Robert, his son, assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck, which it should seem, was disallowed him by the House of Lords, notwithstanding the decision to which they came on consideration of his title, 'that no fine now levied, nor at any time hereafter to be levied, to the king, can bar a title of honour, or the right of any person claiming such title under him that levied or shall levy such fine.' What then was the ground of the judgment against his claim to the title does not appear.

The end of this *tainted* family corresponds in a striking manner with its beginnings. John, the son of the last-named Robert, 'associated with gamesters,' and cohabited early in life with the widow of —— Heneage, Esq. of Lincolnshire; whom he afterwards married for her jointure. In 1720, he petitioned the king for the earldom of Buckingham, and died in August 1723, leaving only two daughters, who, in his life-time followed their mother's lewdness, and were afterwards common prostitutes.

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Robert Carey, the seventh Lord Hunsdon, is another striking instance, in addition to those which we noticed in the former volumes of this work, of persons suddenly raised to the honours of a peerage by the death of a distant relation without nearer male heirs. At the time of his succeeding to the barony in 1692, he is said to have been in the humble station of '*a weaver*. Yet, he was as near as *first cousin* to the former possessor of the honor.

Many amusing anecdotes are scattered through the volume and it was our first intention to have selected such of them as were at all new to us for the gratification of our readers; but we have been drawn on by the preceding remarks to so great a length, that we have no room left to do more than point out some of the principal faults which disfigure this valuable work, which we shall do with the very best intentions towards a gentleman whose merit in the completion of so laborious, and in general so accurate a task, we consider as deserving of praise far out-weighing any partial censures which it may be our duty to pass upon him.

We have already noticed, or meant to notice, with commendation, the anti-heraldic contempt with which Mr. Banks considers the claims of birth when unsupported by the virtues of the mind and heart. But in too many instances he has suffered this spirit to lead him into a strain of very coarse and vulgar at least, if not very unjust, abuse.

We find it something difficult to understand what could be the author's view or meaning in the following passage, which from the italics we conclude to be satirically intended, but where the satire lies or against whom it is levelled we must ask Mr. Banks's pardon for being obliged to enquire.

'Charles Talbot, 12th earl of Shrewsbury; who, having contributed to effect the *famous revolution of* 1688, was afterward* by the *Dutch prince* commonly called *William III.* in April, 1694, created marquis of Alton and duke of Shrewsbury.

To elegance of style Mr. Banks is an absolute stranger, and does not seem to have lived in habits of very close familiarity with grammar. This charge is abundantly supported by various passages in the quotations already made. But of his verbose inanity a few striking instances deserve to be added,

'After several promotions, he (lord Anson) was made vice-admiral of Great Britain, and also first lord of the Admiralty. His lordship's tried courage, skill, and professional abilities, were, however, unable to resist the attack of the common enemy; death; by whom he was at length subdued, A. 1762.'

How *new* and how *appropriate* a remark!

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In another place we are told that:

'At length, the sun propitiously shining, the rose of Lancaster once more expanded her blossoms, and in full bloom reassumed her ancient lustre after the battle of Bosworth.'

We afterwards read of

'An expedition, wherein the consecrated banners of the christians fell into the hands of infidelity, and orthodox blood reeked in crimson sanctity on the Saracen's sword.'

When we read of all the calamities sustained by Lord Bacon after his fall, and summed up in one *affecting* instance

'He had this unhappiness,' observes our pathetic author, 'after all his plenitude of greatness, to be denied beer to quench his thirst.'

For a great man, who, after death, (according to Hamlet) may be reduced to the servile occupation of *stopping* a beer-barrel, to be denied the pleasure, while alive, of *opening* one, is truly afflicting!

We now take our leave of Mr. B. with a high opinion of his industry and ability, heartily wishing him to pursue his studies, but reform his style.

ART. VI.—*An Account of the Empire of Marocco, and the District of Suse; compiled from miscellaneous Observations made during a long Residence in, and various Journies through, these Countries. To which is added an accurate and interesting Account of Timbuctoo, the great Emporium of central Africa. By James Grey Jackson, Esq. Illustrated with Engravings, 4to. pp. 288. 2l. 2s.* Nicol. 1809.

THE author of the present amusing volume tells us that he resided sixteen years in different parts of the empire of Marocco. He was at the same time, practically skilled in the language of the country, and hence, he enjoyed more extensive opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the manners and character of the people, than any former traveller into this region appears to have possessed. In his three first chapters Mr. Jackson describes the geographical divisions, the rivers, mountains, climate, &c. of the empire of Marocco.

'The whole northern division of this empire,' says Mr. Jack-

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son, 'is an uninterrupted corn-field; a rich black, sometimes a red soil, without stones or clay, and scarcely any trees;'

(some forests which he had previously mentioned, and the olive plantations and gardens about the cities of Fas, and Mequinas excepted,)

'but incalculably productive. The inhabitants do not regularly use dung, but reap the corn high from the ground, and burn the stubble in lieu of manure, they throw the grain on the ground, and afterwards plough it. Oats they make no use of: beans, peas, caravances, and Indian corn, are cultivated occasionally in lands adjacent to rivers.'—'Figs, grapes, melons, apricots, plums, strawberries, apples, pears, pomegranates, citrons, lemons, limes, and the refreshing fruit of the opuntia, or prickly pear, are in great abundance; oranges are sold at a dollar a thousand at Tetuan, Sallee, and some other places.' 'The mountains of Haha produces the famous wood called Arar; which is proof against rot or the worm.'

In the provinces of Erreef, El Garb, the district of Fas, the province of Bonihassen, the provinces of Temsena, Shawia, Duquella, Abda, the district of Marocco, and the province of Shedma, the inhabitants, except in the sea port towns, and in the cities of Fas, Mequinas, Marocco, and Muley Idris Zerone, consist of Arabs living in tents. But, in the extensive, and picturesque province of Haha the houses are built of stone, each having a tower, and are erected on elevated situations, forming a pleasing view to the traveller. The province of Suse abounds with the olive, the almond, the date, the orange, the grape, and all the other fruits which are produced in the northern provinces.

'The grapes of Edautenan are exquisitely rich.' 'There is not,' says the author, 'perhaps, a finer climate in the world than that of Suse.'—'About the beginning of September, the (Shume) hot wind from Sahara blows with violence during three, seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days.' 'The heat is so extreme during the prevalence of the Shume that it is not possible to walk out; the ground burns the feet; and the terraced roofs of the houses are frequently peeled off by the parching heat of the wind, which resembles the heat from the mouth of an oven; clothes are oppressive. These violent winds introduce the rainy season.

'The olive plantations in different parts of Suse are extensive and extremely productive: about Ras-El-Wed and Terodant a traveller may proceed two days through these plantations, which form an uninterrupted shade impenetrable to the rays of the sun: the same may be said of the plantations of the almond which also abound in this province.'

The breed of horses in West Barbary is said to have been much neglected except in Abda and at a place called Ain Toga near Marocco.

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'These horses have stronger sinews than those of Europe, and after a little management are extremely tractable.' The stallions only are rode, the mares being kept for breeding; except among the Shelluhs, who use them for riding, geldings are unknown in Mahomedan countries; a Mooselmin will neither castrate, nor sell the skin of the beast of the prophet, the noblest of animals.'

The following is the description which the author gives of the gazel (antelope.)

'The gazel is that pretty, light, and elegant animal, swift as the wind, timid as a virgin, with a soft, beautiful, large and prominent black eye, which seems to interest you in its favour. In its general appearance the gazel resembles our deer; it is, however much smaller, and has straight, black horns, turning a little backwards. The eye and figure of the gazel so well known to Arabian poets, are emblematical of beauty, and the greatest compliment that can be paid to a beautiful woman, is to compare her eyes to those of the gazel.'

The wonderful adaptation of animals not only to the general uses of man, but to particular localities, is very strikingly seen in the camel, and above all, in that species of camel, which is distinguished by the name of *El Heirie*, or Erragual. This heirie, or desert camel, is similar in figure to the camel of burthen, but more elegantly formed. But the superiority of the former to the latter is particularly seen in the greater degree of abstinence and fatigue which it will endure, and the greater velocity with which it will traverse the desert where the fiery atmosphere almost produces suffocation. The inferior kind of *heirie* called talatayee will in one day go three times the distance of the common camel; but the next kind, which is called sebayee, will perform seven days journey in one, and there is one 'called tasayee, or the heirie of nine days,' but these are extremely rare.

'The Arabs affirm that the sebayee does not always produce another Sebayee, but some times a talatayee, and sometimes a tasayee; and that its class is ascertained by the period which elapses before the young one takes the teat of the mother; thus, if it be three days, it is considered to be a talatayee, if seven days a sebayee, and if nine days, it proves to be a heirie of nine days journey. If it prove a tasayee there are great rejoicings, it being an accession of wealth to the proprietor, as a tasayee is bartered for two hundred camels; the sebayee for one hundred; and the talatayee for thirty or thereabout.—This valuable and useful animal has a ring put through its upper lip, to which is fixed a leathern strap, which answers the purposes of a bridle; the saddle is similar to that used by the Moors, or what the mountaineers of Andalusia make use of. With a goat-skin or (a bakuli) a porous earthern pitcher filled with water, a few dates, and some ground barley, the Arab travels from

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Timbuctoo to Tafilelt,* feeding his heirie but once at the station of Arawad; for these camels will abstain from drinking seven days.'

Mr. Jackson informs us, that

'these heirie-riders will travel three days without food; or a few pipes of tobacco, or a handful of dates will furnish their meal; so that (a *Mehellah*) a regiment of Arabs consisting of a thousand men would subsist on less than would be sufficient to maintain a company of one hundred Englishmen.'

When Mr. Jackson was once conversing with an Arab of Suse on the subject of these fleet camels, he told him that he knew a young man who was passionately enamoured of a young girl at Mogodor, who had expressed a strong desire to have some of the best oranges, which were to be had only at Marocco, about one hundred miles distant from Mogodor. The Arab, whose gallantry deserves to be celebrated in heroic verse,

'mounted his heirie at the dawn of day, went to Marocco, purchased the oranges, and returned that night after the gates were shut, and sent the oranges to the lady by a guard of one of the batteries.'

From numerous observations which the author made on the camelion both when at liberty, and when in confinement, he discovered that

'in gardens (its ordinary resort) it gradually changes its colour, assuming that of the substance over which it passes, and to do this it requires two or three minutes; the change beginning by the body becoming covered with small spots of the colour of the substance over which it actually passes, and which gradually increase, till it is altogether of that particular colour; green appears its favourite, or, at least, it assumes that hue more distinctly than any other, for I have seen it in vines so perfectly green, that it was scarcely distinguishable from the leaves, when it assumes a white or black colour, these are not clear, but of a dirty hue, inclining to brown.'

From various experiments the author discovered that the camelion never drinks; but he supposes that it feeds on the leaves of vegetables.

During the residence of Mr. Jackson in West and South Barbary, those countries were infested for the space of seven years, with the scourge of locusts. These creatures whose rapacity soon destroys every trace of vegetation, are said to have a sort of civil polity similar to that of the bees and

* Timbuctoo is computed to be one thousand three hundred and twenty miles from Tafilelt.

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ants. When 'the (Sultan Jerraad) king of the locusts rises, the whole body follow him, not one single straggler being left behind to witness the devastation.'—In the year 1799 innumerable hosts of these insects, which had so long ravaged Barbary, were driven by a violent hurricane into the western ocean;—the shores were, in many places covered with their dead bodies, which omitted a pestilential smell. The lands, which were now restored to cultivation, yielded a most abundant harvest, but this was accompanied by a most deadly plague.—Of this plague Mr. Jackson has added a very circumstantial and interesting account in an appendix. This calamity almost depopulated the country, and in many places only seven or eight survivors were left out of as many hundreds. Vast tribes of Arabs emigrated from the interior of Sahara, and pitched their tents in the vacant districts. The author says:

'During the existence of the plague I had been in the chambers of men on their death-bed: I had had Europeans at my table, who were infected, as well as Moors, who actually had buboes on them; I took no other precaution than that of separation, carefully avoiding to touch the hand, or inhale the breath; and notwithstanding what may have been said, I am decidedly of opinion that the plague, at least this peculiar species of it, is not produced by any infectious principle in the atmosphere, but caught solely by touching infected substances, or inhaling the breath of those who are diseased; and that it must not be confounded with the common plague of Egypt, or Constantinople, being a malady of a much more desperate, and destructive kind. It has been said by persons who have discussed the nature and character of the plague, that the cultivation of a country, the draining of the lands, and other agricultural improvements tend to eradicate and diminish it; but at the same time we have seen countries depopulated where there was no morass or stagnant water for many days journey, nor even a tree to impede the current of air, or a town; nor any thing but encampments of Arabs, who procured water from wells of a great depth, and inhabited plains so extensive and uniform, that they resemble the sea, and are so similar in appearance after, as well as before sun-rise, that, if the eye could abstract itself from the spot immediately surrounding the spectator, it could not be ascertained whether it were sea or land.'

Mr. Jackson has described some of the serpents of Africa, and given striking delineations of two of the most venomous kinds, the Buskah and El Efah. The great desert of Saharah is said, like Ireland, to be exempt from any venomous reptiles, but it is inhabited by an enormous monster called the Boah or desert snake, which, though not venomous, is not, on that account, less destructive. This serpent

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is said to be from twenty to eighty feet long, as thick as a man's body, and of a dingy colour.

'The Arabs (speaking of it figuratively) affirm, that, as it passes along the desert it fires the ground with the velocity of its motion, it is impossible to escape it; it will twist itself round an ox, and, after crushing its bones, will swallow it gradually, after which it lies supinely on the ground two or three days, unable to proceed till the animal be digested. Two of these monsters stationed themselves on the road from Marocco to Terodant, near the latter city, a few years since; one of them was killed, the other remained there several days, and prevented travellers from passing the road: they were both young ones, being about twenty feet long.'

This Boah appears to be of the same species as that which is said to have struck such terror into the Roman soldiers at the river Megerda, in Africa. Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. viii. cap. xiv. says, that this serpent was one hundred and twenty feet long; and that it was attacked by the Romans with their ballistæ and battering engines, as if it had been a fortified town. The head and skin were hung up as a trophy in one of the temples at Rome; where they were preserved till the Numantian war. Pliny then adds;—'Faciunt his fidem in Italia appellatæ *boæ:* in tantam amplitudinem exeuntes, ut Divo Claudio principe, occisæ in Vaticano solidus in alvo spectatus sit infans. Aluntur primò bubuli lactis succo, unde nomen traxere.'

'In the city of Marocco there is scarcely a house,' says Mr. Jackson, 'without its domestic serpent, which is sometimes seen moving along the roofs of the apartments; they are never molested by the family, who would not hurt them on any consideration, conceiving them a benediction on the household; they have been known to suck the breasts of women while asleep, and retire without offering any further injury.'

In his sixth chapter, which relates to the metallic, mineral, and vegetable productions, the author mentions the thuya, arar, or sandrach tree, which he says, is a harder wood than the cedar and impenetrable to the worm, which would be a great acquisition in ship-building—In c. vii. the author gives some details respecting the population of the empire of Marocco; as well as its sea-ports and principal inland towns. He computes the inhabitants of Marocco at 270,000; of Fas, the old and new city, at 380,000; of Mequinas at 110,000; and the population of the whole empire, including Tafilelt, at 14,886,600 inhabitants.—At Rabat Mr. Jackson describes a tower of curious structure, which is 180 feet in height, and built of hewn stone. 'It has a gradual ascent to the top, made of a mixture of lime and sand, which has acquired the solidity of the hardest stone. 'A man on horseback may ride up to the top of this building.'

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We shall extract part of Mr. Jackson's description of the city of Marocco.

'The city of Marocco is situated in a fruitful plain, abounding in grain, and all the other necessaries of life, and depastured by sheep, and cattle, and horses of a superior breed, called (sift Ain Toga) the breed of Ain Toga. At a distance, the city has a beautiful and romantic appearance; the adjacent country being interspersed with groves of the lofty palm, and the towering snow-capped mountains of Atlas, in the back ground, seem to cool the parched and weary traveller reposing in the plains, for although none

Can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Carcasus,

yet, in the sultry season, the traveller by viewing these mountains, experiences a sensation difficult to be described. The lily of the valley, the fleur-de-lis, lupins, roses, jonquils, mignonet, jasmines, violets, the orange and citron flowers, and many others, grow here spontaneously; and in the months of March and April the air in the morning is strongly perfumed with their grateful and delicious odours. The fruits are oranges of the finest flavour, figs of various kinds, water and musk melons, apricots, peaches, and various kinds of grapes, pears, dates, plums, and pomegranates.'

'At one of the mosques in Marocco, is a square tower, (built like that of Seville in Spain, and the one near Rabat, already described;) the walls are four feet thick, and it has seven stories, in each of which are windows, narrow on the outside, but wide within, which renders the interior light and airy; the ascent is not by stairs but by a gradually winding terrace composed of lime and small stones, so firmly cemented together as to be nearly as hard as iron. On the summit of the tower is a turret in the form of a square lantern, hence called (Smâa el Fannarh) the lantern tower, which commands a most extensive prospect, and from whence Cape Cantin, distant about one hundred and twenty miles is distinctly visible. The roofs of the different chambers in this building, which are all quadrangular, are very ingeniously vaulted; and indeed the whole workmanship is of the most excellent kind. Prayers are performed here every Friday in presence of the emperor.

'The city being now on the decline little can be said of its cleanliness; the streets are mostly filled with ruins of houses which have gone to decay; and in the Millah, or Jews quarter, heaps of dung and other filth are seen as high as the houses. The Moors, however, from a natural desire of cleanliness, in which the Jews are scandalously deficient, pay more attention to the streets in which they reside. The houses being almost all old, they swarm with vermin, particularly bugs, which, in the summer season, are literally a plague, the walls being covered with them, at this period also the inhabitants are much annoyed with scorpions, which are frequently found in the beds and other places; to these may be added the domestic serpent, but this is rather considered as an object of veneration, than a nuisance.

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The manners of the people in Mequinas are said to be more mild than in any other part of the empire. Mr. Jackson also passes a high eulogium on the women of this city, whose complexion is said to be fair, their eyes expressively black, and their manners soft and winning. The emperor has a palace at Mequinas, which 'contains several gardens admirably laid out, and watered by numerous streams.' In the centre of the enclosure is the seraglio, within which is a spacious garden, where the immured ladies take the air, which, in the summer, is perfumed with the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

The city of Fas is more populous than that of Marocco.

'The houses have flat roofs ingeniously worked in wood, and covered with terrace, on which the inhabitants spread carpets in summer to recline upon, and enjoy the cool breezes of evening; a small turret, containing a room or two, is also erected upon them, for the use of the females of the family, who resort thither for amusement and pastime.'

Some of the mosques, sanctuaries, and other public buildings are very sumptuous edifices, and ornamented with a curious species of marble which is found in the mountains of Atlas. Fas contains nearly two hundred caravanseras or inns; which consist of three stories divided into fifty or one hundred apartments. These rooms are hired at so much a day, but the traveller must find his own bedding, and procure his meals from a cook's shop.

The Moors of West Barbary, who inhabit the principal cities, and all the sea-port towns, speak a corrupt Arabic with a mixture of Spanish. The Arabs, who have emigrated, at different periods, from Saharah, as the plague by sweeping off the population has left large portions of territory unoccupied, live in tents, and speak the language of the Koran. The Berebbers who inhabit the mountains of Atlas north of Marocco are supposed to retain a dialect of the ancient Carthaginian. Their general occupation is husbandry, and the culture of bees. The *Shelluhs*, who occupy the southern extremities of Atlas, differ from the *Berebbers* in language, dress, and manners. They live almost entirely on (assoua) barley meal made into gruel, and barley roasted or granulated, which they mix with cold water when travelling.

The author says that the Moors are for the most part thick and clumsy about the legs, and ancles, which he ascribes to their constantly sitting cross-legged like the tailors of Europe.—But their mode of bringing up children who are

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not laced and strapped with close habiliments and bandages, generally prevents personal deformity. Their feet are not infested with corns, 'the toes take their natural growth; and are as useful to the mechanics as their fingers.' The blind are more numerous than in Europe.

Though custom will often acquire the force of law even in despotic states, yet in arbitrary governments the will of the prince is the paramount law;

'and if this should deviate, as it sometimes does from the moral principles laid down in the Koran, it must be obeyed. Where the emperor resides, he administers justice, in person, generally twice, and sometimes four times a week in the (M'snoire) place of audience, whither all complaints are carried: here access is easy; he listens to every one, foreigners or subjects, men or women, rich or poor; there is no distinction, any one has a right to appear before him, and boldly to explain the nature of his case; and although his person is considered as sacred, and established custom obliges the subject to prostrate himself, and pay him rather adoration than respect, yet every complainant may tell his story without the least hesitation or timidity; indeed if any one is abashed or appears diffident, his cause is weakened in proportion. Judgment is always prompt, decisive, plausible, and generally correct.'

The following is the general influence of a despotic government upon the habits and dispositions of the people.

'The Moors,' says Mr. Jackson, 'are suspicious, deceitful, cruel; they have no respect for their neighbours, but will plunder one another when it is in their power; for they are strangers to every social tie and affection; for their hearts are scarcely susceptible of one tender impression; the father fears the son, the son the father; and this lamentable mistrust and want of confidence diffuses itself throughout the whole community.'

Hence trade and commerce, which are rooted in a great degree in a reciprocal confidence, can never flourish much in a despotic state.

The author mentions a moral trait in the character of the Moors, which, though it originates in one of the otherwise mischievous tenets of their religion, is, on the whole, a sublime effort of piety and virtue. The doctrine of predestination, which is such a striking feature of the Mahomedan creed, causes them to practise an elevated fortitude in a state of suffering and adversity, which is rarely equalled even by Christians.—The Moor never despairs; 'no calamity however great will make him complain; he is resigned in all things to the will of God.'—The author relates the following anecdote as an instance of this patient submission to the Deity in the most aggravated misfortunes.

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'A Fas merchant,' says he, 'with whom I had considerable transactions, went, with all his property, on a commercial speculation from Fas to Timbuctoo; and after remaining at the latter place a sufficient time to dispose of, and barter his effects for gold dust and gum of Soudan, he set out on his return to Fas; after passing the desert he began to congratulate himself on his good fortune and great success, when suddenly a party of Arabs attacked the (cafila) caravan, and plundered all who belonged to it, leaving the Fas merchant destitute of every thing but what clothes he had on his back. During the interim between the death of Sultan Yezzid and the proclamation of the present Sultan Solyman, this man was plundered again on his way to Mogodor, whither he was going to discharge some debts, and to dispose of gum and other Soudanic produce. Four wives and a numerous family of children rendered his case peculiarly distressing; yet when condoling with him a few days after his misfortunes had happened, he very patiently observed (Ash men doua, Allah bra; u la illah, ila Allah,) What remedy is there? God willed it so, and there is none but God. This man afterwards collected together what merchandize he could procure on credit, and proceeded to Timbuctoo, where he realized much property, and travelling therewith through Wangara and Houssa to Egypt, he was plundered a third time of all he possessed, near Cairo, and reduced to the greatest distress: this last misfortune he bore with the same fortitude as the former. He is now, however, one of the principal merchants established at Timbuctoo.'

The Moors are said to be for the most part,

'more cleanly in their persons than in their garments. They wash their hands before every meal, which, as they use no knives or forks, they eat with their fingers: half a dozen persons sit round a large bowl of *Cucasoe*, and after the first ejaculation, (Bismillah!) 'In the name of God!' each person puts his hand to the bowl, and taking up the food puts it by a dexterous jerk into his mouth, without suffering his fingers to touch the lips. However repugnant this may be to our ideas of cleanliness, yet the hand being always washed, and never touching the mouth in the act of eating, these people are by no means so dirty as Europeans have sometimes hastily imagined. They have no chairs or tables in their houses, but sit cross-legged on carpets and cushions; and at meals, the dish, or bowl of provisions is placed on the floor. The women are not less cleanly than the men: for besides performing the usual ablution before and after meals, they wash their face, hands, arms, legs and feet, two or three times a day, which contributes greatly to heighten their beauty. The poorer classes, however, look deplorable, and excite disgust. The faces of the old women appear shrivelled from the immoderate use of cosmetics and paint during their youth.'

The number of wives which a Mahomedan may possess

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is limited by the Koran to four : but every individual may besides add to the number as many concubines as he can support. But most Mooselmin are satisfied with one wife ; and the practice of polygamy appears to be much more circumscribed than the permission. The concubines of the Moors are, for the most part, black women, who are purchased at Timbuctoo ; they reside in the house with the wives, and perform the menial offices of the family. The children, when not the offspring of the master, are born slaves, and may be disposed of according to the pleasure of the owner ; but they are said to be usually brought up under the mother's care and to become members of the family. Children in West Barbary are said, but from what supposed cause the author does not mention, to be frequently afflicted with baldness and the falling sickness,

' which, however, gradually leave them as they grow up : the women are very subject to the latter, which they call *m'jinen*, that is, possessed with a spirit.'

The Siphylitic disease is so general in Barbary, that the author supposes there is scarcely a Moor in the country ' who has not more or less of the virus in his blood.' They have no effectual remedy for it, and they have no knowledge of mercurial specifics. The leprosy is said to be very prevalent, and persons, infected with this loathsome malady, go about asking alms, in parties of twenty or thirty. The lepers in Marocco have their residence fixed in a particular district without the walls.

' In passing through this place' says the author, ' I observed that its inhabitants were by no means disfigured in personal appearance, excepting, that they generally have no eye-brows.'

Those who are afflicted with the leprosy are obliged to wear a badge of distinction, when they appear abroad.

' The lepers are seen in various parts of Barbary sitting on the ground with a wooden bowl before them, begging, and in this way they collect sometimes a considerable sum for such a country : they intermarry with each other, and although the whole system is said to be contaminated, yet they do not discover any external marks of disease except the before-mentioned paucity or total want of eye-brows. On any change of weather, and particularly if the sky be overcast, and the air damp, they will be seen sitting round a fire, warming their bones as they term it, for they ache all over till the weather resumes its wonted salubrity.'

Before the Mahomedans bury their dead, they wash the

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body, then lay it on a wooden tray, without any coffin, but covered with a shroud of cotton cloth; it is thus borne to the grave. The dead are not suffered to be buried in towns or among the habitations of the living. Christians would in this respect do well to copy their example. This great metropolis is, from the contrary practice, a perfect charnel-house, and the atmosphere in many places is infected with the noxious effluvia of the putrescent dead.

In c. ix. Mr. Jackson makes some observations on the Mahomedan religion, in which he exhibits a more favourable sketch than most other writers of the moral system of the prophet.

'Were there as many absurdities,' says he, 'in this religion as some persons have attributed to it, it is probable that it would not have extended itself over so great a portion of the habitable globe; for we find it embraced with little exception from the shores of West Barbary, to the most eastern part of Chinese Tartary, an extent of upwards of 8000 miles; and from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, with the exception of a few nations of Pagans; neither is there any language spoken and understood by so great a proportion of the population of the world as that in which it is promulgated.'

But where the people are grossly ignorant, and freedom of discussion is not allowed, no proof of the excellence of any doctrine can be founded on its prevalence, or on the extent of territory which it occupies. In c. x. we have some remarks on the languages of Africa, with some specimens of the Mandinga, &c. In c. xi. we find some useful details respecting the trade of Marocco, with which the author appears to be well acquainted. He states that '*nearly the whole of the exports consists of manufactured goods*, and that the returns for these are entirely raw materials, many of which are essentially necessary in our manufactures.' He asserts that besides these advantages a friendly intercourse with the empire of Marocco would enable this country to victual not only Gibraltar, but also all our different fleets which cruize in the Mediterranean and on the northern coast of Africa. In our present state of exclusion from the European continent this alone would be no inconsiderable advantage.

The ignorance of our diplomatic corps in the language of the Barbary powers seems greatly to have impeded the establishment of any commercial intercourse. The author mentions a singular fact which evinces the necessity of a more intimate acquaintance with the language of Africa. A very polite and friendly letter was written to th king o

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Great Britain by the emperor of Marocco; but as no one could be found capable of rendering it into English, it remained unnoticed in the Secretary of State's office. This mark of disrespect is said to have given great offence to the sovereign of West Barbary. This letter was afterwards, transmitted for the sake of a translation to the author of this work.

In c. xii. the author has furnished an interesting account respecting the state of European captives in Africa. When an European vessel happens unfortunately to be wrecked upon the coast, the crew are made slaves by the Arabs, by whom they are stripped and marched up the country, naked from head to foot with the exception of a cloth or rag about their loins.

'The feet of Europeans, from their not being accustomed, like the Arabs, to this mode of travelling, soon begin to swell with the heat of the burning sands over which they pass, the Arab considering only his booty, does not give himself the trouble to enquire into the cause of this, but abstemious and unexhausted himself, he conceives his unfortunate captives will, by dint of fatigue and travelling, become so too. In these marches the Europeans suffer the pains of fatigue and hunger in a most dreadful degree; for the Arab will go fifteen miles a day without tasting food, and at night will content himself with a little barley mixed with cold water, miserable fare for an English seaman who (to use the term that is applied to the richest man among the Arabs) eats meat every day.'

As these christian captives are reckoned very inferior from their habits of life to the black slaves, who are procured from Timbuctoo, they do not find a ready sale, but are usually driven from one market to another till they are bartered to some Jew traders of Wedinoon.

'If the Jew have a correspondent at Mogodor, he writes to him that a ship had been wrecked, mentioning the flag or nation she belonged to, and requests him to inform the agent or consul of the nation of which the captain is a subject.'

But these unfortunate persons are still liable to be kept in servitude for a considerable time, from the want of a sufficient fund at Mogodor for their redemption. Mr. Jackson very humanely proposes the establishment of such a fund.

In c. xiii. the author describes the routes of the caravans to and from Timbuctoo, the great emporium of central Africa. This commercial intercourse is conducted by means of *akkabaahs*, or accumulated caravans, which consist of several hundred camels which the Arabs let to the traders

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for the transport of their merchandize. During their route these caravans

'are often exposed to the attacks of the roving Arabs of Sahara, who generally commit their depredations as they approach the confines of the desert. In this tiresome journey the akkabaahs do not proceed in a direct line across the trackless desert to the place of their destination, but turn occasionally eastward or westward according to the situation of certain fertile, inhabited, and cultivated spots interspersed in various parts of Sahara, like islands in the ocean, called Oas or Oases; these serve as watering-places to the men, as well as to feed, refresh, and replenish the hardy and patient camels: at each of these Oases, the akkabaah sojourns about seven days, and then proceeds on its journey, until it reaches another spot of the same description. In the intermediate journies, the hot winds, denominated Shume, are often so violent, as considerably, if not entirely to exhale the water carried in skins by the camels for the use of the passengers and drivers; on these occasions the Arabs and people of Soudan affirm that five hundred dollars have been given for a draft of water, and that ten or twenty are commonly given when a particular exhalation has occurred. In 1805, a caravan, proceeding from Timbuctoo to Tafilelt, was disappointed in not finding water at one of the usual watering places, when, horrible to relate, the whole of the persons belonging to it, two thousand in number, besides eighteen hundred camels perished of thirst! Accidents of this sort account for the vast quantities of human and other bones which are found mingled together in various parts of the desert.'

The author adds some interesting particulars respecting the city of Timbuctoo, its products, commerce, government, and the manners of the people.

The articles which are brought by the akkabaahs from Timbuctoo, in return for the products and manufactures of Europe, consist principally of gold dust, gold rings, bars of gold, elephants' teeth, gums of Soudan, grains of paradise, odoriferous gums, besides a great number of slaves. The gold rings and other trinkets which are manufactured at Jinnie are said to be of pure gold, and exquisite workmanship. Some of them are made hollow for the purpose of containing an amulet or charm, which consists of passages from the Koran written in some particular form. These amulets are supposed to be endued with various alexipharmic properties, and particularly in countries where it is thought that 'no disorder can attack either man or beast without the aid of some (*jin*) spirit, or departed soul, or (*drubba del 'nia*) an evil eye.'

'The city of Timbuctoo is situated on a plain surrounded by sandy emi. en ces, about twelve miles north of the Nile *El Abeede*,

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or Nile of the Blacks, and three (erhellat) days journey from the confines of Sahara; the city is about ten miles in circumference but without walls. The town of Kabra, situated on the banks of the river, is its commercial port. By means of a water carriage east and west of Kabra, great facility is given to the trade of Timbuctoo, from whence the various articles of European as well as Barbary manufactures, brought by the Akkabaahs, from the north of Africa, are distributed to the different empires and states of Soudan and the south. This great mart is resorted to by all nations, whither they bring the various products of their respective countries, to barter for the European and Barbary manufactures.'

The king of Timbuctoo, is the sovereign of Bambarra.

'The name of this potentate, in 1800, was Woolo, he is a black and a native of the country which he governs; his usual place of residence is Jinnie, though he has three palaces in Timbuctoo, which which are said to contain an immense quantity of gold.'

'The various costumes exhibited in the market-places and streets, indicate the variety and extent of the commercial intercourse with the different nations of central Africa.'

The religious toleration which is said to prevail in this remote part of the world, is not certainly of European origin, though it is worthy of European imitation.

'Every one is allowed to worship the great author of his being without restraint, and according to the religion of his father, or the way wherein he may have been inclined."

The government of the city is entrusted to a divan of twelve Alemma, or men learned in the Koran, and an umpire, who are appointed by the sovereign for three years, after which they relapse into the body of the citizens. The civil jurisprudence is directed by a cadi, who is attended by twelve talbs of the law, or attornies, to each of whom a separate judicial department is assigned. The climate of Timbuctoo is said to be highly salubrious and invigorating. There is a state library in the city, 'which is composed for the most part of manuscripts in the Arabic,' amongst which the author thinks it probable 'that there are many translations of Greek and Latin authors, which are at present unknown to Europeans.' If any translations of the lost books of Livy could be found among these, we should deem the acquisition of such a treasure superior to all the gold dust of Timbuctoo. What scholar is there, who will have courage to cross the desert in order to attempt the discovery of such an esteemed portion of ancient literature?

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'The soil about Timbuctoo is generally fertile, and near the river produces rice, millet, Indian corn, and other grain; wheat and barley grow in the plains.'

Coffee grows wild here as well as indigo. The persons, who are employed in working the mines of gold, which lie south of the bed of the river, and belong to the Sultan Woolo, are Bambareen negroes, whose labour is remunerated by all the pieces of gold which are under the weight of twelve mizams or about two ounces.

'It is asserted that the mines are so pure that lumps of virgin gold are constantly found of several ounces in weight; and, hence owing to the abundance of this precious metal, some articles of small value in Europe are often sold at Timbuctoo for their weight in gold.'

The author says that some communication by water exists between Timbuctoo and Cairo, but that

'it does not facilitate the purposes of trade, from the expense of land carriage by means of camels being more moderate than that by water; besides the advantages to a traveller of a continued succession of rich and fertile countries, make the journey rather an excursion of pleasure, when compared to the toils of the desert, where heat and thirst are so much dreaded by the weary traveller.'

The Nile of Egypt and the Nile of Timbuctoo are supposed by the traders in the interior of Africa to be

'one and the same river, or rather that the latter is the western branch of the former.'

The Africans are said to be astonished at the incredulity of Europeans, who dispute the connection between these two rivers, which they assert to have been demonstrated by the experience of ages. In 1780, a party of seventeen Jinnie negroes are said to have proceeded in a canoe as far as Cairo, which, after bartering their *goods* several times by the way, and making longer stays at many towns on their passage they reached in fourteen months. These negroes travelled in the caravan from Cairo to Marocco and returned to Jinnie after an absence of three years and two months.

In this work of Mr. Jackson there is much novel and interesting matter respecting a country of which but little is known. The author has not made up a book of scraps taken from other writers; nor has he indulged in historical

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recollections, nor in superfluous digressions in order to swell his volume to a more stately bulk. He has described the present state of West Barbary, with that circumstantial accuracy which a long residence in the country, an extensive intercourse with the natives, and much personal observation enabled him to obtain. Had the author been prone to deviate from the subject immediately before him, he might readily have found ample opportunity of indulging his favourite wish. He might, for instance, without any very great violence, have incorporated in his work a large portion of the Jugurthine War of Sallust; or Strabo might conveniently have been employed to furnish some details respecting the ancient state of the country. But the author does not appear to have been of a *book-making* disposition; and his performance accordingly contains more information and amusement than we usually find in most books of voyages or travels of the same size. The author adheres rigidly to his subject, and he seldom fails to do it justice by his perspicuous and unaffected manner of treating it. For the gratification of our readers we have selected many of his novel and interesting details; and, on this, as we often do on other occasions, and as we could wish to do on all, we have furnished them with sufficient materials to form their own judgment on the merits of the work.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of William Paley, D. D. By G. W. Meadley. To which is added an Appendix*, 8vo. *pp.* 384. Cradock *and* Joy.

MR. Meadley, after lamenting that no biographical account of Dr. Paley has yet appeared beyond a brief notice in the *General Biography*, and that none of his earlier friends have undertaken the task, who were so well qualified to detail the events of his life and to appreciate his character, tells us 'that he knew him only in his later years,'

'But a persuasion, that the whole of any eminent character can never be duly appreciated, except from the views of different observers, on the one hand, and, on the other, an anxious wish to bear testimony to the merits of a much respected pastor, and to perpetuate his memory amongst his last parishioners more especially, have produced the present publication.

'No pains have been spared to procure accurate intelligence from the most repectable quarters, though several enquiries have been made without success. To those gentlemen who have assisted him with information of dates or facts, the writer acknowledges himself highly obliged, and trusts that what is recorded in the fol-

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lowing pages will be found substantially correct. For many particulars, he is exclusively responsible himself, having cultivated Dr. Paley's acquaintance, from the period of his coming to Bishop Wearmouth, with no common interest and attention.'

William Paley, whose writings have contributed, in no small degree, to fix the belief of the wavering, and to repel the cavils of the scoffer, was born at Peterborough, where his father was a minor canon of the cathedral, in July 1743. In 1745 the father was appointed head-master of the grammar-school at Giggleswick, in Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where the family had long resided on a small patrimonial estate. The mother of our author is said to have been 'a woman of strong and active mind.' He was educated under his father's eye; and is said to have exhibited diligence equal to his ability. He was curious in making enquiries about mechanism, whenever an opportunity occurred. We are informed that he combined mental activity with corporeal sluggishness. Angling was his favourite amusement in youth; nor was it less his predilection in age. He is said to have conciliated the kind regards of his schoolfellows by his cheerfulness and drollery.

'He frequently amused the young circle by the successful mimicking of a mountebank quack doctor in vending his powders.'

In November 1758, Mr. Paley was admitted a sizar of Christ's college Cambridge. He performed his journey to the university on horseback in company with his father; and he was often wont to describe the disasters that befel him on the way.

'I was never a good horseman, and when I followed my father on a poney of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times:—I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious:—My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside and say, 'take care of thy money, lad.''

Mr. Paley appears to have taken with him to the university a larger stock of mathematical learning than most young men are found to carry away after a residence of several years. He evinced no ordinary diligence in those studies which were required. The happy facility which he possessed of concentrating his faculties on the subject to which they happened to be applied, rendered him capable of mental exertion in circumstances and amid scenes which would have dissipated the attention of other men. In a room filled with idle, frivolous, and noisy loungers he could read a book without regarding the interruption. But we are told that Mr.

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Paley was also distinguished by a propensity to lie in bed till a very late hour in the morning, and to spend much time in company after dinner. And hence Mr. Meadley infers, as we think with much sagacity and justness, that 'he was more indebted to observation and reflection than to books for the general improvement of his mind.'

The mind of Paley never appeared to us to have been much enriched by extraneous store. His reading does not seem to have been very various nor extensive, but, what he read he assimilated by intellectual digestion and preserved by the aid of a retentive memory. His mind was one of those that know how to arrive at the pulp of truth by the shortest process of intellectual exertion.

'On his first arrival from the country, the uncouthness of his dress and manners caused not a little mirth amongst his fellow collegians; but as the superiority of his genius and his real worth were soon discovered, these singularities did not long deprive him of their esteem and admiration. Besides, he was a most excellent companion, and had the happiest knack of turning the laugh against himself, by relating some absurd and ridiculous blunder which he had committed; and his absence of mind and inattention to the common occurrences of life supplied him with many such stories. In his merry humours he could always find something to laugh at in himself; and, indeed, he was often heard to say that 'a man who is not sometimes a fool, is always one.'

'Mr. Paley being generally careless about his dress, and sometimes even remarkably inattentive to it, attracted more than common notice, when he appeared in the public schools, to keep his first *act*, with his hair full dressed, and in a deep ruffled shirt, and new silk stockings; which aided by his gestures, his action, and his whole manner, when earnestly engaged in the debate, excited no small mirth in the spectators. This was his first appearance before the university as a disputant, and he acquitted himself with such unwonted ability, that the schools were afterwards invariably crowded, whenever he was expected to dispute.'

When Mr. Paley kept his act he proposed to dispute *against* '*capital punishments*,' and '*the eternity of hell torments*.' But Dr. Thomas, the master of his college, thought this such a perilous field of argument, that he objected to both the questions, and insisted on his relinquishing the last. Mr. Paley was unwilling to offend his superiors, and therefore wished to change the last question; and, at the suggestion of Mr. Watson, the moderator, he undertook to *defend* the eternity of hell torments! We should have been more pleased with the anecdote, if Mr. Paley had changed

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the *question*, instead of labouring to establish a doctrine which he really wished to subvert!

In January 1763, he took his degree of bachelor of arts, and was senior wrangler of the year. After taking his bachelor's degree he became second usher in an academy at Greenwich. His province was to teach the Latin language. In his leisure hours he frequently rambled about the metropolis, which affords numerous opportunities for the improvement of a discriminating and contemplative mind. He was hardly less ardent in the pursuit of amusement than of knowledge. This alternation of different propensities seems to be the frequent characteristic of a superior mind. The intellectual powers cannot be always kept upon the stretch; and the more they are stretched at one interval the more they will unbend at another. Great intensity of exertion requires proportionate relaxation. It is both morally and physically good. It might seem a little inconsistent, and to a contracted mind not a little absurd, to see a philosopher sprawled upon the floor and playing with a child; but it is what we should not be surprised at seeing, and it is what we should delight to see. Sir Isaac Newton could descend from the contemplation of the stars to the prattle of the nursery; and Dr. Clarke after profoundly investigating the attributes of the Deity, could jump over the chairs and tables in his room with all the frolic temerity of youth. The hypocritical formalist may be uniformly grave without being wise; but the artless sage is constantly gay without ever being dull.

Paley was fond of attending the theatre; and he always took his station as near as he could to the orchestra in the pit. His thoughtful mind was, at the same time, nurtured and enlarged by attending the different courts of judicial procedure in the metropolis. He is said thus to have obtained a clear and accurate insight into the criminal law; and he doubtless increased his acquaintance with the labyrinth of the human heart. At this time Mr. Paley's situation at Greenwich appears to have been highly satisfactory to him; and he has been often heard to say that 'the rank of *first assistant* in the academy was then the highest object of his ambition.'

In 1765, Mr. Paley became a candidate for one of the prizes which are given by the representatives of the university for two of the best dissertations in Latin prose. The subject was 'a comparison between the Stoic and Epicurean philosophy, with respect to the influence of each on the morals of a people.' Mr. Paley, who wisely thought that this constitution of things was designed for a state of rational

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that he approved the object, and desired the accomplishment. On this occasion he is said to have made use of the words which have sometimes been quoted to his prejudice, and which at first view do leave an impression on the mind not favourable to his character. '*I cannot afford to have a conscience.*' These expressions, like many others, which are spoken in a moment of vivacity or inadvertence, ought not, we think, to be rigidly nor literally interpreted, as implying that his sense of duty should not be suffered to obstruct his prospect of emolument.

A pamphlet was published in 1774, entitled, '*Considerations on the Propriety of requiring a Subscription to Articles of Faith.*' This work was written by the bishop of Carlisle, who did not abandon, on his elevation to the bench, the principles of an enlightened tolerance, which he had espoused in his earlier years. '*An Answer to the Considerations,*' was published by Dr. Thomas Randolph of Oxford, which impelled Mr. Paley to write a 'Defence of the Considerations,' in which he has completely overpowered his adversary by the superior cogency of his arguments. We made some quotations from this work in our Review of Mr. Wyvill's excellent pamphlet on Intolerance. We refer the reader to the number for March, p. 304.

In 1776, Mr. Paley married Miss Jane Hewitt, a young lady of Carlisle, when he quitted the university. He now fixed his residence at Musgrove in Westmoreland, a rectory then worth about 80l. per ann., which had been recently given him by the bishop of Carlisle.

'The situation of this pleasant village, on the banks of the river Eden, allowed him to indulge himself frequently in angling, the favourite amusement of his youth. So partial indeed was he to a sport, which, notwithstanding the opinion of honest Walton, can scarcely be reconciled to either reason or humanity, that he at one time, kept a journal of his exploits, and had afterwards his portrait taken with his rod and line. Alluding to his success in trouling for pike, he used to say, that the fish, when not hungry, would sometimes nibble without swallowing the bait, in which case he found it necessary to stimulate its appetite by manœuvring; 'for,' added he, 'the pike reasons thus, though I am not hungry now, I may be to-morrow, and therefore must not lose so tempting a prize.'

Here he was induced to engage in the culture of a small farm, as a source of employment and emolument, but the deficiency of his returns soon proved that he was but ill qualified for such an undertaking. In 1776, Mr. Paley was inducted to the vicarage of Dalston in Cumberland in the

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neighbourhood of Rose Castle worth about ninety pounds a year. In 1777, he resigned the rectory of Musgrove for the more valuable vicarage of Appleby, between which place and Dalston he now divided his residence. In 1780, he was appointed to the fourth prebendal stall in the cathedral of Carlisle, worth about four hundred pounds a year; and, on the promotion of his friend, Mr. Law, to the bishopric of Clonfert in Ireland, he was made archdeacon of Carlisle. Mr. Paley accompanied the new bishop to Dublin where he preached a sermon at his consecration; and afterwards travelled with him to his episcopal residence on the great river Shannon, in Galway, one of the least civilized parts of Ireland, which gave him an opportunity of observing the deplorable wretchedness of the Irish peasantry.

Mr. Paley was now engaged in preparing for the press his great work, 'Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy.' When the manuscript was ready for the press he offered it to Mr. Faulder for three hundred pounds, who refused to give more than two hundred and fifty.—A bookseller in Paternoster-row, accidentally hearing of the intended publication, made an offer of one thousand pounds for the copy-right of the work. This circumstance was communicated to Mr. Faulder by the bishop of Clonfert; who, 'though in no small degree surprized and astonished at the advance, agreed to give the sum required before the bishop left the house.' The bookseller does not appear to have been any loser by his bargain; for the work passed through fifteen editions in the life of the author. The merits of this performance are now so generally acknowledged that it would be vain for us to endeavour to exalt them by praise or to lower them by blame.

On the death of Dr. Burn, in 1785, Mr. Paley became chancellor of the diocese of Carlisle. His friend and patron bishop Law died in 1787, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Mr. Paley wrote a short memoir of his life, which has been inserted in Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, and in the Encyclopædia Britannica. In 1790, he published his *Horæ Paulinæ*, in which he has, perhaps, displayed more originality of thought, more sagacity of remark, and more delicacy of discrimination than in any of his other works.

In 1791, Mr. Paley lost his wife, who died after a long illness, leaving four sons and four daughters.—About this time he took a rather active part in favour of the abolition of the slave trade; and much to his honour, he suggested a plan for promoting the civilization of Africa, as the only species of restitution which we could make for the ravage, the cruelty,

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and oppression which we had so long practised on that continent. He proposed to export from the United States, several little colonies of free negroes, to settle them in different parts of Africa, that they might serve as patterns of more civilized life to the natives in their several vicinities.

In May 1792, the vicarage of Addingham, near Great Salkeld, was added to his stock of preferment by the dean and chapter of Carlisle. In the same year he published '*Reasons for Contentment*,' addressed to the labouring classes, pp. 22. From the time and the circumstances in which this was written, it was thought, even by many of the previous friends and admirers of the author, to have been designed not so much to promote the *ostensible object* of the publication, as to recommend the writer to the notice of the minister of the day. The pamphlet itself evidently showed that Paley had placed himself in the ranks of the alarmists; and that he was anxious to procure the favour of men in power, by a fugitive pamphlet, accommodated to the wishes of the court, and to the *seeming exigencies* of the day. He thought probably, that the pamphlet would answer its end, and be forgotten, while his literary fame rested securely on the basis of his larger works. If Mr. Paley had employed his talents and his authority in dissipating the alarm which was artfully excited in order to induce the country passively to acquiesce in a diminution of the public liberty, and if he had shown that the true way of appeasing the public discontent, was by a more economical expenditure of the public money, by a scrupulous abstinence from wanton and wasteful wars, and by a temperate reform of abuses, which have been suffered to accumulate for more than a century, he would have deserved immortal renown as a friend both to the people and the king, to the cottage, to the throne, and to the sanctuary.—If the object of Mr. Paley in writing this two-penny pamphlet, in which some commonplace maxims are very forcibly expressed, were to mount from an archdeaconry to a deanery or a bishopric, he certainly failed in his pursuit.—Mr. Pitt was no doubt pleased to see the sturdy oak labouring to acquire the pliancy of the ozier, but he had oziers still more pliant than he.—The premier loved and rewarded flexibility of opinion, but *he loved and rewarded it most, where it was accompanied with a mediocrity of talent.* He had no desire to elevate to the public sphere a mind that could, if occasion offered, wrestle with his own. Hence no superiority of talent was ever nurtured by his patronage nor caressed by his smile; and hence during his long administration, he had *filled* the several de-

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partments of the state, if we may be indulged in the use of an Iricism, with a *dearth* of virtue and ability.

Notwithstanding the subserviency which Mr. Paley had manifested to the views of the premier in his four-and-twenty-page effort, Mr. Pitt could not forget some of the forcible and weighty generalities which are to be found in the two octavo volumes of Moral and Political Philosophy, and which must, by a necessary deduction lead to practical conclusions very opposite to the general tendency of his administration.

In 1794, Mr. Paley published his 'View of the Evidences of Christianity,' in which he has exhibited a compressed, but luminous view of the arguments which have been adduced by the most able theologians in favour of the truth of revelation.—The argument from history is succinctly detailed; but some, who have been very studious of truth, and much addicted to research, have thought that the advocate has forgotten some of the primary links in the chain of proof.—For this work which appeared at a critical juncture, when the bold but ignorant scepticism of Payne was supposed to have given a rude shock to the national faith, he was more liberally rewarded than for any of his preceding publications. The minister of the day indeed did not load him with any of the ecclesiastical dignities which belong to the treasury; but three bishops seemed emulous to mark their gratitude for his services to the church.—The late bishop of London, Dr. Porteus, gave him a prebendal stall in St. Paul's. The bishop of Lincoln made him the subdean of that diocese;—and, lastly, the bishop of Durham presented him with the valuable rectory of Bishop Wearmouth.—These several pieces of preferment may be estimated at considerably more than two thousand pounds a year.

After being installed as subdean of Lincoln, Mr. Paley proceeded to Cambridge to take his degree of doctor in divinity. In the '*concio ad clerum*,' which he preached on the occasion, he unfortunately pronounced the word *profŭgus*, *profūgus*, which gave rise to the following epigram from one of the university wits;

> 'Italiam fato *profŭgus* Lavinaque, venit
> Litora.'
> Errat Virgilius, forte *profūgus* erat.'

Dr. Paley enjoyed the singular happiness of having his parents live to witness his general celebrity, and his success in life. His mother did not die till March 1796, at the age of 83, and his father survived her till September 1799, at

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the more advanced period of eighty-eight. In December, 1795, Dr. Paley married his second wife, a Miss Dobinson of Carlisle, with whom he had been intimately acquainted for several years.

'In allusion to the act, passed in the first session of the imperial parliament, in 1801, for disabling all persons who had taken orders from sitting in the house of commons, Dr. Paley remarked—'That, in his opinion, the exclusion was just, so far as those only were concerned, who held ecclesiastical preferments, and had clerical duties to discharge: but he could see no satisfactory reasons, why the provisions of the act should extend to such as had given up all pretensions to the honours and emoluments of the church.' His sentiments on this subject seem to have coincided with what was urged, so pertinently and so forcibly, against the measure, during its discussion in the two houses, by lord Thurlow and Mr. Horne Tooke.'

The law to exclude clergymen from the House of Commons, which was passed during the administration of Mr. Addington, seems to have been promoted less by a wish to rescue the sacred order of ecclesiastics from the vortex of political ambition, than to gratify particular feelings of resentment towards an obnoxious individual. When we consider that clergymen are always supposed to be, and frequently are, more particularly conversant with the theory of morals, we cannot but believe that no injury could accrue to religion, and that some benefit might accrue to the state from the presence of a few ecclesiastics among the popular representatives. Most questions of policy are connected more or less with moral considerations, and it is the neglect of such considerations which commonly gives the birth even to the greatest errors in our policy. Why then should the house of commons shut its doors against those whose business it is to study morality in its general principles and in all its practical ramifications? ——In the house of commons, where all ranks and professions are supposed to be represented, why should the great body of the clergy alone be without any personal delegates? —Do not the clergy possess a large portion of the landed income of the country? Do they not contribute largely to the revenue of the state? Why then should they be debarred from having even a single professional representative in the house of commons? Will it be said that the clergy are represented by the bishops in the house of lords? But can the house of lords either originate or alter a money bill? Or can the *absent* morality of the bishops in the lords supply the *present* need of it in the commons? We are glad to find that a man of such sound judgment as Paley should have been an enemy to the exclusion from the house of com-

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mons of clergymen who had no clerical duties to perform, or who had renounced the honours and emoluments of the church. The reformation was certainly productive of much good; but one of its concomitant evils appears to have been the total exclusion of the clergy from secular employments. At any rate we are convinced that the state would be greatly benefited by the presence of a few such men as Paley, or Parr in the house of commons.

While Dr. Paley was engaged in finishing his last and, as some think, his best work, 'Natural Theology,' his labours were frequently interrupted by a nephritic complaint which caused intervals of excruciating pain. Hence what he has said in that work of the *alleviations of pain*, considered in their moral and physical tendencies and effects, certainly derives additional importance.

'It is not a philosopher in the full enjoyment of health, who talks lightly of an evil which he may suppose at a distance. When Dr. Paley speaks of the power which pain has 'of *shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which few enjoyments exceed*;' and assures us '*that a man resting from severe pain, is, for the time, in possession of feelings which undisturbed health cannot impart*,' the sentiment flowed from his own feelings. He was himself that man; and it is consolatory, amidst the numerous diseases to which the human frame is liable, to find how compatible they are with a certain degree of comfort, and even enjoyment. Something may indeed be attributed, in Dr. Paley, to a vigor of intellect, which is allotted to very few; but it cannot be doubted, that resignation in suffering is less the gift of great intellectual powers, than of well regulated religious and moral sentiments.'

The following is the account which Mr. Meadley gives of the last scene of Dr. Paley's life.

'Dr. Paley still entered into the pleasures of society with his wonted zest; and his conversation was as animated and impressive as ever, when the present writer saw him, for the last time, in December 1804. His valuable life was then drawing fast towards a close; and the powers of nature, gradually exhausted by repeated sufferings, were becoming daily less able to resist the force of his inveterate disease. Yet he kept his annual residence at Lincoln in 1805, and returned to Bishop-Wearmouth about the beginning of May. Soon after his arrival there, he experienced a most violent attack, in which the usual remedies were found ineffectual. Human skill was therefore vain, his appetite failing him, he was no longer able to take the requisite support; but soon sunk under the accumulated influence of debility and disease. His sight is supposed to have failed a few days before his death, whilst his other faculties remained unimpaired.

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Perhaps no man ever preserved greater self-possession and composure, during his concluding scene. The evening of his life was clouded with no displeasing recollections, no vain anxieties, no fond regrets: he had enjoyed the blessings of this world with satisfaction; and he relied for future happiness on the promises of that divine revelation, the truth of which he had so strenously laboured to evince. He consequently met the approach of death with firmness, comforted his afflicted family with the consolations of religion, and late on the evening of Saturday, May 25th, 1805, he tranquilly breathed his last.'

The following anecdote is both interesting and instructive:

'In the year 1795, during one of his visits to Cambridge, Dr. Paley, in the course of a conversation on the subject, gave the following account of the early part of his own academical life; and it is here given, on the authority and in the very words of a gentleman who was present at the time, as a striking instance of the peculiar frankness with which he was in the habit of relating the adventures of his youth.

'I spent the first two years of my undergraduateship happily but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle and, rather expensive. At the commencement of my third year, however, after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bed-side and said——'Paley, I have been thinking what a d****'d fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, were I to try, and can afford the life I lead; you could do every thing, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you, that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.'".

'I was so struck'—Dr. Paley continued—'with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed great part of the day, and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to prepare my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five, read during the whole of the day, except such hours as chapel and hall required, allotting to each portion of time it's peculiar branch of study; and just before the closing of gates (nine o'clock) I went to a neighbouring coffee-house, where I constantly regaled upon a mutton chop and a dose of milk punch. And thus on taking my bachelor's degree, I became senior wrangler.'

It is now time to conclude this account of Dr. Paley. We are far from depreciating the talents of Mr. Meadley as a biographer. He seems to have made the most of the materials which he possessed; and to have neglected no sources of information to which he could have access. In

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his opinions he does not appear to have been too much swayed by partiality for the subject of his work, but to have exhibited only that modest deference which is always due to superiority of intellectual attainments.

ART. VIII.—*Letters from Portugal and Spain; written during the March of the British Troops under Sir John Moore, with a Map of the Route, and appropriate Engravings. By an Officer.* 8vo. pp. 320. Longman. 1809.

WE are told in the preface, that 'these letters were written on the spot, and immediately as the events arose of which they are the subject.' The author who is an officer appears to be a man of feeling and observation. Many of his descriptions are animated and picturesque; and though he passed through the part of Portugal and Spain, which was traversed by the army of Sir John Moore, at a period of the year very unfavourable to the appearance of rural beauty, and though the rapidity of a march did not allow much time for minute examination, yet the author seems with great quickness and occasional felicity to have seized the principal features of the country which was exposed to his view, and to have rendered them very clear and perceptible to the reader of the present volume. Though the diction is often incorrect, and sometimes more embarrassed with metaphors than a correct taste will allow, yet it is often energetic and glowing. The letters have certainly the appearance of having been written while the impressions were fresh, and before the ideas and feelings of the author had been deprived of part of their vivacity by intermediate trains of thought, or by the cold touch of subsequent reflection.

The description which the author gives of Lisbon, corresponds with that of other travellers. It seems the favoured abode of filth, of idleness, and misery.

'Rags or nakedness seemed the condition of every person who approached me; except now and then, I saw a man enveloped in a mass of cloak, in no better state, hung in rented folds about him: leaving to the fancy to conceive the animated filth it concealed. In the midst of this squalid misery, the aspirings of vanity may still be seen in the immense cocked hats, which are enthusiastically prized and worn by old and young of every trade and description.—Masons, blacksmiths, muleteers, and barbers, while executing the duties of their calling, all possess this prodigious covering placed square to the front on their respective heads.'

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A nocturnal custom which is said to have been once very prevalent in Edinburgh, is universally practised in Lisbon; and the usage seems to have derived such a *venerable* sanction from *antiquity*, that it could not be suppressed even by the despotic mandates of the French. Thus the despotism of custom seems to be more gaunt and robust than any other species of despotism.

'When Junot was taking leave of the owner of the house in which he had been quartered, "Sir (said he to him,) I shall return hither in the course of a few months; and as this house is my property, I request you will look out for another against my arrival." Such was the sentiment, coolness of acting, and common conduct of all the French, from the commander-in chief down to the humblest follower of the army.'

The author did not leave Lisbon till after the departure of the army for Spain. He and his companions, who were ten in all, proposed to rejoin the main body of the army at Salamanca. They 'had nothing to do with public accommodations; but, on entering a town or village received from the magistrates billets on the best and richest inhabitants;' and though they sometimes experienced instances of inhospitable rudeness, it does not appear but that in their route to Salamanca they were in general treated with as much civility and kindness as the circumstances of the country would admit.

The author entered Spain at Alcantara over the famous bridge which Trajan erected across the Tagus. Neither the governor nor the inhabitants seemed to evince any interest in the cause, which the English had come to defend. But the author discerned in the countenance of the Spaniards, traits of character superior to that of the Portugueze. The author and his party experienced a more hospitable reception at the little village of Ceclavin than they did within the ancient walls of Alcantara.

'We were kindly received by the chief man of the town. He was married, and to the honour of his fair dame, his habitation possessed an air of greater regularity and comfort than we had seen in any house since our march. Soon after our arrival an excellent dinner was set on the table, at which both the lady and her spouse presided; partaking of its good things with more than common *union*, as they both eat off the same plate and drank out of the same cup.

'After a desert of grapes well preserved, and most hospitable bliations of their juice, we were invited into the outer room, which was a kind of hall. There we found the whole village assembled

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and seated around, while a capacious pan of charcoal glowed in the midst of a circle of mats, so placed for the host and his friends. Fiddles, guitars, &c. finished the apparatus for the pleasures of the evening. The young ladies were dressed in their gala habits, and the men in their gayest attire.'

'This little village, I am told, is peopled with a horde of smugglers. And accordingly more contraband articles find their way in and out of its walls than pass through any other town in Spain. This sort of occult traffic is particularly lively between them and the English of the same commercial principles; and so for that reason perhaps this fête was given to us in honour of our British smugglers.

'These gay villagers exhibited every appearance of comfort both in their habitations and themselves. Neither rags nor wretchedness were to be encountered here. All the rotundity of content, with the bloom of hilarity, marked not only the visages of the women, but of the men also.'

'The groupes of women, whom we often pass at the fountains in this country, are beautifully interesting; their figures, dress, and dexterity in carrying water, are peculiar to themselves. The earthen vessel which contains it is of a simple form: and when placed upon the head, is in complete unison with their costume, and composes a picture worthy of the most tasteful pencil; reminding you of the celebrated work by Raphael, of the girl bearing the water vessel.

'The Spanish nymphs seldom apply their hands to poize it, and will walk over the roughest ground without losing the balance.'

At the ancient city of Placentia, which is situated in a beautiful valley, richly adorned with vines, olives, and cypress trees, and watered by the meandering Xerte, the small party were gladly received and hospitably entertained by the numerous ecclesiastics of the place. At the monastery of the Dominicans they all drunk and swore eternal amity with the holy brotherhood. In this city, which is so plentifully supplied with ghostly fathers, the author was, in no small degree, surprised by the sight of a *foundling hospital* of considerable extent.

At Fuenta Olio the author and his friends were greeted with enthusiastic hospitality by the good pastor of the place. A jolly friar, who was on a visit to the priest, amused the company with dancing the bullero 'with great execution and gesture, tucking up his saintly drapery around his waist, and displaying a pair of strong limbs in leather breeches, which he used with much motion and agility.'

In Letter XII. we have a description of Salamanca, which

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with the exception of the cathedral, seems to contain little to interest the traveller. The city is situated in an extensive plain without trees; and the character of the inhabitants does not appear much superior to the insipidity of the landscape.

We have little doubt of the justice of the following observations respecting the CENTRAL JUNTA, whose want of heroic energy in not taking more effectual measures to diffuse the spirit of liberty among the people, and whose want of wisdom or of patriotism in not immediately assembling the CORTES have gone very far towards blasting the once fair hopes which were entertained of rescuing Spain from the gripe of France.

'I am certain,' says the author, 'from what I see of the people, and hear of their directors, that nothing honourable to the country will be done while a central junta exists. There appear to be as many interests in that large body as there are members:—hence no chief military command is likely to be appointed. All are on the gape in expectation of its acts; and expecting that every thing is to be effected by the wisdom of the junta, individuals forget the vigour that lies in every single arm; they forget that in these cases the voice of the people is the voice of God; that an armed nation rushing at once upon their oppressors, carry with them the sword of Omnipotence.

'The provincial juntas, following the example of the central, attend to their own petty emulations, instead of sacrificing all to the generous ambition of freeing their country; while they wait to gain particular points, the end of their meeting is forgotten; the patriotic ardour of the lower classes is wasted in vain declamation; no troops are organized; and the field is left open for the enemy whenever he chooses to come; and, like Cromwell, with one stroke of his mace break up their ruinous cabals.'

The following description of the English army leaving Salamanca, is lively and picturesque.

'The passing waggons groaning under the weight of ammunition, the trains of artillery, and the well-appointed columns, accompanied by hundreds of mules; the continued hum of the mingled voices of thousands seemed to people the air; and the more distant part of the country filled with myriads of living creatures moving over the far-stretching plain; the soldiers' bayonets glittering in the rising rays of the sun; the proud prance of cavalry; bat-men and servants leading spare horses; and groups of women and children mounted on asses; with hordes of followers of all descriptions, driving heavy laden mules hung with bags, trunks, and portmanteaus; formed, altogether, a scene of animation, and of military

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array that enchanted the soul, and seemed to promise a happy rencontre with our enemies.'

The hope of this *happy rencontre*, alas! vanished when the British troops reached Sanagun, where they received orders to retreat. This retreat was indeed rather a disgraceful and disorderly flight, which was relieved only by a few traits of gallantry while the British turned round like the chafed lion, upon their pursuers, and by the heroic stand which was made against the French by the remnant of the army which had the good fortune to reach Corunna.

Great and complicated sufferings were endured in this precipitate flight; the following may serve as a specimen of the general mass.

'At Benevente an order had been issued to assure the army that Corunna was not the object of our falling back; but that our march was only to secure a more favourable position. No asseverations could make the soldiery believe this: it was too evident by all our movements that Corunna was our destination; that it was an absolute retreat! and the wide disappointments they had met, drove them to despair. Worn out with fatigue and *hope delayed*, they no longer seemed to value life, nor any of its regulations; sufficient for them was it to snatch the hasty morsel of the day; for the next morning might see each individual on the causeway a breathless corse.

'Every object which presented itself on the roads and in the villages were so many proofs of the terrors of war, and of the devastation that surrounded us. Famishing peasantry fled by us with gaunt and horrid looks; while, as we marched along we passed their kindred of all ages, dying and dead, without power to relieve them, or to rescue our own followers from a similar fate. But it was not enough that our track should be strewed with the expiring bodies of our fellow-creatures: the poor animals who had supported our way-worn frames, who had dragged our baggage from steep to steep, fell exhausted on the earth, and in countless numbers heaped the sides of the road. In short, not a day, not an hour passed without adding some new calamity to our distress and wretchedness.

'The army in no respect seemed the remains of the same we had brought from Portugal. Its appearance, its discipline, were gone. You could not suppose that the officers it was before so ready to obey, commanded it now; all deference to their orders was lost; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could deter the men from not only pillaging, but committing every excess which is hardly excusable in an enemy. Even with all our exertions, we saw villages and houses burning in all directions; some put in that condition by negligence, but many, I must say, by the wantonness of our refractory men. The poor cottagers were plundered; and multitudes of homeless destitute people were continually hastening

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to the officers as they came up, imploring them for a redress which was out of their power to bestow. Alas! our pity and regret were all we had to offer; and they retired in an anguish, the recollection of which even now wrings my soul.'

'The field of battle is a festival of honour; a sublime pageant. But this is war! Here are the *red dragons yoked to her fiery car!* Here are her sufferings, her woes, her wide destructions. Every yard we passed over was marked with some heart-rending proof of our miseries. Ah, little need would the French have to seek our line of march! It might be traced for many a league by our over-turned baggage, by our maimed cattle, by our dying and dead.

'When we had nearly gained the highest point of these slippery precipices, I looked round, and saw the rear of the army winding along the narrow road; I saw their way marked by the wretched people who lay on all sides expiring from fatigue and the severity of the cold. As their bodies reddened in spots the white surface of the ground, I could not but think on the lines of Hohenlinden:

> Ah, few shall part where many meet!
> The snow shall be their winding sheet;
> And every turf beneath their feet
> Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

But not so; where they fell they lay. No turf covered them from the beating elements; and as a sad memorial of our betrayed cause their bones lie on the mountains of Spain, an everlasting reproach to her ungrateful sons.

'I observed amongst the unfortunates a Portuguese bullock-driver. He was on his knees amidst the snow, with his hands clasped, breathing forth a prayer for his soul. This poor fellow had attended us from the first day of our march, and, thus faithful to our service, expired. I was a very few paces from him when his last groan pierced my ears. Near him lay a woman, half enveloped in a blanket, the wife of a soldier; she was also cold in death. A little infant, yet living, was hanging at the breast of its inanimate mother, vainly endeavouring to find that warmth and nourishment which fate had for ever withdrawn.'

ART. IX.—*An Enquiry into the Laws of different Epidemic Diseases, with the View to determine the Means of preserving Individuals and Communities from each, and also to ascertain the Probability of exterminating the Small Pox. By Joseph Adams, M.D. F.L.S. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, in London, Physician to the Small Pox Hospital, and New Finsbury Dispensary.* 8vo. 5s. 6d. Johnson, &c. 1809.

THERE are few things more undetermined than the laws

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of contagion, yet scarcely any can be more important. For want of an accurate knowledge of these subjects individuals are sometimes exposed to unnecessary danger, and at other times, the unfortunate sick are almost deserted though they might be attended with security. We cannot, therefore, but regard any *enquiry into the laws of epidemics* as deserving all the attention which a journal intended, like ours, for general circulation, can afford it.

In an introductory chapter the ingenious and philanthropic author remarks that when writers talk of the possibility of exterminating small pox, and illustrate their doctrine by the supposed extermination of leprosy and the plague, nothing can be more laudable than the object in view, but at the same time nothing can be more dangerous than an erroneous method of pursuit.

The attention of the reader is first called to a distinction between endemic, and epidemic diseases. Endemic diseases are confined to certain places, or certain descriptions of people in those places. They do not only occasionally appear, but are permanent; they are also not acute, but chronic. Hence they are always to be seen, but are formidable only to the few who become the subjects of them. Of this kind the most remarkable are elephantiasis, goitre, and also the Barbadoes or Cochin leg which is often confounded with elephantiasis, though a totally different disease. Both elephantiasis and the Barbadoes leg are the offspring of a tropical climate, but goitre is most common in mountainous countries. All are confined to a comparatively small number of the inhabitants; and none of them are contagious.

Epidemics on the contrary are never stationary. Though some of them may constantly exist at certain places yet they are not called epidemic till so great a number of the inhabitants of a district are seized as to excite a general alarm. Of this kind are the plague, the yellow fever, and the ague. The small pox, measles, and scarlet fever are also said to be epidemic when they exhibit more violence than usual, and when few, who are liable to them, escape. But, though all these diseases may thus be termed epidemics, it is a matter of great importance to determine whether they are all contagious.

Dr. Adams proceeds to define what constitutes a contagion, viz. a disease, the person afflicted with which, or the matter produced by which may affect others, who may in their turn affect others, without any regard to the climate or state of the air in which such communication may take place. In all these instances it is generally admitted that

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small pox, measles, and scarlet fever are contagious; nor are we acquainted with any certain means of escaping either of these dreadful maladies; but can this be said of the plague, the yellow fever, or the ague? The plague has been introduced without any more certain communication with diseased subjects than what constantly exists: it always commences at a certain period of the year and ceases on the setting in of winter. It is also confined to certain climates, and is said to be unknown between the tropics, or under tropical heat, even in those climates which seem most frequently subject to the visitation. Yellow fever is also a disease of a certain season of the year, and is known only in tropical climates or in those countries, whose summer temperature sometimes preserves for several days the fervor of the tropics. Those, who are afflicted either with plague, or yellow fever, migrate to healthy countries, and die or recover without communicating the distemper. In America, where the disease is thought to be derived from the West Indies, quarantine is required only during the summer heats. Thus the danger of contagion is estimated not by the existence of the disease at its supposed source; but, by the state of the air in the country which is supposed to be in danger of contamination. In England we subject American vessels to quarantine when the yellow fever prevails in that country; but never require quarantine of West India vessels, though they arrive immediately from the source of the supposed contagion.

From these premises the author concludes that the cessation of plague amongst us is not to be ascribed to any other causes than an increased cleanliness and an improved mode of living, joined perhaps to the absence of a certain constitution of the air. But no increased cleanliness, no improved modes of living are any security against the small pox. Of this our ancestors had that practical knowledge that whilst they made every attempt at preventing the admission of the plague, and constantly deserted the town when it appeared, yet the small pox was considered as an inevitable calamity. This opinion was not confined to the unlearned, but adopted by the physicians themselves, and was so universal as to render inoculation instantly popular among the best informed. Many proofs are produced to show that the general purity of the air which is the means of preventing the extension of plague and some other fevers, has proved the means of rendering small pox more certainly epidemic.

Hence the author argues that the contagion of plague and yellow fever is by no means ascertained; that, if it

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really exists, it is not similar in its laws to the contagion of small pox: and consequently that our means of avoiding each should be different.

Dr. Adams is next particularly minute on what is usually called typhus-fever, but to which he prefers giving a name more descriptive of its source, viz. the gaol, camp, poor-house or ship fever. This he admits to be excited by what he calls an infectious atmosphere, but denies that the disease is contagious in the same sense as the small pox, that is, that a person infected by it, and conveyed to a pure air will prove infectious to others, who will themselves be capable of spreading the distemper. This he illustrates by the well known histories of what are called the black assizes. In all these cases he thinks that the court was certainly infected by the foul air of the prison. But it is not less certain that, though so many of them died in their own families, they infected none who attended or visited them. This is strenuously urged to be very different from the manner in which small pox, measles and scarlet fever are known to be diffused.

After endeavouring to ascertain as far as possible the different modes in which these different epidemics are communicated, the next object is to consider how they are to be avoided. The author offers much encouragement in this part of his subject, showing us that considerable progress has already been made towards this desirable object. Jail fever he observes is now rarely seen. Among the poor the improvement of wages, since the great scarcity of the year 1800, has occasioned an improved mode of living, so that this fever has been little known in London since that period, and in the manufacturing towns only in times of distress from a failure of employment. The inference is that to complete so great an object, nothing more is necessary than to improve the circumstances, and with that, the moral habits of the poor. On the means of doing this we have some judicious, and practical observations.

To render the work better suited for general perusal all technical expressions are avoided, the controversial part is thrown into notes at the end of the book; and an appendix follows, which embraces three distinct subjects of consideration. The author first endeavours to show that small pox has not increased its number of victims since the introduction of inoculation; and though vaccination has done much towards a further diminution of that number yet that is only by lessening the number of those who are susceptible of the disease. The author is of opinion that whilst the present burying-grounds, lodging-houses and old clothes-shops

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remain, the disease may be, at any time, revived; and, when revived, that it will be impossible to ascertain by what means it may be diffused. Thus whilst every credit is given to vaccination, Dr. Adams wishes us to recollect that it can do nothing towards exterminating small pox, which can be kept under only by constant inoculation or vaccination. To this paper the author has subjoined his correspondence on the subject with the college of physicians. The next division of the appendix is a plan for more correct bills of mortality throughout the metropolis; and afterwards generally throughout the empire.

Lastly, we have a plan for a general benefit club, unconnected with those which are already established.

Of the present work we have given the substance without discussing the merits of the theory; but whatever may be its excellence, or its defects, we are convinced that no man can well peruse this treatise of Dr. Adams without being convinced that it is the product of an inquisitive and benevolent mind, impelled at once by the love of truth, and by a desire to promote the happiness of mankind.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*Zeal without Bigotry: or an Antidote to the Aspersions of the Author of 'Zeal without Innovation.' pp.* 88. 2*s.* 6*d.* Williams *and* Smith. 1809.

THIS pamphlet is divided into five sections. In § 1, the author argues that the paucity of attendants on the *established worship* is no proof that public worship is in general neglected. In § 2, he makes some reflections on the 'increase of separatism,' which he appears to impute to the incongruity between the preaching of the clergy and the letter of the articles.—But we would ask, do separatists increase in proportion as the clergy become more rational? Is the public worship more thinly attended in proportion as the officiating minister is more intimately versed in the language and meaning of the scriptures, and possesses a more enlightened mind?—If this were the case it would argue very little in favour of the *separatists*, for it would prove that they prefer folly to sound sense, and an il-

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literate jargon to Biblical erudition. We, however, entirely agree with this author in some of his remarks, though we may differ from him in others. We are well aware that salvation is not confined to the pale of any particular church, and that Christianity itself requires no political props. 'All that Christianity,' says this writer, 'requires of the civil magistrate is—to let it alone.' The author has made some good remarks on toleration in § 3. Toleration ought not to be solicited as an *indulgence*. It is a right to which all religionists have an equal claim; and no government can withhold the exercise without a breach of duty. The very term *toleration* ought perhaps to be erased from our vocabulary; as it seems to imply that governments may make an arbitrary election either of *toleration* or *intolerance*. § 4, is on lay-preaching; in which the author asserts that 'the terms *clergy* and *laity* are entirely of *popish* origin;' and that 'Christianity knows of no such chartered distinctions.' The author entitles § 5 'an apology for the Puritans, &c.' Here he is not inaccurate in defining schism to be an exclusion of that spirit of brotherly love which is the grand characteristic of Christianity.

ART. 11.—*Two Discourses on the Origin of Evil; founded on the History of Cain and Abel, and on the Reply of Jesus Christ, relative to the Man born blind. By J. Drummond. pp.* 37. 1*s.* 6*d.* Johnson. 1809.

THE sensible author of these well written discourses does not profess to throw any new light on this obscure subject, nor to unravel any part of the intricate web in which it has been involved by metaphysicians and divines.—His only design is to illustrate those conclusions on the subject, which the scripture authorises us to make. This he has done in two sermons; the first of which is on Gen. iv. 8; and the second on John ix. 1, and 2. In the first the author argues from the history of Cain and Abel, that our inclinations to evil do not originate from any defect in the constitution of our nature, but from the neglect of our reason and our conscience; and that the crimes of men are the product of those passions which are good in themselves, but are rendered evil by being liberated from those wholesome restraints to which our own peace, and that of society require that they should be subjected. In the second sermon the author infers from the words of Jesus, respecting the man who was born blind, that various afflictions are permitted for wise and good, but inscrutable ends; that the affections and passions of mankind, and the possibility of abusing them are necessary constituents in a probationary scheme; and proper to demonstrate the degree of our attachment to virtue and to truth.

POLITICS.

ART. 12.—*An Account of the Central or Supreme Junta of Spain, its chief Members, and most important Proceedings. pp.* 21. Ridgeway. 1809.

THE central or supreme junta of Spain is composed of deputies

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from the various provincial juntas. They met at Aranjuez on the 19th of September, 1808. As they consist of thirty-six members, the author remarks with truth, that the number is too small for a popular assembly, and yet much too large for the executive government of the country. This junta itself appears, with two or three splendid exceptions, to have been composed of men destitute both of experience and capacity, and totally unfit for the government of a nation at any time, and much less in a period of so much perplexity and danger.—Their *measures* are the best proof of their general unfitness for the station which they fill. For, since their installation in office they have not held forth a single lure to the people to induce them to engage in a desperate and enthusiastic warfare against the French. They have issued a few specious and pompous state-papers; but we cannot recall any one *act* which indicates liberal sentiments, zealous patriotism, or enlarged views.—The junta named the old Count Florida Blanca their president for six months; but age which had impaired his understanding had not lessened his ancient prejudices, nor his attachment to the forms of arbitrary sway.

'He was not only unfit,' says the author, 'for the management of a machine, so totally dissimilar from that which he had once been accustomed to wield; but, inured by system and habit to the substance as well as forms of arbitrary monarchy, he was on every occasion as fearful of the people whom he governed, as of the enemy against whom he hoped to direct their exertions. Extremely jealous of his personal dignity and authority, he clung to the heterogeneous form of government from which he had derived it; and his prejudices, his impatience of contradiction, and his art in checking questions which he could not meet, may be considered as the chief causes of the long neglect of those measures, which it was the first duty of the central junta to have adopted.'

Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos proposed to convoke the Cortes of the kingdom; but this motion was deemed so alarming that an attempt was made to stifle its publicity.—The subject has, indeed, been since resumed, and the proposition carried in the affirmative; but we have not learned that any time has been actually fixed for the meeting of the national representatives.—The late news from Spain has been more favourable than usual; and the victory of Sir Arthur Wellesley may, *perhaps*, have the effect of increasing the efforts of the Spaniards to deliver their country from the invasion of the French. But in order to assist in increasing this generous impulse, the Junta must themselves evince a greater regard for the principles of liberty than they have hitherto done; and must convince the people that they are likely to enjoy a greater degree of freedom and of happiness under their sway than under that of Joseph Buonaparte.

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ART. 12.—*Observations on the Movements of the British Army in Spain: in reply to the Statement lately published by Brigadier-General Henry Clinton. By a British Officer. Second Edition. pp. 40. Murray. 1809.*

THE writer of this pamphlet makes some very pointed remarks on the conduct of the British army in Spain in the period which elapsed between the beginning of December 1808, and the middle of January 1809. We shall compress into as small a space as we can the substance of his observations, without hazarding any opinion upon the subject in dispute between General Clinton and the author. —First, the author thinks that neither the junction of the corps under General Hope, nor of that under Sir David Baird was ever seriously threatened by the enemy; and that the British army did not much attract the attention of the French till Sir John made a movement to attack a 'French corps under Marshal Soult at Saldanha.' The author appears to be of opinion that after the defeat of the patriots in Biscay, at Burgos, and on the Ebro, it was unwise to engage in offensive operations; and that Sir John Moore ought to have adopted the measure of defensive war, and have retired to the southern part of the peninsula, and that Sir David Baird should either have fallen back upon Corunna, or have prosecuted 'an intelligent system of defensive warfare in the mountains of Gallicia.' But the author intimates that the operations of the army, instead of being conducted according to any fixed plan, fluctuated in hesitation and uncertainty, the sport of fortune and of accident. After passing Astorga the author says, that the grand communication to Corunna, which is formed along the sides or over the summits of mountains, and is intersected by torrents and ravines, over which solid bridges of masonry had been thrown, offered difficult passes and strong positions in almost every step of the way. The author says that the British army were never under the necessity of presenting a large front to the enemy; and that the superior numbers of the French cavalry were rendered almost useless by the nature of the country. The author thinks that the retreat was more rapid and precipitate than the circumstances would justify; and that hence the army experienced numerous sufferings which might have been avoided. The author says, that the retreat was not necessitated by want of supplies, as the immense force of the enemy found ample means of subsistence. They did not, says he, halt on that account; 'they were always at our heels.' The author thinks that the British commander did not avail himself so much as he might have done of the natural advantages of the country; and that though the defence of Gallicia was abandoned, more judicious arrangements might have been made. The author denies that, if proper measures of precaution had been taken, the French could have marched in that difficult country, and at that season of the year, on either of the flanks of the British army, and thus have penetrated between the British and the sea. The author accounts for the halt of the army at Lugo to a change in the councils of the commander in chief, who had resolved to wait for the return of the artillery which he had at first se-

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parated from the main body of infantry, but which he suddenly, and as the author thinks most fortunately recalled.

ART. 14.—*A Letter to the Right Honourable Sir David Dundas, K. B. Commander in Chief of all his Majesty's Forces. By Robert Jackson, M.D. Late Physician to the Forces, and Head of the Hospital at the Army Depôt. pp. 36. 1809.*

IT is extremely unpleasant to us to have to notice disputes, which though, in some measure, connected with subjects of general concern, are yet mingled, more or less, with the heat of personal animosity. We are very unwilling to take any part in the contentions of individuals; and we well know how apt every person is to represent his own case in the best light, and that of his antagonist in the worst. Dr. Jackson in this letter complains of having been unjustly accused, and wilfully calumniated by the physician and the surgeon-general of the army.—It appears from Dr. Jacksons statement that he was in November 1800, appointed physician to the forces, and head of the hospital at the army depôt. In the discharge of this important office he introduced some economical reforms which were approved by Major General Hewett, the commandant of the depôt; and even by Mr. Keate the surgeon, a member of the medical board, when he made a visit to Chatham. But these new and more economical arrangements of Dr. Jackson, which promised a considerable saving in the management of the public hospitals, seem to have formed the original groundwork of that hostility, of which he afterwards became the object. At the commencement of the present war Dr. Jackson was appointed inspector general of the hospitals of the army of reserve; but Sir Lucas Pepys, and Mr. Keate are said to have preferred a petition against this appointment, on account of some reflections on their official management, in his 'Remarks on the Constitution of the Medical Departments.' The commander in chief accordingly suspended the appointment of Dr. Jackson 'until he should substantiate the charges against his superior officers,' which he says that he has been always ready to do before any authorized tribunal, but has never enjoyed the opportunity. In the autumn of last year Dr. Jackson offered his services to be employed in Spain; but strong objections were again adduced by Sir Lucas Pepys and Mr. Keate against his employment in the medical department of the army.—Dr. Jackson thinks that he can invalidate their objections, and is anxious for a trial, in which the parties may be confronted, and he may be either acquitted or condemned. This is the substance of his letter compendiously expressed.

ART. 15.—*A Summary of the Laws of Commerce and Navigation, adapted to the present State, Government, and Trade of the Island of Newfoundland. By the Rev. Lewis Amadeus Anspach. Recommended for Publication, by Vice-Admiral J. Holloway, Governor and Commander in Chief of Newfoundland and its Dependencies. pp. 140. Heney and Haddon. 1809.*

THE author says that he was induced to offer this work to the pub-

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lic by the wishes of the principal mercantile houses in Newfoundland, who must be presumed to be the best judges of its utility.

Art. 16.—*An impartial Examination of Sir Francis Burdett's Plan of Parliamentary Reform. pp.* 49. Bone *and* Hone. 1809.

THIS author has very perspicuously stated his reasons for supporting the plan of parliamentary reform, which was proposed by Sir Francis Burdett. We shall not, at present, offer any opinion of our own on the subject; as we have not space for the ample discussion which it would require. And as the subject itself is likely to be repeatedly brought before us in the political productions of the press, we are the more inclined to be silent till we have given it more mature consideration, and weighed the arguments on both sides in an impartial scale.—The following short specimen of this pamphlet will be sufficient to prove that the author is at least not deficient in ability.—He is arguing that a reform in the representation would add to the authority and dignity of the sovereign; and he says:

'The influence of a prince is of two kinds; the first is exerted in his own dominions, the second in the affairs of foreign states. Now these are frequently found incompatible with, and destructive to each other. The influence which a prince exerts in the affairs of foreign states depends on the genius and spirit of his immediate subjects; and this genius and spirit can be kept up, and increased, only by the enjoyment of civil liberty. Hence every undue stretch of authority which a prince is guilty of at home, has a tendency to diminish his importance abroad; and every immunity he grants to his people, elevates him among his brother potentates. Striking illustrations of this doctrine occur in the English annals. When Charles and James II. established arbitrary power, they fell from their proper rank in Europe, and became the servile pensioners of France; but when William III. and his immediate successor governed with an authority not incompatible with the rights of the subject, the genius of England burst forth with transcendant glory, and gave them the lead in Europe.'

Even those, who are enemies to this particular plan of parliamentary reform, will not perhaps deny the justness of the author's remarks on that portion of the royal authority, which arises out of the exertion of corrupt influence:

'It holds out,' says the writer, 'a perpetual temptation to speak and to act, not in conformity to our own sentiments, but according to the inclinations of those who distribute the emoluments of office. It is hostile to those habits of sincerity on which confidence, ardour, and justness of understanding are found to depend; it diffuses through the land the base and debilitating arts of servility and decep-

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tion. Nor is this all. The very existence of integrity is discredited. The people see their superiors selling seats in the house of commons to the minister of the day, and a little afterwards, hear them making, within the walls of that house, vehement displays of their solicitude for the welfare of their country. Hence patriotism is considered as a cheat; dishonesty and imposture spread their contagion throughout the whole mass of our population; and, sunk in a moral disease, the nerve of virtue becomes relaxed, the energies of public spirit forsake us.'

ART. 17.—*Another Guess at Junius, and a Dialogue, pp.* 106. Hookham. 1809.

THE Letters of Junius have been at different times and by different persons ascribed to Edmund Burke, to William Gerard Hamilton, to Lord George Sackville, to Mr. Dunning, to John Horne Tooke, to the Rev. J. Rosenhagen, to John Roberts, Esq. to Mr. Charles Lloyd, to Mr. John Kent, to Mr. Lauchlan Maclane, to Mr. John Dyer, to General Lee, to Lord Shelburne, and to the combined efforts of Mr. Boyd and Mr. Gratton. The diversity of ascriptions, each of which has had its zealous partizans, shows that rash conjecture and evanescent probabilities have been adduced in place of proof: and that the real author is still unknown. The writer of the present pamphlet, after denying or invalidating the claims of all other pretenders, starts a new hypothesis which he endeavours to support with all the zeal which the sensation of novelty or the ardour of victory inspires. Lord Chatham is the person round whose brow he endeavours to bind those laurels which public opinion seems to think due to the authorship of Junius. But the supposition of the present writer does not appear to rest on a more solid foundation than any of the preceding. In the first place the internal evidence alone would be sufficient to satisfy us, as we think that it will any one, who will compare the letters of Junius with those which lord Chatham addressed to his nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq. afterwards lord Camelford. It may be said that the letters of lord C. to his nephew were only rapid unpremeditated effusions; and that the former were studied and elaborate compositions. But the truth is that the Letters of Junius are not only superior to those of lord Chatham, in elegance, in animation, and in harmony of style, but the turn of thought marks a mind of a different, if not of a higher class.

Lord Chatham was haughty and irascible, but he had none of that bitterness and malevolence, which are very perceptible in the Letters of Junius. Lord Chatham, besides, though he could speak well in the ardour and conflict of debate, and though his invective was then often highly caustic and severe, yet his diction became flat and insipid when the stimulus was withdrawn. Lord Chatham, like Mr. Fox, could speak better than he could write, but he could speak best while he was most buffeted, as it were, by the waves of senatorial contention; One of the qualities in which Junius greatly excels is what may be termed ironical sneer, which at times is so

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potent as absolutely to lacerate, while it archly seems to panegyrise the object of his resentment. But though lord Chatham, like Demosthenes, excelled in expressing the strong feeling of indignation, yet he did it rather in open than in covert terms. His invective was impetuously vehement, but it was the assault of a generous enemy not the dark stroke of an assassin. Wit was not one of the resplendent qualities of Lord Chatham, nor did he possess that refined raillery which Junius often displays, and with the delicate display of which, as well as with his exquisitely torturing irony, he often excites the astonishment and admiration of his readers.

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*Nubilia in search of a Husband; including Sketches of modern Society, and interspersed with moral and literary Disquisitions.* pp. 436. 9s. Ridgway; *and* Sherwood, Neely *and* Jones, London 1809.

THE novel of Cœlebs has experienced such a rapid and extensive sale that numerous authors seem to have been seized with a desire, if not to rival the fame, at least to partake of the emoluments. In the present imitation, which the author represents as a very hasty performance, the parturition of less than one month, there are some few sensible observations, but there is not sufficient interest to reward the perusal of the whole. The following sentiments which the author puts into the mouth of Miss Nubilia, after the interment of her father, are very affected and unnatural. '*I am fond*,' says she, (P. 164.) '*of these ceremonies*. The melancholy tolling of a bell would draw me aside more than all the gay triflings of music. I love to follow a funeral, and pause at every step, and lay each accent that it speaks close upon my heart. *I love to hold some mouldering bone within my hand, and knit it with his brethren, and dress them up in fancy with mortal perishable beauty*; to invest the loathsome ruin with grace and charms; to give it dignity, and excellence and love.'

ART. 19.—*The Travels of Humanius in search of the Temple of Happiness; an Allegory. By William Lucas.* 12mo. pp. 260. Sherwood. 1809.

THIS allegory is conceived with spirit and preserved with consistency. The variety is greater, the transitions quicker, and the manner less declamatory than in the Rasselas of Johnson, though it cannot boast the splendour of diction and harmony of period which distinguish that performance; but the impression which it leaves on the mind, like the story of Rasselas, is tinted with sombre hues. After a multiplicity of illusions, such as most of us fondly cherish, and after a long succession of disappointments, such as too many of us fatally experience, Humanius finds that he has been only cheated and bewildered in the pursuit of happiness. He becomes finally convinced that it is vain to think to attain here any unclouded serenity or permanent stability of bliss, but that it is right to look for it beyond the grave, and that truth and virtue, while they will always pro-

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cure some portion of terrestrial enjoyment, are the best conductors to felicity in a more elevated sphere of intellectual existence. The young, the visionary and presumptuous, those who are apt to cherish airy dreams of ideal bliss, who imagine that sensuality, that wealth or fame can content the longing soul, may be greatly benefited by these Travels of Humanius. They are a performance to which we should have devoted a much larger space in our review, if we had not been unwilling, by numerous extracts to forestall the pleasure and instruction which the reader of the book itself will find it calculated to convey.

Art. 20.—*William Tell; or Switzerland delivered; by the Chevalier de Florian, Member of the Royal Academies of Paris, Madrid, Florence, &c. &c. A posthumous Work. To which is prefixed the Life of the Author. By Sauffret. Translated from the French by William B. Hewetson, Author of 'the Blind Boy,' &c.* 12mo. pp. 115. 5s. Sherwood. 1809.

THIS posthumous work of Florian will not make any deduction from his well-earned celebrity. It is a very animated and interesting tale, which evinces that sensibility to the beauties of nature, that love of simplicity and that passion for liberty which characterised the author. There are some passages in the translation which are rather carelessly executed. The writer too often places his adjectives after his substantives in cases which do not, according to the English idiom, admit of such a collocation. Thus, p. 2. 'thy garlands would but ill become his countenance *intrepid*;' p. 3. 'scatter in the paths that he has trodden the flowers *wild* of eglantine;' p. 5. 'water the extensive pastures covered with flocks and herds *immense*.' P. 10, the translator, says, 'the *source* filtering through the rock;' we suppose that he means *spring*. P. 13, the translator tells us that William Tell and his Emma 'only parted for a few hours to meet again with increase of *rapture*; their pleasures were *tranquil*, their love without the *violence* of momentary passion, which ere long *dwindles* into disgust or hatred.' The want of a minute attention to those niceties of diction, without which it is impossible to write or to translate well, has here caused considerable incongruity. In the first place *rapture* is incompatible with *tranquil* enjoyment. *Rapture* denotes the turbulent effervescence of pleasurable feeling, and cannot coexist with those serene and gentle sensations of bliss, which '*tranquil pleasures*,' suppose. In the next place the writer is not correct in saying that 'their *love*, &c.' '*dwindles* into disgust or *hatred*.' Great may indeed dwindle into little; but the diminution of magnitude does not suppose an alteration of substance, nor a total change of quality. *Great love* may be said to *dwindle into less*, but it cannot properly be said to *dwindle into hate*. A strong passion cannot dwindle into its opposite, though it may be converted into its opposite.

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POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Ronald, a legendary Tale, with other Poems. pp.* 106. Hookham. 1809.

THE author of Ronald does not aspire to the higher flights of poetry; but he appears to possess an elegant and cultivated mind; though his volume is interspersed with many flat passages and his readers will probably think that,

Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.

ART. 22.—*The Lash; a Satire without Notes. pp.* 48. Bone. 1809.

THIS is a spirited production though with several languid and vapid lines. The invective is strong but it is too general, and indiscriminate, and is not sufficiently blended with those fine moral sentiments which make their way to every bosom, and constitute one of the charms of Juvenal.

The following is a specimen of the author's manner in which he *lashes* the corruption of the age. The author having said that his friends from regard for his personal safety, wished him to choose the path rather of panegyric than of satire says,

"Peace to their fears! what servile tie shall bind
The genuine ardor of the freeborn mind,
That looks resentful on a venal state,
With incense scorning to besiege the great;
Rous'd at a nation's wrongs maintains her trust,
And dares, tho' spurn'd by pride and pow'r, be just!
As heav'n, physicians for the health, decrees,
So heav'n makes poets for the mind's disease;
Bids them to deeds of patriot worth aspire,
Their hearts with virtue fills—their souls with fire;
Bids them indignant view the slightest crimes,
And rise triumphant in the worst of times;
Shews where guilt, lurking, lies conceal'd from sight,
And bids them drag the caitiff to the light;
Exulting mark each gilded slave their prey
And arm'd with satire boldly cut their way!
And shall the muse, to whom such pow'rs are giv'n
Desert the sacred task impos'd by heav'n?
Shall she be mute, whose language oft prevails,
When justice, law, and ev'n the gospel fails?
Shall she, regardless, the foul monster spare?
No, she shall seek her in St. James's air!
Where, from her throne, Corruption sells her smiles,
The Scylla and Charybdis of our isles.
No lurking Goodwins threaten here, tis true,
But rocks more secret, and more fatal too.

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To her curst form the bravest bend the knee,
And honor's shipwreck'd ere he puts to sea;
Whole crowds of vot'ries at her levee wait,
Agents of death, with ministers of state.
Here nursling heroes mingle with divines,
Who dig the scriptures, with, who dig the mines;
By thousand avenues approach the throne,
Where sits the Sorceress with her darling son,
Receiving cautious suppliants in the dark,
Led in, and introduc'd by Mistress Clarke!
All sums as presents to her shrine they bring,
From whence all sorts of places instant spring;
Here tiny bribes of tiny scoundrels heap,
With droits of Admiralty six feet deep.
There, Merit, urging his strong claim appears,
A hardy Vet'ran full of wounds and years;
Tells, how by honor fir'd, by valor led,
He fought at Dunkirk, and at Helder bled;
'Put up thine arm, friend, and depart this place,
'Seek not reward, for thine's a hopeless case;
'Thy name shall ne'er with Fortune's minions join,
'Thou shew'st thy wounds, but never shew'st thy coin.
'Put up thine arm—to pain and sorrow go,
'—Thy wounds thou shew'st, but, coin—thou can'st not shew!'
But death to think! is this true valour's meed?
—O! Britain, Britain, thou art sunk indeed!
Ye winds, that once from ev'ry quarter came,
To waft the greatness of the British name;
Bear not these tidings to a foreign ear!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 23.—*Memoirs of British Quadrupeds, illustrative principally of their Habits of Life, Instinct, Sagacity, and Uses to Mankind. Arranged according to the System of Linnæus. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A.M. Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and late at Peterhouse, Cambridge. With Engravings from original Drawings, executed chiefly by Mr. Samuel Hewit.* 8vo. pp. 528. Darton *and* Harvey. 1809.

WE shall let Mr. Bingley explain his own design in writing the present work.

'The present,' says Mr. Bingley, 'is intended as the first volume of a series of Memoirs of British animals, in which for the accommodation of such persons as are inclined to pursue the study of any one branch of our zoology, in preference to the others, each class will be rendered perfectly distinct from the rest. The prominent features of this work are meant to consist in an accurate delineation of

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the habits of life, instinct, and sagacity of the animals of Great Britain and Ireland, from the highest to the lowest classes. The technical and descriptive parts will be separated from the body of the work, and inserted at the end of each class in the form of a synopsis.'

We have been much pleased with the clearness and discrimination of many of the descriptions in this volume. Most of the plates are well executed; and on the whole we think it a work that will be very gratifying to the lovers of natural history; and a young person can hardly engage in a more delightful study, or one better calculated to enrich the mind with ideas, or to shew the wisdom and goodness of the great Author of the universe.

ART. 24.—*Abuses of Justice as illustrated by my own Case, disclosing various Practices of the Officers of Criminal Law, with a succinct Account of several interesting Trials, Anecdotes of certain Bankers, and hair-breadth Escapes of the Innocent, and the Guilty. Being a Vindication of the Author from several Charges of Forgery. By John Mackcoull.* pp. 183. Burton. 1809.

THIS volume discloses a melancholy scene of iniquity, of which we feel no inclination to abridge the recital; but it may suggest some useful hints to those who are interested in the police, or wish to investigate the moral state of the metropolis.

ART. 25.—*C. Cornelius Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum, et de Vita Agricolæ. Ex Editione Gabrielis Brotier. Locis Annalium et Historiarum ab eo citatis, selectis et additis, Cura Richardi Relhan, A.M. R.S.S. et S.L.A. Floræ Cantabrigiensis auctoris, et villæ de Hemingby in Agro Lincolniensi Rectoris. Londini,* 1809; *veneunt apud Longman & So. Pret.* 7*s.*

IF this separate publication of two most interesting pieces of Tacitus is the means of introducing the more general study of that writer into our classical schools, the learned editor will have performed a useful task. We could wish that he had printed the notes under the text, and we should have read the text itself with more pleasure if he had omitted the numerous figures which refer to the notes, and distract the attention of the reader. When the words which are explained are printed in the italic letter at the beginning of the notes, no other reference is necessary.

ART. 26.—*The Academy, or a Picture of Youth.* 12*mo.* pp. 182. 2*s.* 6*d. bound.* 1808.

THIS volume contains some pleasing tales; and the whole is calculated to leave salutary impressions on the juvenile mind.

ART. 27.—*The History of an Officer's Widow, and her young Family.* 12*mo.* pp. 182. 3*s. bound.* Harris. 1809.

THIS story is not devoid of sensibility and interest; the general tendency is to show, that in every situation in life, a man may find

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occasion to exercise those virtues which he does possess, and to acquire those in which he is deficient. We agree with the author in his preface that it is right to stamp moral lessons on the heart, in those moments when, from the operation of the tender sympathies, they are most likely to be permanent.

Art. 28.—*Panthea Queen of Susa; a Tragedy, in five Acts.* 8vo. *pp.* 89. 2*s.* 6*d.* Miller, Chancery-lane.

EVERY scholar must have perused the subject of this tragedy in the elegant and pathetic narrative of Xenophon; and those, who have read this affecting tale in the Cyropædia, will, we think, agree with us that it can never be dramatised without a diminution of the interest. It is no disgrace to the author of the present attempt to say that he has not been successful in accomplishing that, which it is probable that the most elevated talents would have attempted in vain.

Art. 29.—*Exempla propria; or English Sentences translated from the best Roman Writers, and adapted to the Rules of Syntax; to be again translated into the Latin Language, designed for the Use of junior Boys in Classical Schools. By the Rev. George Whitaker, A. M. Master of the Grammar School in Southampton.* Law, Ave-Maria Lane, 12*mo.* 3*s. boards. pp.* 179.

THIS appears to us a very useful introductory book for the learner of the Latin languages. The examples are literally translated from classical authors of the greatest purity and elegance; and the English and Latin are placed in opposite pages, which will be found to save time, and accelerate improvement. We will give one short specimen.

The short sum of life forbids us to form remote expectations.	Brevis, e. adj. summa, æ. f. vita, æ. f. veto, are, *act.* ego, inchoo, are, *act.* longus, *adj.* spes, ei. f.

Art. 30.—*Opinion delivered by Dr. Duncan, Senior, in the College of Physicians of Edinburgh, on the 13th of September,* 1808, *upon a Charge against Dr. Gregory for wilful and deliberate Violation of Truth.* Edinburgh. 4*to. pp.* 68. Neill. 1809.

IT would occupy more space than we can spare, or than our readers would approve, to enter at length into all the details of the schism which appears to have arisen among the members of the college of physicians of Edinburgh; or of the charges which Dr. Gregory has brought against the college, and of the proceedings of the college against Dr. Gregory; and any of the parties concerned might justly blame us if we gave a partial and imperfect account of what so materially concerns the professional and moral character of respectable individuals.

Art. 31.—*Killing no Murder; a Farce, in two Acts, as performed with great Applause at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, together with a Preface, and the Scene suppressed by Order of the Lord Chamberlain. Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Esq. The Music by Mr. Hook, Sen.* 8*vo. Third Edition. pp.* 35. 2*s.* Tipper.

WE do not see why the lord chamberlain or his deputy should

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have objected to any part of this performance. The passages which have been suppressed contained no *personal* satire, no invidious reflections against any ostensible individual. The Methodists are a large mass of people; and hypocrites and profligates must naturally be expected to be found among them, as well as among other sects, and other civil or religious corporations. Quakers, Puritans, and Jews, have often been brought upon the stage without the prohibitory interposition of the lord chamberlain. Why then may not the methodists or sectarians of any other species? If large classes of men, who come under a particular denomination, are never to be suffered in any particular instance to make their appearance on the boards of the theatre, we must exclude lawyers, doctors, shopkeepers, usurers, and, in short, all the different professions and trades which constitute the mixed mass of human society. Neither lawyers nor doctors are offended by seeing their professions apparently held up to ridicule in the character of some particular individual; and why should the lord chamberlain or his deputy evince so much deference to the tender sensibilities of a sect, who harbour an implacable hostility against all dramatic representations? We do not say that all methodists are sensualists, or hypocrites; but we do suppose that sensualists and hypocrites may be found among them as well as among other sects; and why should a dramatic writer be prevented any more from representing a methodist as a hypocrite than a lawyer as a cheat, a physician as an ignoramus, or a Jew as a usurer? We congratulate Mr. Hook on the success of his performance, notwithstanding the hostility which was evinced towards it by the methodistic partialities of the licenser.

ART. 23.—*Observations on the Causes which constitute Unsoundness in Horses, considered in regard to the Sale and Purchase of those Animals. Dedicated to the Gentlemen of the English Bar. "Equo ne credite, Teucri." Virg. By Richard Lawrence, Veterinary Surgeon, Fellow of the Birmingham Philosophical Society, and Author of An Inquiry into the Structure and Animal Œconomy of the Horse.* 8vo. pp. 82. 5s. Crosby. 1809.

IN a good humoured and lively dedication to the gentlemen of the bar, in whose *august presence* the professional experience of the author has often been summoned to appear, Mr. Lawrence points out some analogies between those honourable members of society, and this noble quadruped. But he well remarks that he cannot find in the former any quality which corresponds with that of *short windedness* or *shyness*, to which the latter are often unfortunately liable. In the article of *restiveness*, in *kicking*, and *wincing*, and *moving sideways*, when they ought to *go straight forward*, the gentlemen of the long robe, may often challenge *no indirect comparison* with the disposition of the solid-hoofed animal. In this work our readers will find a brief, but perspicuous account of the diseased states, and organic læsions, to which horses are liable, and by which they are constituted unsound. The following remarks on the age

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of the horse will probably be agreeable to many, and may not improbably be useful to some of our readers.

'The horse possesses forty teeth, viz. twelve front teeth, or incisores, or nippers, twenty four molares, or grinders, and four canine teeth, which are called tushes: these last are wanting in the mare, except in some very few instances. Until five years old, the age of the horse is ascertained by the successive shedding of the twelve front teeth or incisores, which process begins at two years and a half old, and is carried on in the following order, namely from two years and a half until three, he sheds the two middle teeth of the lower jaw, and also of the upper jaw. From three years and a half until four, he sheds the two next in both jaws. From four and a half until five, he sheds the two corner teeth of both jaws; and, at the same time, the canine teeth or tushes make their appearance. He is then no longer called a colt. At the upper surface or top of every tooth, there is a small black cavity, resembling the eye of a bean. This cavity in the teeth of the lower jaw furnishes the age from five years until seven; after which period it is usual to pronounce the horse to be aged, and deprived of any signs whereby his age can be ascertained. Nevertheless, the age may be calculated until twelve years by the same marks in the upper jaw, which remain after those in the lower jaw are worn out. This will be explained in its proper place. At five years old, the black marks or cavities in the two middle teeth of the lower jaw are filled up, and nearly disappear; for as they are shed the first, so do they lose their marks before any of the rest. At six years old, the black marks of the two second teeth are filled up in the same manner as the foregoing. At seven years old until eight, the marks of the corner teeth of the lower jaw fill up and disappear. At the same time the tushes, which antecedently to this period were concave in the surface next to the tongue, alter their shape, and become round or convex. The marks of the lower teeth being all obliterated at eight years old, it will be necessary to have recourse to the upper teeth, which undergo the same process as the lower teeth, except with this difference, namely, that they do not begin to fill up until all the lower teeth are deprived of their marks, and that there is an interval of two years between every tooth in the upper jaw, whereas in the lower jaw the interval is only one year. Thus, at eight, the cavities of the two middle teeth of the upper jaw begin to fill up. At ten the cavities of the two next. And at twelve the cavities of the corner teeth are totally effaced. This rule, however, is subject to some variation in different horses, in proportion with the different qualities of their teeth, or on account of the habit of crib-biting, which wears away the teeth much faster than in their natural course.'

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ALPHABETCAL CATALOGUE,

Of Books published in August, 1809.

Archæologia, or Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of London. Vol. xvi. part 1. 21s.

——— Index to the first Fifteen Volumes of Archæologia. 1l. 13s. 6d.

Campbell.—Objections to the Opinions and Practice of Dr. William Saunders in Bilious and Liver Complaints. By Hector Campbell, M.D. 1s. 6d.

Cochrane.—Proceedings of a Court Martial held at Chelsea on the 5th of May, 1809, on the Hon. W. E. Cochrane, Captain in the 15th Regiment of Dragoons. 4s.

Cooke.—A Supplement to the Fifth Edition of the Bankrupt Laws, pointing out the Alterations created by the Act brought in by Sir Samuel Romilly. 1s.

Cooke and Owen.—The Thames, or Graphic Illustrations of Seats, Villas, Public Buildings, and Picturesque Scenery on the Banks of that River. By William Cooke and Samuel Owen. No. I. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. Royal 4to. 7s. 6d.

De la Borde.—A View of Spain, comprising a descriptive Itinerary, or topographical Delineation of each Province, and a general Statistical Account of the Country. By Alexander de la Borde. Translated from the French. 5 vols. 8vo.

Gambier.—Report of the Trial of Lord Gambier, on a Charge of having neglected to do his utmost in Destroying the French fleet in Basque Roads

Gass.—A Journal of the Voyages of a Corps of Discovery from the mouth of the Missouri, through the interior Parts of North America, in 1804, 5, 6. By Patrick Gass, 8vo. 9s.

Gourlay.—Observations on some of the most important Parts of the Art of War, as applicable to the present State of Tactics in Europe. By John Gourlay, esq. 2s.

Hewitsone.—The Fallen Minister and other Tales, from the German of Spiess. By Captain Hewitsone. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Inchbald.—A Collection of Farces and other Afterpieces which are acted at the Theatres Royal, London. Selected by Mr. Inchbalds. 7 vols. Royal 12mo. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Jerningham.—The Alexandrian School, or a Narrative of the first Christian Professors in Alexandria. By W. Jerningham. 2s.

Lee.—Caleb Quotem, and his Wife; or Paint, Poetry, and Putty; an Opera in Three Acts, &c. &c. By Henry Lee. 2s. 6d.

Le Noir.—Clara de Montfier, a Moral Tale. By Eliza Anne Le Noir. 3 vols. 20s.

Letters from London to Dublin, from a Student of Law to his Father in Ireland, on the State of Manners, Opinions, Politics, the Court, &c. &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.

Lipscomb.—The History of Canine Madness and Hydrophobia, with the Methods of Treatment, ancient and modern. By George Lipscomb, M.D. 7s.

Mackoull.—Abuses of Justice as illustrated in the Case of the Author. By John Mackoull. 8vo. 7s.

Mayer.—Death of Bonaparte, and Universal Peace, a new Explanation of Nebuchadnezzar's great Image, and Daniel's four Beasts. By L. Mayer, 5s.

Mitchell.—Letters addressed to Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen on his Vindication of Primitive Truth and Order. By Patrick Mitchell, D.D. 9s.

Mole.—A new Treatise on Algebra for the use of Schools. By John Mole, 7s.

Naylor.—History of the Helvetic Republics. By Francis Hare Naylor, Esq. 4 vols 8vo. 1l. 16s.

Noehden.—Exercises for Writing German according to the Rules of Grammar. By G. H. Noehden.

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Patriotic Fund.—The sixth Report of the Proceedings of the Committee for managing the Patriotic Fund, from the 1st of March, 1808, to the 28th of February, 1809. 4s.

Peter Pindar.—A Pair of Solemn, Sentimental and Reprobating Epistles to Mrs. Clarke. By Peter Pindar, 1s. 6d. each.

Powell.—The Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, 1809. Translated into English with notes. By Richard Powell, M.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Pulpit (the) or a Biographical and Literary Account of eminent popular Preachers, interspersed with occasional Clerical Criticism. 8vo. 9s.

Ronald, a Legendary Tale, and other Poems. Small 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Stanhope.—The Age we Live in. By Louisa S. Stanhope. 3 v ls. 15s.

Vere.—Guiscard, or the Mysterious Accusation. By Horace Vere. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Walcheren.—A detailed and descriptive Account of the Islands of Walcheren, Beveland, and Schowen, of the Banks of the Scheldt, &c. &c. 2s. 6d.

Walker.—Essays on various Subjects. By George Walker, F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

List of Articles which with many others will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.

Moore's Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain.
Hodgson's Lady Jane Grey.
Lambe, on a peculiar Regimen in Cancerous Ulcers.
Costello's Soldier's Orphan.
Kirwan's Metaphysical Essays.
Archbishop Nicholson's Epistolary Correspondence
Antiquarian Cabinet, vols. III. IV. V.
Deare's Translations of Virgil's Georgics.

The Appendix to the present Volume of the Critical Review, containing various articles of Foreign Literature, will be published on the 1st of next Month.

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THE

APPENDIX

TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVII. *No. V.*

ART. I.—*Kommentar über das Neue Testament, &c.*

Commentary on the New Testament. By H. E. G. Paulus. Continued from Vol. XVI. p. 479.

IN the second volume of this Commentary, of which we shall exhibit some of the principal contents in this article, the professor includes in his different sections that part of the evangelical history which is to be found in Matthew xi. 20.—xx. 16. Mark ü, 23.—x. 31. Luke vi. 1.—xviii. 30. This comprises a very important part of the ministry of Jesus, from the termination of the second passover, to the commencement of his last journey to Jerusalem.

§ xlvi. explains Matt. xii. 1—3. Mark ü, 23—28. Luke vi. 1—5. During the second passover, Jesus had become more particularly an object of persecution to the Pharisees, from the disregard which he had evinced for their peculiar dogmas, and for his apparent violations of the sabbatical rest. Jesus defends his disciples for plucking some ears of corn as they passed through a field of wheat on the sabbath; and he embraced this, as he did other similar opportunities, to vindicate the sabbath as a moral, rather than a ceremonial institution.

§ xlvii. Luke ix. 1—5. Mark vi. 7—11. According to Matthew, no interval seems to have elapsed between the choice of the twelve apostles, and their mission by Jesus. See Matthew x. 1—5. Luke determines the choice of the apostles to have happened before the sermon on the mount; but he may not have noticed their first mission, probably, because it was a mere experiment: but Matthew describes this

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in almost the same words which are employed by Luke ix. 1—5, and by Mark vi. 7—11, to delineate the mission of the twelve, *by two and two*, after the second passover, which they executed with much success. That Matthew refers to a mission before the second passover, is clear, from comparing Matt. xi. 1, with Matt. x. 5. But Luke relates a later mission. Matthew seems to blend into one narrative, the mission of the twelve, and of the seventy, whom he does not name; but he enumerates some of the instructions which they received. The professor seems to think, that the choice of the twelve was preceded by a preparatory course of doctrinal and physical instruction.

'The first basis of the more confidential society of Jesus,' says the professor, 'was formed of some of his countrymen, who had already been moved by the preaching of John the baptist. Jesus places them in a situation to observe him continually, and to profit by his familiar conversation, Matt. x. 26. He then gives the twelve, (as if one deputy had been chosen for every tribe) who had been previously disciplined for the purpose, an opportunity of trying their powers by themselves. After this, we find more extensive demands for exertion; Luke ix. 1—2. (Comp. 10, and Mark vi. 30—31,) and more definite rules, Luke ix. 3—5. (Comp. Matt. x. 9—15.) Finally, Jesus appoints, as it were, a Sanhedrim for his theocracy, composed of seventy persons, of the majority of whom, no notices have been transmitted to us. Even those persons had important powers, which they practised with unexpected success. They must consequently have had sufficient preparatory instruction. If we had no other document before us, but that of Matthew, much of this historical developement of the energetic activity of Jesus would be unknown, and inexplicably obscure. Luke points out the means by which the obscurity is dissipated. How many other portions of the history are there which would emerge from a mysterious darkness, into luminous clearness, if a third, still more detailed historian, had come down to us!'

§ xlix. Matt. xiv. 1—12. Mark vi. 14—29. Luke ix. 7—9. Luke represents the attention of Herod as fixed on Jesus in the interval between the mission of the twelve, ix. 1—6, and their return, 10, and thus determines the time and the occasion of this mission.

§ l. Matt. xii. 9—13. Mark iii. 1—5. Luke vi. 6—10. When Jesus returned to Galilee, the Pharisees, who had insinuated themselves among his companions, endeavoured to render him hated by the superstitious multitude, who were accustomed to their traditions, as a contemner of the sabbath. In the synagogue, (which was probably at Tiberias, a celebrated resort of the Rabbins) a man with a withered hand af-

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forded Jesus an opportunity of exciting the attention of the people to one of the important truths, which he so often, and so industriously impressed, that *no good work, which can be done on the sabbath, ought to be put off to any other day.* The professor thinks that the hand of the person, who is mentioned in this section, had not suffered an actual paralysis, but was affected only with a tempotary cramp, or torpor, which the physical ignorance of the Jews ascribed to a *drying up of the juices*, though it was probably owing only to an impeded circulation, or some occasional defect of nervous or muscular excitement. The professor refers to 1 Kings, xiii. 4—6. The professor therefore supposes, that this cure was not considered by the spectators as any thing miraculous or supernatural, and was not related by the historian to impress this conviction, but only to show the contempt which Jesus evinced for the mummery of the Pharisaic superstitions. Jesus, says Paulus, employed the means which were usual in such cases, but he employed them on the sabbath, when neither the patient nor his friend would have dared to apply them.

§ li. Matt. xii. 14—21. Mark iii. 6—12. Luke vi. 11, (17—19.) We shall not make any extracts from this section, but pass on to § lii. Matt. xii. 22—37; Mark iii. 20—30; Luke xi. 14—23. The cure, which is here related of a dæmoniac, who was blind and dumb, is, without doubt, as the professor remarks, one of the most striking of the kind. This comes to the ears of the Pharisees, (ακουσαντες, Matt. xii. 24.) They hasten to stifle the emotions of wonder which it excited. Jesus returns to the place where he had healed the man with a withered hand, probably, because the multitude who had assembled on his account, and his expectation of the return of the twelve, prevented him from removing to a greater distance. Here, as soon as he meets his adversaries again, in the presence of the people, he clearly shows the absurdity of a calumny which was industriously propagated to discredit his character and doctrine. The malady itself was ascribed to a dæmon, both by the people and the Pharisees; and Luke calls the dæmon itself κωφον, dumb.

'What can this mean,' says the professor, 'but that the sick man believed himself to be possessed by a dæmon, who forbad him the use of speech? We may easily imagine a case of insanity, in which such a conviction should get possession of the unfortunate. The cure of a patient of this species, would be instantaneous, according to the description of Luke. The person will venture to make use of his organs, the moment he believes that the dæmon is expelled; and no species of cure excited the astonishment of the multitude, so much as the supposed subjection of the dæmon.'

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'According to Matthew, this dæmoniac was blind. But this defect was not ascribed to the dæmon; and hence Luke speaks only of the *dumbness* of the dæmoniac; the blindness had no influence in exciting the calumny which ensued. The species, and the degree of the malady, are unknown. Jesus healed it, as in many other instances. But the removal of this did not excite such a strong sensation, as the expulsion of the dæmon. And, it was this impression on the public mind, which led to conclusions favourable to the messiahship of Jesus, (Matt. xii. 23.) that his Pharisaic adversaries found it necessary rapidly to labour to counteract.'

Jesus says nothing definite against the Pharisaic and popular prejudice respecting the agency of dæmons. The allusion to other exorcists, Matt. x. 27; Luke xi. 14, seems to admit the reality.

'And these supposed, according to the antient theory of magic, the reality of a dæmoniacal influence.'

Does not Jesus assign a cause to the malady which accords with the inference of the spectators? Does not the New Testament suppose a kingdom of Satan as of a real spiritual existence? Does not Jesus ascribe certain diseases to the residence and operation of dæmons in the human body? When, on this occasion, he was directly accused of a collusion with the malicious authors of these diseases, does he attack the prejudice at the root, and expose the idea of dæmoniacal interposition, as the chimera of a diseased imagination? Might he not thus at once have silenced the objections of the Pharisees? And, as he refused to do this, are we to suppose that he assented to the general supposition of a dæmoniacal agency? Had Jesus endeavoured to subvert the vulgar theory of dæmoniacal possession, would the multitude have coincided with his decisions as the voice of truth? Perhaps the prejudice itself would have been only the more firmly established, and his sphere of useful instruction only the more abridged.

§ liii. Matt. xii. 38—45. Luke xi. (16) 29—31. 24—26. Here the professor places Matt. xii. 40, in a parenthesis; as that verse seems an interruption between the το σημειον Ιωνα, and the το κηρυγμα Ιωνα, and is, probably, a gloss on the words of Jesus, which would naturally suggest itself to the writer after the resurrection. Luke makes no allusion to the temporary immersion of Jonah in the stomach of the whale; and it was not this event, whether it be an historical fact, or a poetical fiction, which made Jonah a *sign* to the Ninevites, or which afforded any proof to them, that he was commissioned by the Deity to denounce the severest judgments against the impenitent capital. But it was the *preaching* of Jonah which was the

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the *sign* of the divine spirit, which animated the prophet; and it was this *sign*, and not the marvellous escape from the body of the whale, which occasioned the repentance of the Ninevites. Thus, Jesus himself says, that 'the men of Nineveh repented on the *preaching* of Jonah.' The parallel, therefore, which Jesus at this time drew between himself and Jonah, referred not to his resurrection, which had not yet taken place, but to his *teaching*. He, as well as Jonah, was a preacher of righteousness, to a corrupt and vitiated people; and it was the hallowed doctrine, which Jesus taught, which was to the Jews, as the preaching of Jonah was to the Ninevites, a *sign* or proof that what he taught, was agreeable to the will of the Deity. But the teaching of Jesus carried with it stronger marks of a divine impress, than that of Jonah; but, notwithstanding this, the Ninevites evinced less obduracy than the Jews; for, the former paid a due regard to the injunctions of Jonah, but '*a greater than Jonah*' preached in vain to the Jews.

§ liv. Luke ix. 33—36. Luke viii. 16—18. Mark iv. 21—25. § lv. Luke xi. 27—28. § lvi. Matt. xii. 46—50. Mark iii. 21, and 31—35. Luke viii. 19—21. § lvii. Luke xi. 37—54. We pass these four sections without any observation. We now come to § lviii. Luke xi. 53—xii. 59. The professor well remarks, that this whole discourse is not only so connected, but so individualised, that it must, in all the essential points, have been spoken in the given circumstances; and this is confirmed by the striking particular, in the beginning, xii. 1. Since he was at Tiberias, Jesus had seen too much reason to inveigh against the Pharisees, and to anticipate the most dreadful ills from their resentment. Accordingly, he now seems, for the first time, to have said to his disciples 'Προσεχετε απο της ζυμης, beware of the leaven, &c.' (The same words occur for the second time, in a later period of the history, Matt. xvi. 6. Mark viii. 15.) The interruption of the person, verse 13, who wished Jesus to exert his theocratical power against his brother, who had seized his inheritance; and of Peter, verse 41, who had returned from his mission with the twelve, and who appears at this time to have become acquainted with the difference between *general* and special, or *local* parables, tend still more to individualise the speech. Even the recurrence of the mind of the speaker, verse 10, to the blasphemy against the holy spirit, on which he had spoken at length, but a short time before, Matt. xii. 31. ff. is very characteristic of the chronological relation of the discourse.

§ lix. Luke xiii. 1—9. This section is expressly, xii. 1, contemporaneous with the preceding. The destruction of some Galilean peasants by the Roman governor, leads Jesus

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to remark, that neither this, nor a similar misfortune in the tower of Siloam, ought to be considered as a judgment of God, on the particular transgressions of those individuals. But the whole nation would be more and more exposed to similar calamities, if they did not strenuously commence the improvement of their moral habits, and thus place themselves in a better political situation. This constituted the theme on which the antient prophets of the Hebrews so constantly and so forcibly dwelt.

§ lx. Matt. xiii. 1—52. Mark iv. 1—34. (exc. 21—25.) Luke viii. 4—15; xiii. 18—21. On the day on which the relations of Jesus had sought him among the multitude, Matthew expressly says, that Jesus went out of the house, in which he appears, from the accounts in Luke, to have cautioned his disciples against the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, &c. to the sea-side. This probably happened in the evening, Luke xii. 54. The surrounding scenery brought many images to his view, some of which he embodied in the parables which he appears then to have successively delivered. These parables would make a strong and sensible impression on the mind, and would be remembered, even though they were not immediately understood.

Six of these parables, (the professor says seven) have been preserved; with three (Matt. xiii. 44—47) which appear to have been spoken in order to exercise the sagacity of the disciples.

§ lxi. Matt. xiii. 53—58. Mark vi. 1—6. After these parables, on which the professor commented at large in the preceding section, Matthew describes a new journey of Jesus to Nazareth. His mother and kindred, had lately been dismissed, without speaking to him; and this circumstance may have induced Jesus to pay them a visit at their own home, to convince them of his sanity, and his messiahship, of which it appears that some doubts had arisen in their minds. In this section, the professor attempts to shew, that Mark is the epitomist of Matthew and of Luke, and he supports the hypothesis in this, and in other places, with considerable sagacity.

§ lxii. Luke xiii. 10—21. Jesus appears to have seized every opportunity of opposing the superstitious austerity of the Pharisees, in the observance of the sabbath. The woman who is mentioned in this part of the gospel, is said to have had '*a spirit of infirmity*,' for eighteen years, which was ascribed to the torturing influence of some invisible fiend, (verse 16, ὁ Σατανᾶς.)

' It appeared to herself, and to others as if the devil kept her bound and bent together, (Comp. verse 16, δῆσεν, &c. and verse 12,

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απωλιλωσαι, &c.) The presence of the Messiah, as soon as he clearly interests himself in her recovery, liberates her from the distressing hallucination and feeling, so that she again dares to walk erect, and this volition is followed by the capacity.'

The professor leaves it to others to determine whether Jesus, in the words ην εδησεν ὁ Σατανας, verse 16, spoke his own sentiments, or only accommodated his language to the popular idiom of the Jews. The professor seems to regard it as certain, that the infirmity of the woman was ascribed to the influence of a spirit on her body and her mind. The *spirit of infirmity*, he explains as a mental depression, a species of *melancholy*, or *hysteria*. In the opinion, which at that time was entertained of the fact, the belief in a dæmon of disease, a *spir. hypochondriæ* was undoubtedly united with that of the turbid distraction of the spirit of the individual, as in 1 Sam. xvi. 14—15, (ιδου δη πνευμα πονηρον απο κυριου πνιγει σε.) According to this passage, and to the whole art of interpreting internal diseases, whether mental or corporeal, which was practised by antiquity, the causes of the malady were placed in the *spirit*, and in the operation of other spirits, on that of the person. But while, in the old Hebrew scriptures, the evil was imputed to God, either immediately, or through the agency of obedient spirits, some rebellious spirit was, in a later period, the reputed cause.—Luke iv. 33.

§ lxiii. Matt. xiv. 13—22. Mark vi. 30—45. Luke ix. 10—17. (John vi. 1—15.) This section relates to the feeding of five thousand persons, besides women and children, with five barley loaves, and two small fishes. The professor pursues the same *profane* method of accounting for this miracle, as he had practised in the preceding, and as he continues to practise in the subsequent. He endeavours to resolve it into a natural fact, agreeable to the laws of nature, and the ordinary proceedings of providence. In the first place, the professor directly affirms that

'In the relations of the four evangelists, it is *never once said*, that Jesus *multiplied* the supply of food. He who discerns not this in the evangelical relation, has at least more reason to support him, than he who, to the grateful benediction of Jesus, (ευλογησε, ευχαριστησε) which was at that time pronounced by every father of a family, previous to the distribution of the meat, should make this gratuitous addition, "he gave thanks on the occasion; he brake the bread, gave it to his disciples, *and multiplied it by an invisible process.*" This adventitious idea rests on the supposition that the event cannot be explained in any other way.'

The professor refers to 2 Kings, iv. 41—44, to shew

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that the belief in such wonderful multiplication of food, was not uncommon among the Jews.* He proceeds:

'It is certain that, if the people, or at least the apostles, who were the distributors of the food, had at this moment *observed* a multiplication of the bread and the fish, a general astonishment, (not merely such a sensation of regard for the beneficent Jesus, as is indicated in John vi. 14—15,) would have been the first emotion that was felt, and which could not have been so entirely passed over in silence by Matthew, who was an eye-witness of the occurrence.'

The professor says, that the sensations of the spectator would have borne a resemblance to those which Ovid paints, Metamorph. viii. 679.

'Interea quoties haustum cratera repleri,
Sponte sua per seque vident succrescere vina,
Attoniti novitate pavent, manibusque supinis,
Concipiunt, Baucisque preces timidusque Philemon.'

'But I think,' says the professor, 'that, on the common hypotheses, we shall find it impossible to explain the *oblivion of this miraculous multiplication* of food, which we find soon after, and which is mentioned by the evangelists, without any mark of surprise or reprehension. In Matt. xv. 32. ff. we find four thousand men, besides women and children, with Jesus, in an uncultivated tract of country. Jesus tells the apostles that he is unwilling to send this multitude away hungry to their several homes; but the apostles, instead of thinking of the *recent multiplication* of a smaller stock of provisions than they then had, instead of testifying their trust in Jesus, and their desire again to behold the mysterious operation which they had lately seen, say to him, on the contrary, a second time; Whence can we obtain bread enough in the desert to satisfy such a multitude? though the number was less than in the previous instance.'

'If they had been eye-witnesses of the manner in which Jesus had recently multiplied the five loaves, how could it have been possible, that, as soon as he made an entirely similar proposal,

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* Ioma, fol. 39, 1, Tempore Simeonis justi ignis altaris ardebat totum diem, cum nonnisi duo titiones mane imponerentur; post ejus mortem ita languebat, ut cogerentur per totum diem ligna sufficere. Tempore Simeonis justi benedictio erat super duos panes pentecostales, et super 12, panes προθεσεως, ut singuli sacerdotes, qui pro rata parte acciperent *quantitatem divæ*, ad satietatem comederent, immo ut adhuc reliquiæ superessent.——Bereschit xi. R. Elieser dixit; Aliquando accendi lumen nocte sabbati et reperi illud in fine sabbati accensum nec quidquam imminutum. (Wetst.)

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they should not have answered: "It is true we have but a scanty supply of bread, but thou, Lord! will certainly render our seven loaves, and our few fishes, in the same way, sufficient for four thousand persons, as a still smaller quantity, (five loaves, and two small fishes) was recently made sufficient for a greater number of persons by thy energy, and that of God!'

'But, according to the evangelists, not a word of this kind was mentioned. The mental associations of the apostles must have stagnated in the apathy of dullness, and their memory must have been a perfect nullity, if, in a situation, where the most astonishing miracle was performed before their eyes, only a few months before, the most striking analogies recalled no recollection of such an extraordinary event.'

Though Jesus has often occasion to reprove the want of sagacity in the apostles, (see Mark viii. 15. ff.) yet the professor thinks that their memory, and their power of association, could not have been so weak as this narrative would leave us to suppose. The following is the way in which the professor endeavours to account for the miracle, or, in other words, in which he resolves it into a natural occurrence. We do not believe that our readers will deem it satisfactory; but as the scriptures have told them to examine all things, and to adhere only to that which is true, we do not think that we shall do them any disservice by translating the following extract from this learned and ingenious, but heretical, and perhaps often fanciful commentary, as an exercise for their intellectual discrimination.

'In the time immediately preceding and succeeding the passover, (the passover was now nigh as we learn from John vi. 4,) the persons who travelled in caravans, to, or from, the capital, might naturally be induced to go a little out of their way by the Messiah-celebrity, and beneficent cures of Jesus. Thus, he might be attended for several days by a concourse of several thousand persons, with their wives and children, (not infants, but youths of that age which he was when he accompanied Mary and Joseph to Jerusalem.) Discourses like that of the sermon on the mount, and the remedies which he ministered to their sick, made the time pass swiftly and inconsciously away. That some of these persons, (e. g. Matt. xv. 32,) should not have eaten for three days, would be another miracle. The paschal caravans, like others, carried with them meat and drink, on camels, and in baskets. But, first, during the preaching and healing of Jesus, they did not allow themselves time for a regular repast, as we learn from Mark vi. 31, to have been sometimes the case with the companions of Jesus themselves. And 2d, Jesus, full of sympathy and tenderness, might have been apprehensive lest long abstinence should cause some of them to faint. These

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persons, especially if none of the company made a regular repast, might not have found it easy to have obtained any thing from those who were better provided, and might have suffered the reality of want, if they had first gone into the neighbouring villages to seek for food. Besides, 3d, it was not consistent with the characteristic manners of the East, that he should see his friends around him, without eating with them, though it were only bread and salt. These three circumstances appear to have been united, when Jesus towards the evening, while he wished to separate himself from the surrounding throng, could not bear to see the people depart till they had taken an hospitable meal. His first wish is, that his disciples should provide and purchase what would be necessary on the occasion. But they inform him that they are not sufficiently prepared for such an undertaking; and this assurance shews, agreeably to the character of the persons, that there was no secret preparation, no fraudulent collusion. Jesus now proceeds to do what best suits the circumstances of the case;—what wisdom and humanity suggest. He who has only little to give, may often effect much with that little. Jesus orders the multitude to sit down: that is, he causes them for the first time, to take a regular repast before they go away. As soon as this order was obeyed, he, who was better provided, could not suffer him who was in want to sit near him, without communicating a part of what he had. The spirit of hospitality is carried so far in the East, that any one who meets another when he is eating, is heartily welcome to sit down without ceremony, and partake of the fare. (Jahn Bibl. Archaeol. II. vol. p. 228, § 174.) "But more, as soon as Jesus himself made a generous distribution of his little store, he set an example which could not fail to operate on every one who had any supplies to communicate.' 'The multitudes immediately recline on the grass, in parties of fifty and a hundred. This cannot be otherwise explained, than with the view, that out of the little which he had to give, *all, if not individually, at least collectively, should be his guests, and partakers of his hospitality.*'

'After having thus arranged the multitude, in order to facilitate a social repast, he rises up like the master of the house, and, according to the custom of the Jews, with his eyes lifted up to heaven, pronounces a solemn thanksgiving, and then orders the broken bread, placed in the usual travelling baskets, to be distributed to the scattered groups. The event shows that each group *collectively* took a portion, but with a modest, hesitating diffidence. It was not the quantity, but the giver, which imparted the value to the gift. They took also of the fish, as much as they wished (ὅσον ἤθελον, John vi. 11.) In this case, a concourse of persons, who respected the character of Jesus, would take only a morsel proportionate to what the quantity would permit. That such a person should invite them to partake of all that he had, would be to them better than a feast. "See," they probably said, "the great prophet, the king of Israel, himself, shares with us all that he has. This is such a king, as we, who are sheep without a shepherd,

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(Mark vi. 34,) have not long known." Such must have been the general sentiment of the multitude. And thus, "all ate and were satisfied."—"Thus, was a general regular repast occasioned; a meal in which all had as much as they desired. The *example* of Jesus rendered the usual distributions of hospitality, which are so common among the natives of the east, still more general. While any were left eating, or while any appeared who had nothing to eat, Jesus ordered the twelve to go round with their baskets, and offer them what they wanted. At last the eating ceases, and Jesus here gives out that he has accomplished his object of satisfying all. The people had not entirely emptied his baskets, and no hungry person was left; for, if there had been, he would have had recourse to the baskets of the apostles. Rejoiced at having done so much with such slender means, he says to the carriers, some fragments are left in the baskets which you carried round to the multitude, shoot them together in a heap, that nothing may be lost. In proportion as those who had eaten, were the more rejoiced, they were the more ready to consider this action of Jesus as a sign of his theocratical energy. Many exclaimed, "this is certainly the long expected, inspired teacher of the Deity. Though he is such a great personage, yet, instead of despising us as the *people of the earth*, he shares his last morsel with us. Arise! let us make him our king." But Jesus would not consent to be the king of those who only wished to share with him the spoils and the triumphs of war. He withdrew himself from the compulsory (ἁρπάζειν) importunities of the multitude, and takes the next opportunity, (John vi. 26.) to explain how well he knew, that many sought his regard, not because they discerned the meaning which that particular mode of action was intended to express, but merely because he had afforded them an opportunity of gratifying their appetites. But the meaning which Jesus designed to impress, was, that, as he had shared his perishable bread, even to the last morsel, he was eager to impart to them all the spiritual nutriment of which he was possessed. They should exhibit as much ardour to profit by his doctrine, (John vii. 33—51.) as to enjoy his corporeal food. After the second repast, (Matt. xv. 32—38.) which may be easily explained in the same manner as the preceding, Jesus makes another seasonable application of the event, as we are often wont to employ actions as σημεια, or to explain them as significant in a variety of ways. When his disciples, soon after this, cross the sea, without taking more than one loaf with them in the ship, (Mark viii. 14.) he cautioned them against the leaven of the Pharisees, but was very much misunderstood, as if he had made some allusion to their want of bread. How can you suppose, says he, when you have one loaf, and have only a short way to pass to Genesaret, that you have not bread enough? Remember into how many pieces you divided such a quantity of bread, in two recent instances, when you distributed them among the multitude. In the first instance, you carried about five (larger) loaves, divided into twelve baskets, and in the second, seven loaves, cut in pieces, in seven baskets. Do you not

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see then, that even one loaf, divided among us on board the vessel, will suffice till we reach the end of our voyage; and that I could not intend to speak in a literal sense of the leaven of the Pharisees?'.

Whatever may be thought of the *ingenuity* which professor Paulus has displayed in his commentary on this occurrence, we must add, that many parts of it appear to us very prolix and dull. It abounds with weak and superfluous remarks; such as are often found in the theology, as well as the philology of the German school. Thiesse, in the Remarks zu seiner Ubers. des Luk, p. 433, gives the following brief account of the occurrence on which professor Paulus has so diffusely expatiated.

'He took the five loaves, &c. and distributed them as œconomically as the circumstances rendered necessary. "He broke them, &c." More than there was he could not give. "They all ate and were satisfied," though not all by the five loaves and the two fishes. This is not even here asserted. Twelve baskets were filled with the fragments which they left. Here it is evident, that the people themselves had a supply of food among them, and that some of them were largely provided. Perhaps the disciples of Jesus had reserved that provision for themselves. But he took this opportunity to teach them how sweet it is to divide our bread with the hungry, even when we ourselves are not sufficiently secured against future want.'

§ lxiv. Matt. xiv. 23—36. Mark vi. 45—55. (John vi. 16—25.) The question which is agitated in this section, turns principally on the ambiguity of a particle; and, according as that particle is interpreted, the fact which is recorded in the above chapters of the evangelists, must be deemed either a supernatural, or a natural occurrence. Are the words απηλθε προς αυτους ὁ Ιησους περιπατων επι της θαλασσης, to be interpreted as the words in John xxi. 1. εφανερωσεν ἑαυτον ὁ Ιησους επι της θαλασσης της τιβεριαδος? The expression εφανερ. ἑαυτ. επι της θαλασσης, in the last passage, is found to be analogous to εστη εις τον αιγιαλον, in verse 4. The passage therefore in John vi. 19. περιπατουντα επι της θαλασσης, ought, according to this interpretation, to be rendered walking on the sea-shore, or by the sea-side. Thus, in the Septuagint. Basil. 4. cap. 2. v. 7. εστησαν επι τω Ιορδανῃ, means, *they stood on the banks of the Jordan.* See Dan. viii. 2. Πορευεσθαι ως επι την θαλασσαν, is *to proceed towards the sea, to make for the sea,* as if with a view of crossing it. Επιθαλασσιος means *on the sea-side, situated on the coast.* If επι της θαλασσης, be construed on the sea-shore, or by the sea-side, the supposed miracle would, in this case, as the professor con-

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tends, resolve itself into a natural fact. This is a question which must be settled by the nice discrimination of philologists. But professor Paulus further asks:

'For what rational purpose could Jesus walk upon the sea? Was it to excite immoderate astonishment? Certainly not! It was totally opposite to the character of Jesus, to do any thing for show, or for a sort of theatrical effect. But it may be said that he took the nearest way across the waters, to succour his despondingdisciples. Not so; for Mark tells us, (vi. 48.) that he intended to pass by them. He could not therefore wish to be observed. And, for what rational purpose could he permit Peter also to walk upon the sea? Was it to prove that the omnipotence of the Deity could support him even in such extremity of danger? But the danger was wantonly provoked, and must be reckoned among those *temptations* of the Deity, which Jesus reproved in Matt. iv. 6—7.'

After feeding the five thousand persons, Jesus having sent his disciples on board ship, to proceed to Bethsaida, endeavoured to dismiss the multitude in an orderly manner, to their homes, (Mark vii. 45—46.) Before he retired to a neighbouring mountain, he indulged in solitude his own pious meditations. When the evening came on, Jesus saw (ειδεν, Mark vi. 48.) the vessel in which his disciples had embarked, carried out to sea, and struggling with an adverse wind.

'Jesus did not follow the ship soon enough to an anchoring place, where he might have been taken on-board; and it was dark when he had not come to the disciples, as they appear to have expected, (John vi. 17.) They continued rowing with great difficulty, while Jesus remained on the mountain in religious musing, till the fourth quarter of the night. In this whole space of from eight to nine hours, those on board, who generally kept near the shore, but always in stormy weather, had not proceeded more than twenty-five or thirty stadia, or between two or three miles. The waves, agitated by the wind, appear to have run very high, John vi. 18.'

'Jesus met the ship at the above-mentioned distance, but, instead of stopping, as Mark vi. 48. expressly observes, he *intended to pass on*, and probably to continue his journey along the shore. But he was discerned by those in the ship, *walking*, (επι της θαλασσαν, Matt. xiv. 26.) *towards the sea, on the sea-shore*, or *by the sea-side*, (περιπατουντα επι της θαλασσης, Mark and John.) The disciples mistake the figure which they saw for a spectre; perhaps for some evil spirit, who had raised the storm. They cry out for fear, Matt. xiv. 26. They all saw him, and were agitated with alarm, Mark vi. 50. On account of this unforeseen circumstance, Jesus did not pass by as he had intended, (ηθελε παρελθειν, Mark.)'

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But he spoke to them in his well-known voice and dispelled their fears.

'Upon this (according to Matthew (xiv. 28—31) who alone relates the fact, which, from its singularity it is remarkable that John, who was present, should omit.) Peter says to Jesus, 'Lord, if it be thou, do but issue thy command for me to come to thee upon the water; (he wishes, just as in John xxi. 7. to be as soon as possible with Jesus.) Jesus tells him to come. Peter accordingly going round* the ship to find the most convenient place to descend and cross over to Jesus—without doubt,' says the professor, '*swimming* as in John xxi. 8. But as he is *swimming* to reach the shore amid the tempestuous commotion of the wind and surge, his fears are excited, and beginning to sink, he calls out to Jesus, Lord! help! Jesus, stretching out his hand, caught hold of that of Peter, and rescued him from the breakers on the beach, but at the same time reproved him for the want of that faith, which would produce greater presence of mind in a perilous situation.'

The professor says a great deal more on this subject than we have either space or inclination to extract. We have produced enough to satisfy the curious, and we have furnished ample opportunity for the defenders of the faith to come forward with their arguments, and lay prostrate at their feet this subtle gainsayer of supernatural events.

§ lxv. Matt. xv, 1—20. Mark vii. 1—23. Jesus exposes the hypocrisy of the Pharisees with energetic indignation. § lxvi. Matt. xv. 21—28. Mark vii. 24—29. Jesus heals the daughter of a Helleno-Syro-Phœnician woman. The conduct of Jesus to this humble suppliant appears, at first sight, to have been rather insensate, and austere. The afflicted mother who, though a heathen, seems to have reposed an unhesitating confidence in the power of Jesus over dæmons, forces her way into the house into which he had withdrawn on the borders of the ancient Phœnicia, and where he had wished to remain unknown (λαθειν). She falls at the feet of Jesus and implores his beneficent aid; Help me, Lord!—It is not right, says he, to throw to dogs in the street, the benefits which were designed for the children of the family. Here professor Paulus well remarks that he, who wishes to try the disposition of another often affects an air of severity. This consideration should not be forgotten when the unplea-

* In Matt. xiv. 29. the professor remarks that there is a *hysteron proteron* in the words καταβας απο του πλοιου περιεπατησεν, as in *moriamur* et in media arma ruamus, which paints the confused impatience of the mind. The order of the construction is—περιεπατησεν καταβας, απο του πλοιου. He walked up and down the ship, perhaps watching the recess of the wave. For the sea ran high, and the ship was near the shore.

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sant κυναρια strikes our ears. The answer of the woman comes home to the heart; 'Yes, Lord, but even the dogs are not denied the crumbs which the children drop under the table.'

'This, at once,' says the professor, 'determined Jesus. The confidence that was impressed, renders the cure of the dæmoniac certain. Where the mother so unhesitatingly hopes, the effect on the daughter was foreseen, (as in Mark ix. 23, 24, Jesus infers the expectations of the afflicted son from the declarations of the father!) When the mother went home, her daughter lay quietly on the bed. The paroxysm had ceased, the conclusion was that the dæmon was expelled.'

§ lxvii. Matt. xv. 29—31. Mark vii. 31—37. Mark relates the cure of a man who, on account of some obstruction in the organs of hearing, had lost the power of distinct articulation; he must, according to the narrative, formerly have spoken; and consequently the obstruction must have been of more recent origin. It is said that Jesus taking him apart from the multitude, put his fingers in his ears, and touched his tongue, as the professor seems to suppose, with some particular preparation.

'What is not mentioned; but Mark here, as in vi. 13, does not countenance the opinion that the cure was performed by *a mere word*. From the circumstances which have been transmitted to us, the mode of cure cannot be satisfactorily explained. But we see enough to tell that it is not so inexplicable as it would have been, if it had been performed without any actual external application. The whole interest of the spectators seems to have been so much concentrated in the success, and so little in the explanation of the fact, that they either disregard the casual circumstances altogether, or observe them with little discrimination, and relate them with less. Jesus united, 1st. the pious use of possible remedies, (Mark vii. 33.) with, 2d. a religious confidence that there is nothing good in nature, which does not proceed from the father in heaven. (Mark vii. 34.) With both he blends a devout feeling which is remote from the extravagance of enthusiasm. The first when taken by itself, is the view of naturalism;—he who considers the second as the only cause, mingles superstition with his supernaturalism. To avoid either of these extremes, and to unite what is true in both, constitutes the golden mean of *pure supernaturalism*, which does not attempt to explain *any thing merely* from the operations of inconscious nature, but which does not, at the same time, totally reject natural means, in order to find an explanation in the mere volition of the deity. He consequently assumes not only that nature which has its basis in the deity, but also that hallowed volition of the deity himself, which is above nature, as the principle of explanation.'

We believe that few of our readers will think these remarks a sufficient apology for the rejection of all which is properly

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called miraculous influence in the promulgation of christianity.

§ lxviii. Matt. xv. 32—38. Mark viii. 1.—9. What the author said in § lxiii. he applies to the above. § lxix. Matt. xv. 39.—xvi. 12. Mark viii. 10—21. § lxx. Luke xiii. 22.—30. § lxxi. Luke xiii. 31—35. The professor makes some very acute and ingenious remarks on the answer which Jesus gives to some Pharisees, who, with the subtlety of affected concern for his safety, advised him to remove to a distance, in order to avoid the sanguinary designs of Herod Antipas on his life. The words of Jesus are a forcible and cutting irony. It is hardly possible, says Jesus, that an inspired teacher of righteousness should be put to death any where but in your holy town. This is followed by a natural burst of simple, pathetic, and patriotic eloquence. ——On the words in Luke xiii. 35. 'ευλογημενος, &c.' 'blessed is he who cometh in the name of the lord;' the professor remarks that they are part of the well-known song which was used at the Jewish feasts. The song itself was an animating invitation to the pious visitants, and a demonstration of joy when the caravans entered the city. 'Happy is he who visits the feast in the name of the lord, or, as the lord directs. As great festivals in modern times are ushered in by the ringing of bells, so they were among the Jews of old, by the singing of psalms.

§ lxxii. Luke xiv. 1—24. On v. 4. the professor remarks. 'If the water (of the hydropic patient here mentioned) were merely an accumulation in the exterior parts from the atony of the skin, it might have been easily drawn off, or removed by internal remedies. We have no ground to believe that it was a confirmed dropsy.' § lxxiii. Luke xiv. 25—35. § lxxiv. Luke xv. 1.—32. § lxxv. Luke xvi. 1. 31. On v. 31. ('*If they regard not Moses and the prophets, they will not be persuaded*' to repent, to reform their disposition, and their habits, though one rose from the dead;') the professor remarks with his accustomed temerity that:

'the actual immediate reappearance of a dead person *does not afford a more satisfactory proof how men ought to act, than the knowledge which they may obtain of the will of God as soon as they make it the subject of serious consideration.*——Now, could he, *who laid so little stress on miracles as the ground work of conviction*, have founded on miracles the conviction of his messiahship and his doctrine? Besides the opinion that the appearance of a dead person is less energetically convincing, so as to amend the heart and life, than the substance of the law of Moses, and of the moral deductions of the prophets is metaphysically correct. It is founded in the nature of things. If a departed soul were to reappear, it would be much more difficult to prove than the subject of a doctrine which pro-

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fesses to pass as the will of God. For it would not be sufficient merely to ascertain the *fact* of the appearance while the *cause* of it must always rest on the uncertainty of conjecture.'

§ lxxvi. Mark viii. 22—26. This section contains one of the few relations which are found exclusively in the gospel of Mark.

'His attention,' says the professor, 'to certain *means*, which Jesus employed in his cures, appears to have induced him to preserve this tradition or anecdote, which he may indeed himself have heard from the person who was healed or from some of his acquaintance. Had not Mark borrowed most of his relations of cures from Matthew, and from Luke, whose authorities seldom found it necessary to touch on the art and method of the cure, we should have had a more circumstantial relation of those proximate causes, which, at the time, were generally considered as unimportant, since it was sufficient for the immediate purpose for which the cures themselves were designed,—the recommendation of the doctrine of Jesus, to pass directly, without any intermediate stages of causation, to the ultimate cause—the attention of the Deity to the wishes of a holy man, John ix. 33.—And, though the delineation on other occasions, of such circumstances as Mark has preserved in this and in some other passages, would be far from entirely unravelling the mystery of the event, yet they would at least——as in the data with which we are here furnished, and which are clearly nothing more than what the blind man himself might have remarked—establish the historical certainty that many other *means*, than the mere word of Jesus, were preparatory to the cure. Here and there we may discover a trace how the previous means were connected, as cause and effect, with the event.'

§ lxxvii. Matt. xvi. 19—28. Mark viii. 27—ix. 1. Luke ix. 18—27. The professor says that the 21st verse of Matt. xvi. in this section, and all the parallel passages are abbreviated speeches, and not the '*ipsissima verba*' of Jesus; and he adds that the abbreviation has at the same time, been preceded by an (involuntary) alteration of the thought.

'Jesus,' says he, 'cannot have spoken of his being put to death as a definite fact, when it was not at that time determined; he can have employed only general expressions. His next journey to Jerusalem was at the time of the encaenia, John x. 22, when indeed his personal safety became more imminently endangered, x. 31—39, xi. 16; but when his judicial murder was not yet decreed by a majority of the Sanhedrim. His meaning therefore in the words ὅτι δεῖ αὐτὸν ἀπελθεῖν εἰς Ἱεροσόλ. and in similar expressions at a later period, must be generally understood as implying that he must go, as often as possible, where he had an opportunity of exerting the

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influence of his ministry on the majority of the nation, even though at the peril of persecution, or of death. In the same manner Jesus cannot have spoken this *definitively* of his approaching corporeal resurrection on the third day. For the evangelists often assure us that the apostles themselves neither knew nor expected his resurrection from the dead *till after the event.* If Jesus had previously said to them not in indefinite and figurative, but in determinate and literal terms; 'on the third day I shall rise in my present corporeal form from the dead,' how would it have been possible that, after his crucifixion, they should not, on the third day, have once thought of his resurrection from the dead? But nothing of the kind ever occurs to them between his death and resurrection. Not merely the women make preparations for embalming the body Luke xxiv. 1, which would have been very superfluous if they had expected to see him alive again on the third day; but even when they do not find him in the grave, it is far from their first thought that his resurrection had happened as he had foretold;—they recur rather to any supposition than to this;—they imagine that the body has been removed, (John xx. 2. 15.) and even that it has been stolen. ident. 13.'

The professor makes many other remarks, in which he contends that the disciples had conceived no previous idea, and entertained no hope of a corporeal resurrection; that Jesus had never spoken to them of a corporeal resurrection; that, if he had they could not have mistaken his meaning; and that in his last discourses, when he makes every effort to animate and to solace his perplexed and desponding friends, he omits what would have furnished the strongest inducement to courage and to hope; a distinct and determinate declaration that, after three days, he shall be with them alive again. The professor thinks that Jesus in John xiv. 18. &c. where he says, 'I will not leave you fatherless, I will come to you,' &c. alludes merely to a reunion with his disciples in the eternal regions of serenity and bliss.' Thus he supposes Jesus to have been deeply impressed himself with the reality of a future state, and with the truth of the immortality of the soul, and strenuously to have endeavoured to impress this conviction on his disciples; but he combats the common opinion that before his crucifixion, he distinctly stated to his disciples that he should rise again in the body on the third day after that event. On this subject, and on others we have only room by occasional extracts, or by a brief condensation of the sense to give a general idea of the opinions of the professor; and without, at present, breaking a lance with him in the theological tournament, we have only brought him forward in situations in which he may be attacked by other polemics who have more ability or more leisure for the encounter than ourselves.

§ lxxviii. Matt. xvii. 1—13. Mark ix. 2—13. Luke-

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ix. 28.—36. About eight days according to Luke, or at the end of six days according to Matthew, after the first unreserved declaration of Jesus that it was his duty again to visit Jerusalem, notwithstanding any danger to which he might be exposed, he ascends an high hill with three of his most confidential disciples, Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee, in order that he may pass the night in devout and tranquil meditation. The professor thinks with great probability that Jesus was still in the country of Paneas, or Cæsarea Philippi, and that 'the high hill,' was one of the branches of Hermon which rises above Paneas. Christian travellers call it Tabor, which is an isolated mountain in *the great plain* of Esdrelon, but the professor proves that this is a mistake. The professor in endeavouring to resolve the transfiguration into a natural occurrence, says that three persons who could alone be the accurate observers of the event, did not begin to notice what passed till they were just emerging out of a deep sleep; Luke ix. 32. that, soon after this, they were surrounded by a luminous cloud, when they were seized with such a panic, that Peter himself spoke at random, like a person confused, without knowing what he said, ου γαρ ηδει τι λαλησει, Mark ix. 6. μη ειδως ὁ λεγει, Luke ix. 33. When the apostles awoke, they heard two strange voices talking with Jesus, the last words of which Luke, whose narrative is here rather more copious than that of Matthew and of Mark, has preserved. Peter immediately supposes that the two persons who were talking with Jesus, were Moses and Elias; but the characteristic precipitation with which he says 'let us erect here three tents,' &c. shows that there was little reflection or discrimination in what he then thought or said. At the same time a thick cloud settled on the hill, and obscured the view, while it increased the terror of the disciples. This the professor supposes to have been a common phenomenon after sun-rise.

'Jesus and the two strangers who were talking with him, removed,' says the professor, 'far into the cloud (Luke ix. 34, εν τω εκεινους εισελθειν εις την νεφελην) probably that they might not be interrupted by the unseasonable discourse of Peter, James, and John, who were yet hardly awake. When Jesus and the two strangers were about to separate, the subject of their conversation was once more vividly resumed; of which the three disciples who were left behind, hear only these words; 'this is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased; *hear* him!' words which were probably spoken with an elevated voice, as if they were a recurrence to the declaration at the baptism of Jesus.'

Jesus having left the two strangers, returns to his disciples, whose alarm he first endeavours to appease; and, sympathising

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with their perplexity and inquietude, he tells them to suspend all mention of the event till better times. The professor seems to think that there is nothing more striking in the whole relation, than that this wonderful event was not occasioned for, nor on account of the apostles; and that the impression which it made on them was accidental and entirely undesigned. We know that, when Jesus was at Jerusalem in an earlier period of his ministry, Nicodemus, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim had a private and confidential communication with him by night, the heads of which Jesus himself seems to have related to the disciple whom he loved. On this occasion does the professor think the two strangers who conversed with Jesus to have been persons in a similar situation with Nicodemus, who, from motives of policy did not at that time wish publickly to hold any communication with Jesus, but who might have willingly embraced a favourable opportunity of conversing with him in that secluded spot, respecting the probable success of his ministry at that critical period, whilst the Pharisees, rendered malignantly hostile by his unqualified exposure of their hypocrisy, had begun to form a conspiracy against his life? On Matt. xvii, 2. the professor remarks that Jesus probably stood on a point of the hill above the apostles, who were reposing in a more covered spot below; and that awaking as the day broke, they saw Jesus, unexpectedly above, whose countenance and robes were strongly illumined with the rays of the rising sun.

'Æneid ii. 590, et pura per noctem (i.e. through a cloud or mist) in luce refulsit; where Servius says 'in luce, *in nimbo*, qui cum numinibus est.' 'Fulgida facta fuit facies Mosis, instar solis, Josuae instar lunae, quod idem affirmarunt veteres de Adamo, Phineasi instar lampadis. Pirke Elieser, c. 2.'

§ lxxix. Matt. xvii. 14—21. Mark ix. 14—29. Luke ix. 37—43. The evangelists here relate with singular frankness the account of a dæmoniac whom the nine apostles who were left behind, while Jesus was absent in the mountainous vicinity of Paneas, in vain essayed to cure. In the account of this occurrence, as of many others, Mark relates some minute, but characteristic and important circumstances, which are omitted by the other evangelists. From the circumstantiality with which he supplies the defects of the history, he appears to have been assisted by the relation of an eye-witness. In this instance he throws additional light on the healing process which was adopted by Jesus, ix. 21—27. 29. and on the failure of the apostles.——Some of the malevolent Rabbins had traced Jesus into the country of Cæsarea Philippi. They find the majority, but not the most resolute of the apostles, at a little distance from the foot of the hill

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which Jesus had ascended with Peter, James, and John on the preceding evening. Here a father brought his son who was afflicted with a terrible malady, which is ascribed to the presence of a dæmon. As the patient appears to have been too young for any powerful force of conviction to be made immediately upon his mind, it is easy to conceive how the disciples might, in such a rare case, have mistaken the best method of producing the effect which was desired; and consequently how they might have failed in an actual attempt to expel the dæmon from the suffering youth. The Rabbins, who were standing by, seem readily to have embraced this opportunity of engaging in a controversy with the nine disappointed disciples, and of endeavouring to diminish the increasing faith in the Messiahship of Jesus.

While this point was warmly agitated between the gainsayers and the disciples, Jesus descends from the hill, as the professor supposes before the noon of the day on which, in the early morning, Peter, James, and John believed that he had conversed with Moses and Elias. Jesus no sooner appears, than, as we gather from Mark, a strong sensation of reverence, of admiration, and of love, was experienced by the multitude. The people were rejoiced to see him again; for they were convinced by the recent example that his disciples could not supply his place. When Jesus arrives at the spot, he asks his disciples what is the point which they are debating? Mark ix. 16.; but before he can receive an answer, the fond and agonizing father, who had just been disappointed in his application to the disciples, steps forward and describes in a very feeling and natural manner, the symptoms of the dreadful malady with which his son was oppressed. According to the description of the disease, it appears to have been a species of epilepsy, in the paroxysms of which the unfortunate sufferer was deprived of his consciousness and his speech. Hence the disorder was imputed to a *dumb spirit*, as the person, during the fit, could ejaculate only inarticulate and inconscious cries.

The unsuccessful attempt of the disciples appears to have excited the warm displeasure of Jesus. He ascribes the failure to the want of that confidence, which energizes the volition of the individual, which seems to aggrandize his strength, to multiply his powers, and to accomplish what he would not undertake in another state of mind. Jesus deeply laments that there should still be a want of trust in him as the Messiah, which he had so long and so anxiously laboured to produce ω γενεα απιστος! he exclaims with pathetic earnestness. He then orders the sick youth to be brought before him. His words are very authoritative, 'bring him to ME.' When brought into the presence of Jesus, a violent paroxysm ensues, the symptoms

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of which, as they are described by Mark, are evidently those of epilepsy.

'The general emotion of the people on the approach of Jesus, the unhesitating confidence with which he was regarded as the deliverer of the unfortunate, his authoritative manner compared with the wavering diffidence of the disciples, had already worked an assurance even in the youth himself that his dæmon could no longer hold out against such a powerful adversary. The nearer he comes to Jesus the more his belief increases that the dæmon within him shudders with horror at his approach. The tempestuous agitation, which is thus occasioned in his mind, accelerates another fit, which is felt through his whole frame. He is convulsed with agony, he foams at the mouth, he rolls on the ground. Such are the symptoms; they are usually succeeded by a silent quiescence of the system: even Jesus awaits the end. He tells the father to relate how long his son had been subject to such fits. He is told that he had experienced these attacks from a child. But, *if thou canst, by any means*, concludes the father, lend us thy help, show us thy compassion.' Jesus takes up his words, 'if *thou canst* have faith enough, every thing is possible to him who is full of faith.' This demand thrills through the very fibres of the father's heart, 'I must then be to blame,' thinks he, 'if my afflicted child be not saved.' Whence shall he now derive confidence enough? Rent with anguish and dissolved in tears, he cries out; I have, I have faith; help, O help, if I have not faith enough?—The youth, who in the mean time, had been gradually recovering his senses, could not but conceive a lively hope of victory over his tormenting spirit, when he saw and heard the strenuous interposition and fervent supplications of his father in his behalf. The certain expectation of the effect which was indispensibly requisite to the cure which the disciples had previously failed to produce, and which the age of the patient rendered difficult to effect, Jesus accomplished indirectly, but efficaciously by his impression on the father, and by the lively, affecting spectacle which he exhibited of sympathy and confidence.'

It was, says the professor, the fit moment for Jesus to act with vigour and effect. By a solemn invocation to the dæmon, he arrests the whole attention of the dæmoniac. He orders the evil spirit to depart, and no more return. And how could the poor man for a moment entertain an idea that the dæmon would have the presumption to torture him any more? From the reverential tremors which the commanding aspect, and authoritative air of Jesus had occasioned in the weak nerves of the youth, another convulsive fit succeeds, with the usual symptoms, which terminated in a death-like langour, the consequence of exhaustion, which makes way for the recovery of the individual. Animation and consciousness return. The

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son, the father, and the spectators now concur in thinking that the spirit is expelled, and consequently that the immediate impediment to the restoration of health is removed. Jesus himself takes him by the hand and raises him from the ground. 'God is great' was the acclamation of the spectators. Luke ix. 43.

After the cure Jesus says to his disciples, who wished to be informed why they had failed in effecting it.

'This species of dæmon cannot be removed by any means but by fasting and prayer.' Mark ix. 29.

But the dæmon was already expelled without the use of these means.

'In this respect, therefore, Jesus cannot speak of both these means as *indispensibly* requisite to the expulsion of such a dæmon. But in order to make a beginning towards such an expulsion the disciples had been wanting in that energetic confidence, that *parrhesia* by which many things which seem incredible, may be undertaken with success. Jesus first calls their attention to this circumstance. Matt. xvii. 20. He then adds, that in order entirely, and for ever to remove such a cause of malady, *that prayer*, which converses with a present deity and which preserves the mind in a state of elevated hope, may prevent those vicious indulgences, from which such paroxysms often arise, by the reverential awe of the ALL-SEEING SPIRIT, while *a rigorous and abstemious diet* may contribute to the preservation of health.'

We will add one more remark of the professor:

'How much,' says he, 'that is intricate and obscure in the memoirs of the evangelists, would vanish of itself if they had observed *a more circumstantial detail* in their relations!!!'

§ lxxx. Luke xvii. 6—10. lxxxi. Matt. xvii. 22. 23. Mark ix. 30—32. Luke ix. 43—45. In Matt. xvii. 23. the professor remarks that we must not confound the probable meaning of Jesus in this and many similar passages, with the explanations which arose out of subsequent events. He supposes Jesus to allude to the ultimate triumph of his doctrine over the malice of his enemies. The professor says that to '*rise again*,' in the Hebrew expresses the opposite of subjection, of a state of misfortune, and defeat; and he refers to Isaiah xxvi 19. Hos. vi. 2. In the last prayer, which Jesus spoke aloud in the presence of his disciples, a short time before his death, the professor remarks that Jesus did not suppose that he should be any more with his disciples on the earth, John xvii. 11. but that he should go to his father in heaven.

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'Three days,' says the learned commentator, 'are proverbially used among the Hebrews and Rabbins for *a short interval*. Wolfius in his 'curae in N.T.' Luke xiii. 32. says, 'Hebraei tempus praeteritum quod cunque per *heri et nudius tertius* exprimunt, Exod. iv. 4. 10. v. 16. tempora autem secutura per *post biduum tertio die* ut Hos. vi. 2. Comp. 1 Sam. xx. 12. Jacob iv. 13.'

§ lxxxii. Matt. xvii. 24—27. Mark ix. 33. The professor makes many learned theological and philological remarks in this section, but he resolves the miracle into a mistaken translation of the sense of the evangelist. He thinks that a miracle has been made where none was designed; and that Jesus simply told Peter in order to find the means of paying the half schekel to the temple, to go and angle in the lake till he caught a fish that *was worth a schekel*. The *ανοιξας το στομα αυτου*, he explains as equivalent to, take the hook out of his mouth, and *ευρησεις στατηρα*, you shall receive a schekel for it, or, sell it for a schekel. The professor says that *ανοιξας το στομα*, &c. &c. are circumstantial particulars which paint the quick succession of acts, and the rapid execution. Xenophon, oec. xx. 26. has, *ει ποθεν αργυριον ευρισκοι*; if he could procure or make a large sum of money by the sale? Theophr. Charact. xv. 1. *ερωταν τι ευρισκει*; to ask what it is worth? what he should take for it? The professor has not remarked that in the Hebrew נמצא signifies not only to *find*, but to *obtain*, to *procure*.

§ lxxxiii. Matt. xviii. 1—35. Mark ix. 33—50. Luke ix. 46—48. and xvii. 1—4. The professor makes some excellent remarks in this section, but they are not characterised by any striking *singularity*, and it has been our principal aim in the review of this work, more especially to notice the opinions which differ from those of the common interpreters. § lxxxiv. Luke ix. 51—56. lxxxv. Luke x. 1—24. The appointment of the seventy probably took place, while Jesus was in, or near Capernaum, to which place he had come from Cæsarea Philippi. From vs. 15. Capernaum at least appears to have been in view while he spoke. Luke clearly shews that, in proportion as the times became more critical, Jesus made every possible exertion to excite the attention of the people to the theocracy which he wished to establish. He dispatched thirty-five embassies or commissions, each consisting of two persons, through the villages of Galilee and Judea, who related, as the professor says, that Jesus was on his way to Jerusalem, to celebrate the feast of the encaenia. This probably brought a multitude of those who respected his pretensions to this subordinate festival, and thus defeated, at least for a short time, the sanguinary machinations of his enemies. On Luke x. 17. the professor remarks that the return of the seventy missionaries is anticipated by the historian; that it happened

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at a later period, but is placed here from the connection of the subject. The expulsion of dæmons was considered as one of the most difficult performances; for instead of being ascribed to the power of imagination, it was considered as the actual impression of terror and of force upon the dæmon himself, to which he was compelled to yield. The missionaries say: 'even the dæmons are subject to us through thy name,' meaning, 'they obey us when we invoke them in thy name as the Messiah.'

Michaelis remarks that Luke x. 19, 20. is one of the passages from which it appears that Jesus assumes the reality of dæmoniacal possessions.

'It is, in fact, very important,' says the professor, 'as Jesus is here speaking to those, who were instructed by him in the art of removing such maladies. Comp. Matt. xii. 43—45. Jesus supposes, for beneficent purposes, an uninterrupted intercourse between the invisible and visible world, that the N.T. ascribes to him, as the Messiah-spirit, a permanent influence on his disciples, and on the distribution of felicity. The kingdom of Satan was not merely the symbol of evil. By an easy analogy Satan and his spirits were invested with great influence, but without any deduction from the moral liberty of man. It was confidently supposed that no dæmon could resist the Messiah, the vicegerent of God. Jesus and his disciples, therefore, require, in reference to such cures, this peculiar conviction that Jesus was the Messiah, the tremendous and invincible opponent of Satan's reign. The great object of the physician in such cases, was, to impress the fancy with this idea, and fill the mind with this conviction, and by this means to make sure of the effect.'

On Luke x. 20. the professor asks:

'If Jesus had considered the expulsion of dæmons as a miraculous operation, and consequently a proof of doctrinal infallibility, how could he say, rejoice not on this account, but that your names are registered in heaven?'

§ lxxxvi. Luke x. 25—37. § lxxxvii. Luke x. 38—42. The remarks of the professor on both these sections are very sensible and interesting; but we must now accelerate the conclusion of this article; and have no room for more extracts. § lxxxviii. Matt. xviii. 1. Mark x. 1. Luke xi. 1—13. Let not the reader imagine that the holy Jesus affords any countenance to superstition in this passage, or that he represents it as possible for man to obtain any particular terrestrial favour from the deity by supplicating importunity. The illustration which he here employs, was to show that while man is often obliged to extort, as it were, any benefit from his fellow-creature, by im-

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portunate clamour, God will bestow the greatest good with spontaneous liberality.

§ lxxxix. Matt. xix. 2—12. Mark x. 1—12. xc. Matt. xix. 13—15. Mark x. 13—16. Luke xviii. 15—17. § xci. Matt. xix. 16.—xx. 16. Mark x. 17—31. Luke xviii. 18—30. The professor says it is clear from Mark x. 39. (Luke xviii. 30.) that even after the death of Jesus and *during their persecutions*, the disciples expected a state of earthly (*εν τω καιρω τουτω*) felicity and retribution. On Matt. xix. 28. the professor remarks that Jesus here speaks hypothetically, he alludes to an Israelitish national theocracy, and a division of the twelve tribes under the twelve apostles, a state of things which might have happened if Jesus had been acknowledged as the Messiah by the Jewish people. This was not impossible when Jesus spoke; and was not contradictory to the hopes of the ancient prophets. See Dan. vii. 9, 10. where vulg. *throni positi sunt*. See Lightfoot. The people impatiently expected the Messiah-theocracy after the destruction of the Syro-Graecian kingdom, the last of the *four monarchies* mentioned by Daniel.

§ xcii. Luke xvii. 11—18. § xciii. Luke xvii. 20. xviii. 8. § xciv. Luke xviii. 9—14. These sections do not contain any thing which very particularly arrested our attention during the perusal, or which it is peculiarly worth while to abridge, or to extract. We have now given the reader as much insight as our limits would permit, into the contents of the second volume of this learned commentary. We do not, at present, intend to prosecute the work any farther, but shall take some convenient opportunity to state our own opinions at length on this new mode of theological exposition. For the present we abandon both the professor and his commentary to the rage of less tolerant polemics.

ART. II.—*Amelie Mansfield. Par Madame Cottin. Auteur de Malvina, Claire d'Albe, &c. 3 Toms. 12mo.* Colburn, 1809.

THIS is another of those romantic productions of which we have endeavoured to give a fair and impartial general character in our observations on Malvina and Claire d'Albe. It will not be necessary, therefore, in this place to repeat our former censures respecting the immoral tendency of this pernicious class of publications, any further than as a plain and unsophisticated analysis of the story may seem to confirm them.

Amelie is the daughter of a Saxon nobleman of high rank whose fate has been apparently disposed of in the cradle, by

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the will of her grandfather. That proud and arbitrary old gentleman seems to have thought himself entitled, as head of the illustrious family of Woldemar, to prescribe the conduct, and regulate the alliances, of his house, through generations yet unborn; and, being impressed with such an idea of the infinite superiority of his own genealogy over that of every other noble family in Saxony, as that

'None but itself can be its parallel,'

determines that the line shall be perpetuated without the admixture of any foreign blood. For this effect he institutes Ernest, the son of the Baron de Woldemar (his only male issue) heir to all his estates, on condition only of his marrying Amelie daughter of the Countess de Lunenburg, (his oldest daughter); or in case of her refusal, Blanche of Gevsa, another grandchild by his second daughter. But in case of Ernest's refusal to comply with this condition of his grandfather's will, then he is disinherited and Albert of Lunenburg, the brother of Amelie, substituted, to the whole inheritance, on condition of his marrying the aforesaid Blanche of Geysa.

This notable disposition being made, it becomes the interest of all parties to bring up their children together in such a manner as to ensure, to the extent of their power, the accomplishment of the old count's intentions. Accordingly Miss Amelie is duly instructed from the cradle to consider herself as the future consort of Ernest de Woldemar; and it duly follows in the course of romance, and probably in the course of nature, that, the moment she discovers herself to possess a will of her own, that will is almost unconsciously exerted to the prejudice of the imposed connection. The mother of Ernest (under whose management he is entirely educated after the death of his father,) is a woman of a most violent temper and of a spirit haughty and inflexible to the greatest excess. Conceiving it impossible that the heir to the house of Woldemar can need any of those curbs which are deemed necessary to the regulation of vulgar minds, she abandons him without controul to the ungovernable passions with which nature has endowed him; and in the badness of his temper, Amelie finds an excuse for that dislike which the stubbornness of human nature might have sufficiently accounted for without it. The countess at last observes this growing obstacle to her views, and Ernest is sent to the university and afterwards permitted to employ some years on his travels, in the hope that time may obliterate old prejudices and again smooth the way to the completion of her interrupted designs.

Amelie, meanwhile, grows up with every perfection and accomplishment of the heart and mind that can possibly be supposed to adorn the heroine of romance; and, among others,

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(somewhat unaccountably, perhaps, considering the avowed object of all her friends,) becomes at a very early age strongly imbued with those impressions which are peculiarly necessary to constitute a heroine of Madame Cottin's.—In short, she is still 'in the bloom of fifteen,' when her heart tells her *that the hour of her fate is arrived*, and that she is *destined* to a reciprocity of eternal happiness with one M. Mansfield, a visitor at her father's house of more than twice her own age, of a situation in life greatly inferior to her own, but a poet, and a *creature of sentiment*. Some very pretty scenes take place between them, (the recurrence of which would probably have been stopped but for the impossibility of suspecting them) which lead by easy gradations to an exchange of oaths on each side, to live for one another; and Madame Cottin only could say to what extremities these *liaisons dangereux* might have proceeded, had not the lynx-eyed Madame Woldemar come very opportunely to the Chateau de Lunebourg, and apprized Amelie's father of the discovery made by her vigilance.

The lovers are separated; and Amelie, however *agonized*, consoled herself tolerably well with the determination religiously to observe the negative part of her contract with the poet, till death at the same time deprived her of her father and threw her completely into the power of her arbitrary aunt. A clandestine correspondence with 'the man of verse,' is found out and made the pretext for extraordinary severity of confinement, while Ernest is sent for to return in haste, and all measures are taken for a compulsory performance of the first article in the grandfather's testament. Under these circumstances, Albert de Lunebourg generously resolves to sacrifice his own happiness to that of his beloved sister. It seems that the very measures of family union which had sowed the seeds of hatred between Ernest and Amelie, produced in the breasts of Albert and Blanche the contrary effect of inspiring an ardent reciprocal affection. It is evident, therefore, that if the interest of Madame de Woldemar induced her to sacrifice all considerations of justice and humanity to her desire of uniting the two former, she latter were influenced by yet stronger motives to pray for the accomplishment of the same object; since, should a marriage fail of taking place between the heir of Woldemar and his elder cousin, it would be very difficult or perhaps impossible to elude the performance of the second condition in the fatal will, the union of Ernest with Blanche. It is therefore with a most generous forbearance that Albert maintains the right of his unhappy sister to refuse the projected match; and, by a further stretch of the same noble principle, when he finds his aunt still determined on measures of compulsion, he claims the guardianship of Amelie to himself, and withdraws her from the tyrannical protection of the castle of Waldemar to the se-

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cure asylum of his own estate in Bohemia. Having performed this meritorious action, (Amelie herself being all this while ignorant of the sacrifice by which it was accompanied) he leaves her sole mistress of his domain for a few weeks during which he purposes to engage himself in subduing the rage of the disappointed countess, and reconciling the whole family to his sister's refusal of the hand of Woldemar.

Gratitude and love for so excellent a brother would have engaged any common mind to remain strictly faithful to the only promise which he had asked of his sister, to take no step of importance without consulting him. But the virtues of the *excellent* Amelie were of a different stamp. Her professions of love and gratitude are indeed unbounded. But what follows? M. Mansfield finds out the place of her retreat, amuses her with a fictitious story of meditated violence, carries her off with him to Prague, and marries her. The consequence of this infamous prostitution are such as may be expected, and as the occasion deserves; she is thrown off, immediately, with merited indignation and contempt by every member of her own family, (Albert only excepted, whose fraternal affection overcomes every repugnant sentiment); her husband soon becomes tired of possession, and deserts her to write sonnets to the street-walkers of Prague, about one of whom he at last quarrels at a drunken meeting, and is shot through the heart by a bully.

After his death, the young widow (whom he has left with an infant son) lives for a short time under the care of that brother whose happiness and honour she had so infamously betrayed; but finding that her residence with him is likely to involve him in disputes with all his other relations, she comes to the resolution of quitting the neighbourhood of her family, and accepting the asylum offered her by a venerable old gentleman, an uncle of her deceased husband's, who lives in Switzerland on the borders of the lake of Como. Here she soon finds herself at leisure to reflect on the condition of her *heart*, and comes to the confession (as comfortable perhaps for her peace as blasting to her tarnished honour) that in her *affair* with M. Mansfield the *heart* had actually nothing to do, in other words, that she had been deceived in supposing *that her hour was come*, whereas in fact she had never yet known that sublime and inconceivable passion which, as Madame Cottin observes, is doomed to be the tyrant of sentimental woman as much as it is the sport and pastime of volatile and variable man.

She has not long been visited by these reflections (which excite compunction in her breast only as they remind her of error, not as they accuse her of guilt) before her *destiny* is fixed *in earnest* by the arrival of a stranger who, having lost his way in wandering among the mountains, becomes in some manner indebted to her for his preservation from the

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wolves and precipices of the desert. An opportune illness prevents him from continuing his journey, and affords every facility to the advances of the tyrant passion under the shape of pity, tenderness, and friendship. The eloquent description and nice discrimination of these dangerous approaches in every stage of their influence over the human mind, are what constitutes one of the most attractive and most insidious charms of Madame Cottin's composition. We shall be excused for not following her in a detail, which we may be suspected of want of power to understand, and have certainly no talent for displaying to advantage; one obstacle only presents itself, on the part of Amelie, to the entire surrender of her heart, and that is one which, in *most mothers*, would prove an insurmountable barrier, not only to love, but to common feelings of civility, for the object which has created it. The unaccountable M. Semler (so the stranger thinks proper to call himself), constantly views the child of Amelie with a disgust which he does not even attempt to conceal, and which the caresses and fondness of its parent only augment to a species of horror and detestation. Amelie remarks this strange effect at first with anger, afterwards with sorrow; but no considerations can restrain the *omnipotence* of the passion by which she is governed; and both parties are imperceptibly drawn on to an avowal of the most ardent and unalterable affection. It now becomes necessary for the pretended M. Semler to make some excuse for not instantly urging Amelie to the *legal* completion of his wishes, especially as the honest M. Granson, her protector, rejoiced at the prospect of a comfortable settlement for the unfortunate widow of his nephew, grows at last impatient for an explanation. Accordingly, when Amelie is worked up to the full expectation of a regular offer, she is informed by her lover that he has imposed upon her all this while under a false representation of his person and circumstances; that he is not M. Semler, but Adolphe de Reinsburg, one, whose parents have been so bound by obligations to the countess of Woldemar, that he despairs of gaining his mother's consent to their marriage except by first obtaining that of the countess, of the difficulty of which Amelie (the object of her utter abhorrence and hatred since her rejection of Ernest and union with Mansfield) must be well apprized. This unhappy obstacle he proposes, however, to remove at once by a clandestine marriage. This step the heroine refuses with the most romantic magnanimity, and immediately afterwards, (by an excess of generosity which in a French novel is perfectly consistent with such a refusal) grants to the violence of his passion, without the solemnity of a marriage, that which he did not even venture to implore, except through the medium of an honourable union. Having obtained this last pledge, (as it is delicately termed) of

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an exalted love, the happy spoiler departs, at the command of his mistress, for the purpose of overcoming the repugnance of the parties whose opposition he has reason to dread. Probably few of our readers, who have had the patience to read this matter of fact statement, will hesitate to concur with us, in thinking that our heroine would only have met her just deserts had she experienced the fate so general among her frail sisterhood, of being deserted by the object on whom she had lavished all that 'fond and doting love' can bestow.

For some time after their separation, she finds the best relief from the uneasiness of her reflections in the letters of her lover, which breathe only sentiments of the most ardent and unalterable affection. But by degrees these communications grow less frequent and less satisfactory, and at last they wholly cease. To add a load of excessive misery to her fears and disappointments, she soon discovers in herself certain symptoms too apt to follow those *amiable aberrations of the heart*, of which she had been the victim. Full of shame and horror at the thoughts of becoming 'an unwedded mother,' she abandons herself at first to all the gloomy projects of a desperate melancholy. These at last subside into a more calm but fixed resolution to follow the footsteps and discover the motives and intentions of her mysterious seducer. Without the knowledge of the venerable M. Granson, she leaves the asylum of his house, by night, and travels, unaccompanied, to the castle inhabited by the mother of Adolph. Here, however, so far from making any discovery as to the object of her search, she learns only enough to convince her either that her lover had a second time imposed on her by a false name, or that he was the most strange and inconsistent, as well as the most perfidious of men. Equally deranged and exhausted in mind and body, she now hastens to the neighbourhood of the castle of Woldemar. The inexorable countess had shortly before left that place for Vienna in company with her son Ernest, who had then but lately recovered from a most dangerous illness, and is about (such was the report of the place) to be married to a rich heiress in the imperial court. Her suspicions are already most powerfully excited that the pretended Adolph is no other than Ernest himself, the son of her most implacable enemy, the very Ernest whom she had rejected, to the ruin of her own happiness and that of her brother, and to whom, unknown, she had sacrificed every thing that is precious and estimable in woman. She flies to Vienna. She sees him in the public street. Her suspicions are confirmed. Fully convinced of his perfidy, she presents herself before him at a masked ball. She delivers him a letter, and escapes precipitately from the assembly room. Almost frantic, Ernest pursues her, and after a long search finds her stretched without life or motion on the sands

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of the river Danube, into which the wretched woman had designed to plunge herself, but fainted away from excess of mental and bodily fatigue at the moment of accomplishing her purpose.

Ernest had not been faithless, except in the concealment of his name. His love for Amelie had been ardent and unconquerable as her own for himself. The period of his unwilling absence had been assiduously devoted to overcoming the proud and stubborn repugnance of his mother, and the failure of all his attempts had produced a fever which brought him to the brink of the grave, and which alone prevented the continuance of his correspondence with Amelie. The countess's pride had at length been apparently overcome by the danger of her beloved son, and in order to restore him to life she had prevailed with herself to make a promise (not intended to be performed) that, on condition of his accompanying her to Vienna, then in case of his persisting in his unhappy passion for the space of a whole year, without being seduced by the splendour of more suitable connections, or the dissipation of the metropolis, she would finally yield her positive, though reluctant consent. With this condition his filial affection led him to comply; and his ordeal had but just begun when he thus unexpectedly met with the sole object of his prayers and contemplations.

Amelie is conveyed in a dying state to the house of the proud countess de Woldemar: and from this period to the conclusion of the romance the mind of the reader is kept in a constant agitation between hope and fear, pity, indignation, and sorrow, with an art which Madame Cottin most eminently possesses in common with a very small number of writers, the inspired children of genius and of nature. We have already paid the full tribute of our applause to some of the most affecting passages in Malvina; but the passions are yet more powerfully excited by the conclusion of Amelie Mansfield; and the justice of our present praise will be more readily believed, when it is remembered that we, who bestow it, both condemn the principles, and ridicule the sentiments, of the author; and yet we, even we, stone-hearted as we are, dissolved into tears, like the most tender lovers, over these pathetic pages.

And now, perhaps, it will be said—'Why object to this tale? Is not the moral to all effects unobjectionable? Do not human frailties and imperfections meet with the justest meed of retribution? are not the good made happy? are not the offending chastened?' all this is true—yet, if vice is made to appear amiable, and frailty irresistible; and if moral and virtuous impressions are confounded with those that are immoral and sinful by a delusive sophistry, and the irregular desires and

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propensities of human nature, flattered and encouraged by all the advantages of a seductive style, and specious eloquence; we fear that very few readers will reflect on the final balance of judgment, and think that the reward of a Tom Jones or a Peregrine Pickle, conveys a much less dangerous example than even the punishment of an Amelie Mansfield.

ART. III.—*Memoires militaires, historiques, et politiques de Rochambeau, &c.*

Military, historical, and political Memoirs of Rochambeau, Senior Marshal of France and Grand Officer in the Legion of Honour. 2 *Vols.* 8*vo. pp.* 833. *l.* 4*s.* Paris, 1809. Dulau, Soho Square. 1809.

MARSHAL Rochambeau, who appears to have been still living, when these volumes were published, has borne an active and honourable part in the wars which have taken place in Europe from the year 1741 to the commencement of the present revolutionary contest. He is said to have constantly kept a journal of all the transactions in which he was engaged; and since age and infirmities compelled him to relinquish the scene of active life, he has carefully noted the military and political transactions which have signalized the intermediate period.

M. de Rochambeau was born on the first of July, 1725. He was originally destined for the church, but the death of his elder brother prevented him from receiving the tonsure, and gave a new direction to his pursuits. At the age of fifteen he was sent to complete his education at Paris. It was at this epoch (1740), that the death of the emperor Charles VI. served to excite the ambition of princes, and to kindle a new war in Europe. In 1741 he obtained a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, and set out to join the army in Germany. France had proclaimed the elector of Bavaria under the name of Charles VII to the prejudice of the superior pretensions of Maria Theresa, the only daughter of Charles VI, who was married to the grand duke of Tuscany, formerly duke of Lorraine. We shallnot follow the marshal into the details of this war, which he relates with considerable perspicuity. Suffice it to say that it lasted eight years; and that the only brilliant success, which the French army obtained during its progress, was owing to the military talents of Marshal Saxe.

After having happily escaped a matrimonial connection with two ladies, both of whom turned out ill in the sequel, Marshal Rochambeau married, at the end of 1749, a Mademoiselle Telles d'Acosta, who brought him a considerable property; and with whom he tells us, that he has enjoyed almost sixty years of uninterrupted affection and esteem.

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M. de Rochambeau relates the following anecdote, which he had from the Marshal de Belle-Isle himself, and which shows how, in the destinies of the political world, trivial causes are connected with great events. The elector of Bavaria, (who had assumed the title of Charles VII,) had in the course of that war, been expelled from his hereditary estates, and was passing a melancholy life at Frankfort.

'The marshal de Belle-Isle, after having raised vivid hopes of re-establishing him in Bavaria, set out for Berlin by a rout which had been chalked out for him by the king of Prussia, in order to avoid the Hanoverian territory. He was invested with the powers of a plenipotentiary to that monarch. At the imperial post of Elbingerode, in the mountains of Hartz, the bailiff of the village, who was an Hanoverian, caused him to be arrested by thirty armed peasants. The regency of Hanover sent orders for his release; but the English minister approved the conduct of the bailiff, and had the marshal removed to London, where he was detained a prisoner for more than two years. This intelligence brought on a paroxysm of the gout, which proved fatal to the emperor. His son, the elector of Bavaria, having an Austrian mother, abandoned all his states to the troops of the queen of Hungary. The king of Prussia made peace, and the grand duke of Tuscany, husband of Maria Theresa, was elected emperor.'

Such were the great events which owed their origin to the audacity, the caprice, or the corruption of a petty officer of justice.

France was again involved in war in 1755; and in 1756 M. de Rochambeau embarked on board the fleet at Toulon, which was to undertake the reduction of Minorca. About six months previous to this he had been afflicted with a violent spitting of blood; and he feared that the agitation of the voyage would cause a recurrence of the symptoms. But it appears to have had the contrary effect; for, from that time he has been in a great measure free from such attacks.

Four hundred English, who were in Cittadella, the capital of Minorca, withdrew into Port Mahon. The French landed without resistance; but as the ships of war fired a grand salute when M. de Richlieu commander of the land forces got into a boat to go on shore, intelligence was sent to Versailles that the army had made good their landing after a desperate resistance. Such is one instance out of a thousand, which might be adduced of the little dependance which is to be placed on the accounts of military operations. They are so full of falsehood, that nothing but the general result, which must be ultimately matter of notoriety too great to be concealed or disguised, should enter into the page of history.

The following may serve as an instance of the dearth of intelligence which prevailed in the military departments of

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France at this time compared with the present, when there is hardly a military position in Europe which is not better known in the war-office at Paris than it is by the persons on the spot.

'When Marshal de Richlieu left Versailles only one old plan of Port Mahon could be found in the marine depôt; and this was a draught of Fort St. Philip, as it was in the time of the Spaniards. M. de Valliere, who was consulted on the occasion, said, that twenty-four pieces of heavy ordnance, and fifteen mortars, would be sufficient to reduce this paltry place to atoms. At Toulon he had some consultation with the captain of a merchant-vessel, who had formerly been a prisoner in Minorca, and set at liberty on his parole, who said, that this plan was no more like fort St. Philip, than the Bastille was like a garrison town. This intelligence caused the marshal to take an additional supply of fourteen pieces of cannon, and seven mortars. But what was our astonishment, when, on the first sight of Fort St. Philip, we discovered a place bristled with fortifications, and presenting a hundred and forty embrasures, filled with cannon!'

After the capture of Port Mahon, which admiral Byng had failed to relieve, M. de Rochambeau returned to France. Our author recites the following expedient, which was adopted by the French officers during the siege, to put a stop to the intemperance of the troops, in a country where wine was singularly cheap. Every soldier was forbidden to mount the next trench, who had been drunk the preceding night. This produced the desired effect, and the trait is certainly honourable to the character of the French soldiers.

In the hostilities which ensued in Germany, in which the king of Prussia obtained so much military honour, Rochambeau served as major-general in the army of Richlieu, and took an active part in the prosecution of the war. He made himself master of the fortress of Regenstein, near Blankenburg, by a stratagem. This place was deemed impregnable, even to a proverb; for, it was said, that the devil could not mount the walls, without first asking leave of the governor. The author gives a succinct, but perspicuous, and apparently impartial account of the varied events of the seven years war.

At the termination of this war, M. de Rochambeau was employed in Alsace till 1769, in the quality of field marshal, and major-general of infantry. He was one of the persons appointed to introduce some reforms into the military system of the French. While he was at Strasburgh, several years after the peace, he informs us that he was honoured with a visit from the hereditary prince of Brunswick. The prince was returning from England, where

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'he had been very well received by the nation, and particularly by the party in opposition, but very coldly by his brother-in-law, the reigning sovereign. We conversed a little on our former wars; and, the amiable prince, who loaded me with marks of friendship and esteem, desired me, before his departure, to conduct him to the spot where the great Turenne was killed, in his last campaign against Montécuculi. We had some interesting conversation by the way. He mentioned the desire which he had to form an alliance with the French, and to make war in conjunction with them. I told him it was possible that we might one day become the allies of the king of Prussia, his uncle; but that he would always find himself embarrassed by his connection with England, who was our rival, and our natural enemy. He said with warmth, that in this case he should not be at all at a loss what part to take. When I saw how little regard he had for this last power, I said with a smile, that he might play the part of king William in America, and become the sovereign of a mighty empire. I may, said he, have had such a vision in my head, but a century must elapse before the colonies who are divided by manners, language, religion, and reciprocal antipathies, can form a solid union. When they rebel against the parent state, they will aspire to a greater degree of liberty and will not throw off one master to take another.'

M. de Rochambeau occasionally glances at the political administration of France, during this period. He says of the duke de Choiseul, who was some time at the head of affairs in France, and who had lately been deprived of his place, owing principally to the resentment of Mademoiselle Lange, afterwards countess Dubarry, mistress of Louis the fifteenth, that

'he was never greater than in his disgrace, from the homage which he received in the midst of his exile, from the persons whom he had obliged, who composed a large part of the nation. Before he retired, he delivered in the accounts of the expenditure in his two offices, and then defied the animadversions of his enemies. His virtuous and estimable wife went to board in a convent, in order to devote her whole fortune to the discharge of the debts of her husband. She persisted in this resolution, with heroic constancy.'

When the insurrection of the American colonies gave rise to new hostilities between France and England, a plan for a descent on England, was projected in 1779, between the French and the Spanish government. We shall translate what the marshal says on this subject.

'The fleets of the two powers, (France and Spain) were to unite, to make themselves masters of the channel, and to cover a descent of forty thousand men, on the coast of England, under the com-

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mand of the count de Vaux.'—'M. de Vaux placed me at the head of the finest advanced guard that was ever seen.'—'The plan was, after having beaten the English fleet, or forced it to return to port, to attack Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. But, though enormous sums were expended, worse arrangements could not be made. One half of the transports, for the troops, was assembled at Havre, the other at St. Maloes. After leaving these ports, they could not unite off the heights of Cherbourg, without cross winds, which must be contrary to one of the divisions. In short, M. d'Orvilliers was obliged, with three months provision on board, to sail to Cape Finisterre, to meet the Spaniards. This admiral, who was aware of the tardy movements of the Spaniards, in vain represented that he should consume his whole stock of provisions in a premature cruise; a fleet of victuallers was promised to be ready for him at Ushant, after their junction. What M. d'Orvilliers had foreseen, came to pass; the Spaniards did not make their appearance for two months and a half, and the supplies were not ready when M. d'Orvilliers passed Brest with the combined fleet. He sailed up the channel, threw Plymouth into consternation, and sent a frigate to St. Maloes, to announce his arrival; but a violent gale of wind forced him to leave the channel, in order to avoid being driven on the coast of Cornwall. He returned to Brest with half his crew sick, and the greater part of his fleet without water or provisions. The victualling ships which were sent too late, made a fruitless search for him on the sea, and entered Brest after his arrival.'—'Thus ended a most expensive, and ill-concerted expedition.'

In a subsequent period of his memoirs, the marshal informs us that he passed, for a short time, into England, and visited Portsmouth, where he experienced very polite attention from admiral Hood.

'He permitted me to see all the fortifications of Portsmouth, with the same facility with which I could have inspected those at Calais.'—'My curiosity was excited to behold the road which I was to have taken at the head of the grenadiers of the French army, in the descent which was projected in 1779.'—'If M. d'Orvilliers had known that he had left admiral Hardy behind him, beyond the mouth of the channel, if, instead of stopping before Plymouth, he had sailed immediately to Portsmouth, he would have obtained possession of Spithead, and we should have disembarked, and, without difficulty have destroyed the docks and magazines of Portsmouth, which were then protected only by slight fortifications of earth, and guarded by two battalions.'

The country certainly never was so much exposed to invasion, as at this period, when the French and Spaniards were masters of the channel, and the ministry could not, at that

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time, have readily brought a superior force to act against the enemy. But this project was happily frustrated by those contingencies which seem to sport with the schemes of political calculation.

We shall not notice the details which the author gives of his campaigns in America, where he commanded the French troops, who aided in establishing the independence of the United States. M. de Rochambeau gives the following sketch of the state of manners and opinions in the extended regions of North America, at the time when he had an opportunity of observing them. The inhabitants

'of the north, composed of proprietors, whose fortunes were almost equal, necessarily inclined to a democracy; the southern states, where there were many great proprietors in the midst of whites, in less easy circumstances, and of numerous blacks, had a leaning to aristocracy. But all rapidly united in the support of liberty, equality, and independence, while they reserved a great respect for property. Every mode of worship was equally tolerated; the sects which were most numerous, were the episcopalians, the presbyterians, and the quakers. The first were the most dangerous, on account of the ecclesiastical supremacy which they acknowledged in the king of England. The congress began by excluding all ecclesiastics, of all descriptions, from any share whatever in the political and civil administration. Thus religion was entirely excluded from their secular deliberations; every religionist adhered to his peculiar mode of worship, and the sabbatical ritual was scrupulously observed. The minister of religion was honoured with the first place at the public dinners; he said grace over the repast; but his prerogatives did not extend beyond this in society. Hospitality is the predominant virtue. The young women are left without restraint till they are married. Their first question is, whether you are married, and, if you answer in the affirmative, there is great insipidity in their conversation. Till the age of puberty, it is very common for them not to have made choice of any particular religion; they say that they will leave that to their husbands. But when they are once married, they devote themselves entirely to the duties of their new situation; and it is very rare, particularly in the country, to find a dissipated wife. The children are generally kept extremely neat. The cultivator is something distinct both from the tenant and his lord. He is, in every sense of the word, a proprietor; he possesses every necessary, and he purchases fine and neat clothes, with the surplus of his harvest. It is the same with his furniture; great neatness is the principal characteristic; but the colonist has to combat many intermediate difficulties, before he arrives at this state. As there are more lands to clear than hands to cultivate, the wages of labour are very high; the meanest handicrafts-man, or day-labourer, was in my time, paid a piastre, or five livres, ten sous a day. After strenuous exertion for a period of six

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years, the day-labourer acquires enough to purchase a lot of land. He begins by setting fire to the wood, which they called *clearing* the ground. He then sows every kind of grain between the stumps, which springs up with great luxuriance, from a bed of rotten leaves, which have been reduced into a vegetable mould, in a long course of years. He forms his habitation with round logs of those trees, placed one upon another, supported by stakes. He takes care to have clumps of trees to shelter his different sorts of cattle from the rains, the strong dews, and the ardent heats. When, at the end of twenty or thirty years, he has gotten rid of the stumps of trees which obstruct the movements of the plough, he thinks of constructing a neater dwelling of planks, well joined and skilfully placed. He makes use of but little iron; but the windows and doors are rendered perfectly close, by the skill of the carpenter. In twenty or thirty years, more luxury finds its way into the family, and they build a house of brick, which is the perfection of their architecture.'

After his return from America, the author was employed in several important stations, where he seems to have laboured with zeal to promote the public good. In 1788, he was chosen one of the assembly of notables, and appears to have warmly espoused the popular cause in the plan which was proposed for the election of the states-general, in 1789. In the commencement of the revolution, he exerted himself with great success at Strasburg, and in the surrounding country, to moderate the turbulence, and to repress the anarchic outrages of the people. Before the declaration of war against Austria, he was appointed to the command of the army of the north, and he used his utmost endeavours to prevent those violent measures which the intemperate council of France at that time produced. Rochambeau does not appear to have connected himself with any of the predominant factions, but to have acted, in this most trying period, like a man of great good sense, of unshaken integrity, and unsullied patriotism. During the reign of terror, he was arrested and sent to the conciergerie.

'When I arrived at this place, says he,

'Malesherbes, his daughter, and grandaughter, Brienne, and the four Malenil, his nephews, were brought there at the same time. The keeper of the prison, and his turnkeys, received me as if I was going to be immediately executed. They rifled my pockets, as if I had not a moment to live, and when they saw my infirmities and wounds they were going to throw me in the yard, as there was no empty room in the interior of the prison; but some honest soldiers, both of the old and the new *regime*, eagerly interposed, and kindly gave up the best part of their cell.'

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In this prison, the marshal saw the most discordant collection of the most celebrated persons of all parties.

'Looking through the windows into the court of the women, I saw the duchesses de Grammont, du Châtelet, and many others arrive. They were all heaped together, to be carried before the tribunal the next day, at the same sitting; they were tried, condemned in half an hour, and sent to the place of execution.'

'During the day, the prisoners of the Conciergerie, ate, drank, and sung, till night, songs and ballads which some of them made before they went to the guillotine.'

Three days after this, the marshal procured a surgeon to dress his wounds, who obtained an order to send him to the bishop's hospital. Here he was confined in a room with twelve other persons. Fifteen days after his arrival at this place, the ushers of the revolutionary tribunal brought twelve *acts of accusation*, which were equivalent to twelve orders for burial, to accompany Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. to the tribunal, the next morning.

'I,' says the marshal, 'was leaning on my cane, expecting my summons, when the first usher, accompanied by the surgeon of the hospital, cried out, *You did not hear then, marshal, what I said when I entered the room?* There is nothing *come for you. I am deaf*, said I, *but you may well repeat it again.* I passed the night with my unfortunate companions, examining their acts of accusation, and in giving such advice as the situation of these unhappy persons seemed to suggest. At eight in the morning, they came once more to embrace me; they bade me a last adieu, with a courage which never forsook them, nor the virtuous princess Elizabeth, to the last moment of existence.'

The marshal was set at liberty soon after the fall of Robespierre.

The marshal extends his memoirs to the termination of the last campaign of the French in Poland. His narrative is brief, but clear, and free from that metaphorical inflation and tinsel glitter, which so often disgrace the works of the French press. Unlike most of the French writers, who give any account of the recent political or military transactions of their country, the author does not go out of his way to offer the incense of courtly adulation to Bonaparte, nor to declaim against the ambition and injustice of this country. He seems to pay a scrupulous regard to truth in his details, and to write with as little partiality or prejudice as is perhaps possible for any person who has to record recent transactions, which have had no small influence even on his own sum of personal enjoyment, and in many of which he himself has acted a distinguished part.

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ART. IV.—*Les Martyrs, ou le Triomphe de la Religion Chretienne, par F. A. de Chateaubriand, Auteur de Genie du Christianisme, d'Atala, &c.*

The Martyrs; or the Triumph of the Christian Religion. By F. A. Chateaubriand, Author of the Genius of Christianity, of Atala, &c. 3 *Vols.* 8*vo. pp.* 838. Dulau, Soho Square. 1809.

M. DE Chateaubriand thinks that the '*merveilleux*,' of Christianity may contend for the palm of interest, with that of paganism. In the present work he has endeavoured to verify his favourite hypothesis. For this purpose, he made choice of a subject, in which he could throw upon the same canvass the predominant features of the two religions; the morality, the pomps, and ceremonies of both worships; in which he might blend the language of Genesis, with that of the Odyssey, and place the Jupiter of Homer by the side of the Jehovah of Milton, without any offence to piety, to taste, or to probability.

For the epoch of this design, the author selected the reign of Dioclesian, when christianity was not yet become the religion of the state, but when its altars rose near the altars of the idols. The scene opens and closes in a period of persecution. The persons who make a figure in the work, are both pagans and christians; and the author depicts the state of christianity in the world, at the period of the action. M. de Chateaubriand appears to have been captivated by the fertility of his subject, and says, that it put all sacred and profane antiquity at his disposal. In the course of his narrative, he introduces a picture of the different provinces of the Roman empire, and the reader is gratified with a view of Greece, Italy, Judea, Egypt, Sparta, Athens, Rome, Naples, Jerusalem, Memphis, the valleys of Arcadia, and the deserts of the Thebais. In order to render his topographical delineations more correct, M. de Chateaubriand informs us that he travelled on purpose to inspect with his own eyes the principal places which he has described. His descriptions, therefore, are not vague and fanciful combinations of imagery, but have a local reality and life, which must add greatly to their interest, and will give no inconsiderable value to his work, whatever may be the incongruity of his plan, or the defects of the execution.

The author tells us that some of his descriptions are entirely new:

'No modern traveller,' says he, 'with whom I am acquainted,

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has given a picture of Messenia, of a part of Arcadia, and of the valley of Laconia. Chandler, Wheeler, Spon, le Roy, M. de Choiseul, never visited Sparta. M. Fauvel, and some English, have proceeded as far as this celebrated town, but they have not published the result of their labours. The picture of Jerusalem, and of the 'Dead Sea,' is equally faithful. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the '*Way of Thorns*,' *via dolorosa*, are exactly such as I have described them. The fruit which my heroine collects on the borders of the Red Sea, and of which the existence has been denied, is universally found at two or three leagues from Jericho; the tree, which bears it, is a species of citron, and I brought many of these fruits into France.'

The author, who appears to design this work as *an epic poem in prose*, commences his *pedestrian* flight with a double invocation to two muses, the sacred and the profane, the inspired and inspiring nymphs of Sion, and of Helicon. Thus furnished at once with the harp of David, and the lyre of Homer, the author strikes up the following strain:

'Nine times had the church of Jesus Christ seen the spirits of the abyss conspire against her; nine times had this ship, which shall never perish, escaped shipwreck. The earth reposed in peace. Dioclesian held in his able hands the sceptre. Under the protection of this great prince, the christians enjoyed a tranquillity which they had never hitherto experienced. The altars of the true God began to vie in adoration with the altars of the idols; the number of the faithful increased every day; honor, wealth, and glory, were no longer the sole portion of the worshippers of Jupiter. Hell, incensed with the loss of his empire, wished to interrupt the course of the heavenly victories. The Eternal, who saw the virtues of the christians wither in prosperity, permitted the dæmons to excite a new persecution; but this new trial was to plant the cross on the throne of the world, and to crumble the temples of the false gods into dust. In what manner did the ancient enemy of the human race render the passions of men, and particularly ambition and love, subservient to his projects? Deign, O ye muses, to acquaint me with this. But first enable me to make known the innocent virgin, and the illustrious penitent who were resplendent in this day of triumph and of woe. Heaven chose one from among the idolaters, and the other from among the faithful, to be the expiatory victims of the Christians and the Gentiles.'

We shall now, as briefly as we can, detail the principal story which forms the basis of this work, without regarding the episodes, and shall then translate some few extracts, which seem most likely to give the reader an idea of the execution. We shall more particularly confine ourselves to those topographical delineations, with which the author has

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enriched these volumes, and which, from their accuracy, and their historical associations, are likely to interest those whom the story itself would fail to please.

We have already said, that the author has chosen the reign of Dioclesian, for the epoch of his subject, and that it commences with the permission, which he feigns to have been given to the infernals, to excite a tenth persecution. The tenth persecution became general in A.D. 303, and Dioclesian relinquished the imperial purple, and retired to private life in the year 305. The author is therefore guilty of a little anachronism, in bringing on the stage St. Jerome, and St. Augustin, who did not flourish till a later period. But these ghostly fathers are rather introduced by way of episode, than as acting any important part in the story.

Demodocus, the last of the Homerides, is appointed priest of Homer, in the temple of that poet, on mount Ithome, in Messenia. He consecrates his only daughter, Cymodoce, to the worship of the Muses, in order to protect her against the addresses of Hierocles, the pro-consul of Achaia, and the favourite of Galerius. Cymodoce, going to attend the festival of Diana Limnatis, loses her way in the night, on her return, when she accidentally meets with a youth reposing by the margin of a fountain. This youth is named Eudorus, the son of Lasthenes, one of the most illustrious and opulent families in Arcadia. Eudorus, himself, is a celebrated warrior, the friend of prince Constantine, the son of Constance. Eudorus conducts Cymodoce to her home. Demodocus, after this departs with his daughter to Arcadia, to pay his acknowledgments to the family of Lasthenes. Democritus finds christianity embraced in the family of Lasthenes. Cyril, the bishop of Lacedemon, arrives. After some devotional effusions, and an evening repast, the family and the strangers, before they retire to rest, spend some time in a shrubbery, near the banks of the Alpheus. Cymodoce and Eudorus both gratify the company with the exertion of their musical powers. Cyril, the bishop, at night, is disturbed by a dream, which seems to announce fresh persecutions. He rises from his couch, and offers up a prayer to the Eternal. We have next a description of heaven, and a *celestial colloquy*, all which it is impossible to read without weariness or disgust. Even the genius of Milton sunk beneath such an attempt, and neither French poetry, nor French prose, aided by all the genius of M. de Chateaubriand, can ever be expected to succeed.

Eudorus is requested to recite the adventures of his life: and Demodocus, Cymodoce, &c. retire to an isle, at the confluence of the Ladon and the Alpheus, to hear the varied tale. The relation itself occupies a large part of this work; and contains several very interesting and glowing details. It

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commences in the fourth book, and it extends to the end of the eleventh, with an interruption of the story in the eighth, in which the author describes the dawning love of Eudorus and Cymodoce; the advantage which Satan takes of this event, to trouble the church; the council of the dæmons; and other marvellous improbabilities.

The twelfth book opens with an invocation to the holy spirit. Satan and his subordinate dæmons are very busy, in this book. Dioclesian orders a census of the christians. The reciprocal attachment of Eudorus and Cymodoce becomes irresistible. Cymodoce consents to embrace the religion of her lover. Demodocus hesitates, but at last consents to give his daughter to Eudorus, in order to rescue her from the continued persecutions of Hierocles. Hierocles is seized with jealousy; he accuses Eudorus, at the court of Dioclesian. Cymodoce repairs to church to be affianced to Eudorus, when some soldiers, in the pay of Hierocles, rush into the sanctuary, at the conclusion of the ceremony, and endeavour to carry off Cymodoce. But she is rescued by her lover, who defends her at the tomb of Leonidas. Eudorus is, after this, ordered to Rome, and Cymodoce is sent to Jerusalem, to be placed under the protection of the mother of Constantine. Eudorus and Cymodoce repair to Athens, where they embark, the one for Rome, and the other for Syria. On his arrival at Rome, Eudorus is selected to plead the cause of the christians, before the senate. The sophists induce Hierocles to defend their sect, and to accuse the christians. Dioclesian consents to publish the edict of persecution, but determines first to consult the oracle of the Sybil. In the mean time, Cymodoce lands at Joppe, and traverses the country to Jerusalem, where she is affectionately received by Helena. The persecution begins. Dioclesian abdicates the crown. Eudorus is cast into a dungeon. A centurion is sent to Judea to seize Cymodoce, who escapes to the grot of Bethlehem, where she meets an anchorite, whom she finds to be St. Jerome, who is said to have chosen the birth-place of his Saviour for his tomb. Cymodoce retires to Ptolemais, and embarks for Greece, but is driven by a tempest, excited by the orders of the Deity, on the coast of Italy. She is arrested and conducted to Rome, by the satellites of Hierocles. Hierocles is disgraced, and Cymodoce is rescued from his violence; but she is sent to prison. She hears from Eudorus.—Eudorus endures the torture with heroic resolution. Cymodoce hears that Eudorus is condemned to be torn to pieces in the amphitheatre, by wild beasts, and she resolves to perish with him. Cymodoce has an affecting interview with her father. She persists in her resolution, not to purchase life by the recantation of her faith, nor by the desertion of

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her husband. Eudorus and Cymodoce are torn to pieces by a tiger, in the amphitheatre.

In this brief abstract we have almost entirely omitted the spiritual machinery, both Pagan and Christian, which takes up so much of the work, and often causes no small confusion in the narrative. The author seems entirely to have forgotten the sage maxim of Horace: '*Nec deus intersit*,' &c.; for he sometimes introduces spiritual agents, on the most trivial occasions. In order to have a parallel force, to place in array against his pagan dæmons, he creates angels of every form and species; and his christians can hardly eat, drink, or go to sleep, without their sensible intervention. It appears then, that the author does not restrict his march within the narrow limits of probability; and that he has peopled his *poem in prose*, with a multitude of aërial forms, which would hardly be allowed in the boldest flights of heroic verse.—His double mythology of christianity, and of paganism, which he probably thought the brightest excellence, appears to be the greatest blemish of his work. It diminishes the interest, and often occasions sensations of insipidity, which approach to disgust. That part of the work, which, on the whole, possesses the greatest degree of captivation, and where the genius of the author is most lucidly shown, is the account which Eudorus gives of his own adventures. In this, and indeed, in other places, we find affecting and beautiful passages, in which the most delicate sentiment is adorned with great richness of imagery, and great eloquence of diction. The style of M. de Chateaubriand is often highly eloquent, though that eloquence is not seldom vitiated by the tawdry tinsel of the French school. He is a writer who can occasionally command the affections; and many of his landscapes are finished with the touches of a master.

We will translate a few passages, and lay before the reader some of the scenery of his work. Eudorus speaks thus of the juvenile period of his life:

'My family, which was rendered wise by the lessons of adversity, and by the simplicity of Arcadian manners, was the first in Greece which embraced the doctrine of Christ. Subjected to his divine law, my youth was spent on the banks of the Alpheus, and amid the woods of Taygetus. Religion, who kept my soul under the shadow of her wings, prevented it from expanding too soon; and, by prolonging the innocence of my youthful years, seemed to make an addition of innocence to innocence itself.'

When Eudorus had just reached his sixteenth year, he left Greece to proceed to Rome. His mother accompanied him to the port from which he was to embark. She

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saw him on board the ship, and while they were unfurling the sails,

'Her heart,' says he, 'was ready to break at the thought of the stormy seas, and the still more stormy world, which I was going to traverse, without the compass of experience.'

The French is,

'Son cœur se brisoit a la pensée de ces mers orageuses, et de ce monde plus orageux encore que j'allois traverser, navigateur sans experience.'

This is very naturally and very beautifully expressed. The association of ideas, would, probably, occur to most minds in a similar situation; but the '*plus* orageux *encore*,' the '*still more* stormy voyage of life,' heightens the effect, increases the impression on the reader, and evinces the sensibility of the writer.

Great meaning, and no small portion of what the Germans call *aesthetic* effect, are condensed into the following sentence:

'Nous parcourûmes cet Archipel de la Grèce, où l'aménité des rivages, l'eclat de la lumière, la douceur et les parfûms de l'air, le disputent au charme des noms, et des souvenirs.'

It is not easy to render this in English, so as to retain the ideas, without dilating the diction.

'We passed through the Grecian Archipelago, where the amenity of the shores, the bursts of prospect, the delicious perfume of the breeze, rivalled the charms of historical reminiscence.'

The author proceeds in his picture of the Archipelago:

'We saw every promontory decorated with temples or with tombs. We touched at different ports, we admired the numerous cities, some of which bear the name of a brilliant flower, as the rose, the violet, the hyacinth, which filled with people, and surrounded with luxuriant harvests, glitter in the sun, on the margin of the wave.'

Eudorus remarking the different impressions which were made on himself, and some other young persons on board the ship, at the sight of towns, which were once great and flourishing, laid in ruins, says:

'Whence arose this difference? From our religion; they were pagans, I was christian. Paganism, which developes the passions

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before their natural period, retards the progress of reason; christianity, on the contrary, which prolongs the innocence of the heart, accelerates the virility of the mind. From our earliest years it inspires a gravity of sentiment; it respects, even in our swaddling clothes, the dignity of man; it treats us even in the cradle as serious and sublime beings, for it acknowledges an angel in the child which the mother fondles at the breast.'

What the author says of the gay idolatries of paganism, may, in a great measure, be applied to that species of novel reading, which is so much in vogue. It causes the passions not only early to bud, but prematurely to bloom. It emasculates the mind, and prevents it from acquiring that constancy and robustness which are necessary to preserve the virtue of individuals secure, amid the temptations of life.

At Rome, Eudorus contracted a friendship with Jerome, with Augustin, and with prince Constantine. Of the latter, he says, that he was, like himself, a species of hostage in the hands of Dioclesian.

'Nothing,' says the author, with great truth, 'tends so much to cement a friendship between two souls, as a resemblance in their destiny, particularly when that destiny is unfortunate.'

The following is the picture which the author draws of death in the eighth book:

'A phantom darts across the threshold of the inexorable gates. 'Tis death! He appears like a dark spot on the flames of the dungeons, which blaze behind him; his skeleton permits the livid rays of the internal light to pass through the hollows of his bones. His head is adorned with an evanescent crown, the jewels of which he snatches from the kings and the people of the earth. Sometimes he appears in shreds of purple, or of stuff, of which he has despoiled the rich or the poor. Sometimes he flies; sometimes creeps; he assumes all forms, even those of beauty. He might be thought deaf, and yet he hears the most minute sound that announces life. He appears to be blind, and yet he sees the smallest insect that crawls upon the earth. In one hand he holds a scythe, with the other he conceals the only wound which he ever received, and which Christ, the victorious, plunged in his bosom, on the summit of Golgotha.'

The following is no unfavourable specimen of the descriptive power of M. de Chateaubriand. Eudorus, who had ascended the Nile as high as the great cataracts where he met Dioclesian, who had lately concluded a treaty with the people of Nubia, had obtained the permission of the emperor to revisit his native country; and he resolves to explore the route across the desert, into Syria.

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'At two days journey above Memphis,' says he, 'I took a guide to conduct me to the coast of the Red Sea, whence I intended to pass to Arsinoe, (Suez) in order to repair to Gaza, with the merchants of Syria. Some dates, and some skins filled with water, were my only stores for my journey. My guide rode before me, mounted on a dromedary; I followed, on an Arabian horse. We passed the first chain of mountains, which border the eastern bank of the Nile; and, losing sight of the moist country, we entered an arid plain. Nothing can better represent the transition from life to death. 'Imagine to yourselves,' says Eudorus to his attentive auditory, 'an expanse of sand, thrown in ridges by the rains of winter, and burnt up by the heat of summer, of a reddish hue and a frightful sterility. At times, some prickly shrubs shadow a small part of this immensity of sand; the wind traverses these bristled forests, without bending their inflexible boughs. Here and there, we are surprised to find some pieces of petrified vessels; and some heaps of stones thrown together at intervals, serve to mark out the track for the caravan. We proceeded, during the whole day, through this plain. We passed another chain of mountains, and discovered a second plain, more vast and more desolate than the first. Night came on: the moon illumined the vacant desert. We perceived, in the naked solitude, only the motionless shadow of our dromedary, and the flitting forms of some antelopes. The deep silence was interrupted only by the noise of some wild hogs, who fed on some withered roots, or by the chirping of the cricket, which, in this uncultivated region, in vain demanded the peasant's hearth. We resumed our rout before the morning broke. The sun rose, shorn of his beams, and appeared like a plate of red hot iron. The heat increased every moment. About the third hour of the day the dromedary began to show signs of inquietude, he plunged his nostrils in the sand, and breathed with difficulty. At intervals the ostrich raised a doleful cry. The serpents and the camelions withdrew into the recesses of the earth. My guide beheld the heavens, and turned pale. I asked him the cause of his alarm. I fear, says he, the blast of the south. Let us save ourselves. Turning his face to the north he fled as fast as his dromedary would carry him. I followed him; the tremendous wind, which menaced us, was more swift than we. On a sudden a whirlwind springs up at the edge of the desert. The soil carried before us failed beneath our feet, whilst other columns of sand raised behind us beat over our heads. Bewildered in this labyrinth of moving sand my guide declares that he can no longer find his way; to complete our calamity our stock of water had escaped from our skins during our rapid flight. Panting, parched with thirst, and making a violent effort to hold our breath for fear of respiring flames, the perspiration runs in torrents down our tottering limbs. The hurricane redoubles its rage; it tears up even the antient foundations of the earth, and hurls the burning entrails of the desert in the air. In this atmosphere of sand on fire, my guide vanished from my sight. I soon

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hear his shriek, I fly to his voice, the unfortunate man struck by the flaming blast, had fallen dead on the sand, and his dromedary had disappeared. In vain I endeavoured to revive my unhappy companion, my efforts were fruitless. I sat down at some distance, holding my horse in my hand; and hoping only in him who changed the fire of the furnace of Azarias into fresh gales and sweet dews. An acacia, which was growing at this spot afforded me some shelter. Behind this frail rampart I awaited the end of the tempest. About evening the wind changed to the north; the air lost its boiling heat, the sand subsided in the air, and opened a view of the stars, whose fruitless fires only showed me the immensity of the desert. Every track had disappeared; every path had vanished! The undulations of sand, which had been formed by the blast, presented a new, and strange appearance on every side. Exhausted with thirst, with famine and fatigue, my horse could no longer support his weight. He fell lifeless at my feet. The dawn of day only aggravated my sufferings. The sun deprived me of the little strength which I had left. I endeavoured to proceed a few steps; but soon incapable of advancing farther I fell into a bush, and I expected, or rather invoked death. The sun had already reached the meridian, when the roaring of a lion struck my ear. I got up with difficulty and perceived the terrible animal running across the sands. It then struck me that he might perhaps be proceeding to some fountain which was known by the wild beasts of these solitudes. I recommended myself to the power which protected Daniel, and praising God, I rose and followed my strange guide at a fearful distance. We soon reached a small valley, where I saw a well of fresh water surrounded with verdant moss. A date-tree grew near the bank, whose bending branches were hung with ripe fruit. This unexpected succour restored me to life. The lion drunk at the spring, and moved slowly away, as if to give me up his place at the banquet of providence. From the valley of palms I descried a high mountain in the east. I directed my steps to this species of Pharos which seemed to invite me to a friendly port across the fixed floods and thick waves of an ocean of sand. I reached the foot of the mountain; I began to climb the dark and calcined rocks which closed the horizon on all sides. The night was setting in; I heard nothing but the steps of a wild beast, which walked before me, and broke some dry plants as he passed in the shade. I thought that I recognized the lion of the fountain. On a sudden he began to roar; the echoes of these unknown mountains seemed to be awakened for the first time, and returned a wild murmur to the accents of the lion. He stopped before a cavern, the entrance of which was closed by a stone. I could distinguish a faint light through the clefts of the rock. My heart palpitated with curiosity and hope; I approached, I looked, when to my astonishment I really discovered a light at the farther end of this grot. Whoever you may be, cried I, you who feed the wild beasts, have compassion on a traveller, who has lost his way. I had hardly pronounced these words when I heard the voice of an old man, who was chanting a hymn. O Christian! I exclaimed again, give admission to a

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brother in distress. I had hardly spoken when I saw a man appear who was bent with age, and who seemed to have numbered as many years as Jacob. He was dressed in a robe made of the leaves of the palm. Stranger, said he, you are welcome! You see a man who is mouldering to the dust. The hour of my sweet sleep is at hand; but I can still show you some transient marks of hospitality. Enter, my brother, the grot of Paul. I followed him trembling with respect for this founder of christianity in the sands of the Thebaid. At the farther end of the grotto a palm tree formed a sort of bower with its twining branches. A spring of limpid water bubbled near. From this spring flowed a small stream, which had hardly escaped from its source before it was merged in the bosom of the earth. Paul sat down with me at the margin of the water, and the lion which had showed me the Arab's well, came and crouched at our feet.'

The author then describes the site of Lacedæmon as it appeared from 'the flowery declivity of the Thornax,' from which Sparta, and the vale of Laconia are seen.

'In the west rose the mountainous chain of the Taygetus crowned with forests and with snow; other mountains less elevated formed a parallel curtain in the east; which gradually subsided into the summits of the reddish sides of the Menelaium. The valley comprehended between these two chains of mountains, was obstructed to the north by a confused mass of irregular hills. These as they descended towards the south form at last the shelving banks on which Sparta was built. From Sparta to the sea we perceived only a continued tract of fertility, intersected with vineyards and corn-fields, and shaded with groves of olives, of sycamores, and planes. The Eurotas took its meandering way through this smiling solitude; and concealed under impending shades its azure streams, which were embellished by the swans of Leda.'

Cymodoce, the wife of Eudorus, who had landed at Joppe on her way to Jerusalem, passed the plain of Sharon, which furnishes an image of beauty to the scriptures, and which was richly carpeted with those flowers which surpass the magnificence of Solomon.

'They cross the torrent,' says M. de Chateaubriand, 'from which the shepherd of Bethlehem picked the pebbles with which he slew the Philistine; they penetrate a desert where a few wild figs, scattered here and there, exposed their dark foliage to the burning wind of the south. The earth lost the verdure which it had hitherto preserved; the sides of the mountains become dilated and assume at once an air of greater grandeur and sterility; by degrees all vegetation fades and dies; even the mosses disappear; a red and burning hue is diffused over the pale surface of the rocks. On ascending an elevated hill the pilgrims suddenly descry an old

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wall surmounted with the roofs of some new edifices. The guide cries out 'Jerusalem!' and the troop suddenly arrested by an involuntary emotion, repeat 'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!'

ART. V.—*Voyage de Decouvertes aux Terres Australes, &c. Voyage of Discovery to the South Seas, executed by order of his Majesty the French Emperor by the Corvettes le Geographe, le Naturaliste, and the Casaurina Galley during the years* 1800, 1, 2, 3 *and* 4. *Published agreeably to an Imperial Decree issued during the Administration of M. Champagny. By J. M. Peron, Naturalist on the Expedition, Member of the Institute, &c. vol.* 1*st.* 4*to. with an Atlas. Printed at the Imperial Press.* Paris. 1808.

THE expedition to the South Seas under the command of Captain Baudin, undertaken by command of the French government forms the subject of this volume. The narrative given by this officer himself of his voyage not having proved satisfactory to the *savans* of the French institute, and the author having fallen under the displeasure of his employers in consequence of deviating from his instructions, M. Peron now comes forward as the official journalist of the expedition. The report of the institute published as a preface to the work, encourages the public to expect much gratification from its perusal. The author is described as being the only zoologist attached to the expedition who performed the whole of the voyage, and after bestowing great praise on his indefatigable and zealous services, we are informed that he has enriched natural history and particularly zoology more than any voyager of modern times. His work upon this recommendation is published at the expence of the French government.

The expedition sailed on the 19th of October 1800 from Havre; at Teneriffe the ship remained ten or twelve days, which gave our author an opportunity of surveying the Peak of that island. In contradiction to former geographers he takes occasion to observe that this is not the highest mountain of the globe, being only two thousand toises above the level of the sea.

The passage from the Canaries to the Isle of France was one of the most tedious ever known, in consequence of calms experienced on the coast of Africa.—The first book concludes with a short but interesting description of the Isle of France.

The second book comprises the voyage from the Isle of France to Timor. Scarcely had our voyagers quitted the former place on the 25th April, 1801, when their commander informed them that from that day forward they might expect only half a pound of fresh bread every ten days: that the rations of wine

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would be discontinued, and three glasses of wretched *tafia*, from the Isle of France, substituted in its place; and that biscuits and salt provisions would in future constitute their daily food.

According to his instructions M. Baudin should have in the first place steered for Van Diemen's Land to the south of New Holland; but the tediousness of the navigation from Europe to the Isle of France, and his long stay at that island made the season so far advanced that he resolved to explore the north east of New Holland:

'This important determination,' says M. Peron, 'gave general dissatisfaction, because our situation did not imperiously call for it; the season although already far advanced was not so much so as to prevent us from doubling the south Cape; and as from this point we had at all times to beat up for the equatorial regions, we gave it as our opinion that the instructions of government ought to be more attended to, particularly as we knew them to be the result of deep study and meditation among men of science at home. My readers will subsequently see the bad effects of this change of destination.'

On approaching the land, the author remarked with surprize, a sudden and complete change in the progress of meteorological phenomena. Hitherto the easterly winds had been constantly very humid, and accompanied with fogs and rain, attended by the elevation of the thermometer and hygrometer, and the depression of the barometer.

In the vicinity of the western coast of New Holland, the same winds exhibited characters totally different; under their influence the atmosphere was pure and serene, and the meteorological instruments, the thermometer alone excepted, acted in a manner quite contrary.

Reflecting upon the causes of this sudden change, M. Peron thought he might draw the singular conclusion, that the part of New Holland which they first made must have been a flat country, destitute of high mountains, tall forests, or even large streams of fresh water: he drew up a memoir upon this subject; but all those to whom he shewed it refused to subscribe to his opinions until they were compelled to admit their accuracy on the 27th May, when the land first came distinctly in view.

This was Leuwin's Land, which they explored as well as they were able, but not without undergoing many hardships, which the author has feelingly described. During this excursion, which lasted until the 19th of June, the author and his colleagues made some fine collections of curiosities, and particularly of new plants for which they made a suitable return by sowing several useful European vegetables: they discovered a cape to which they gave the name of *Cap du Naturaliste*, and a bay called *Baie du Geographe*. It is worthy of remark that

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however anxious to establish a communication with the natives of the country, they were uniformly unsuccessful: the naked inhabitants constantly fled at their approach or shewed symptoms of resistance to a closer acquaintance.

During this survey the two corvettes unfortunately separated on the 8th of June in a gale of wind accompanied by a thick fog. The three succeeding chapters of the second book relate to the operations of the *Geographe* only, on board of which M. Peron was; the adventures of the *Naturaliste* during her separation are detailed in the last two chapters of the book.

From Leuwin's Land the Geographe proceeded to Endracht's Land. While the country here is destitute of vegetation and presents a hideous aspect, the sea which washes the coast is peopled with various animals chiefly with *mollusci* and zoophytes, sea serpents, and whales. M. Peron enters upon a discussion respecting the sea serpents, of which he constitutes a family distinct from that of land serpents. The great abundance of whales, particularly in the great bay improperly called the Bay of Seals, excites an idea that this bay may one day become important on account of its fisheries.

The navigation along these shores is extremely dangerous on account of the breakers, and the voyagers were therefore obliged to keep out to sea with few opportunities of landing. They discovered a great number of islands and archipelagos in their rout, however, to which they gave names.

The sea in these regions abounds in fish of all descriptions, and the naturalists of the expedition were enabled to enrich their collections with several species of fishes, mollusci, crustaceæ, and zoophytes.

When the Geographe arrived at the extremity of the archipelago, to which he had affixed the name of Bonaparte, M. Baudin was compelled by the want of provisions of every description, and other causes, to quit the shores of New Holland and bear away for Timor. They sailed on the 18th of August, and on the 22d anchored in the roads of Coupang, the Dutch settlement in the island

The description of the island of Timor, given by M. Peron is entertaining and lively. The French were at first coldly received by the Malays, who mistook them for Englishmen, to whom they owed some old grudge: the voyagers were, however, soon treated with hospitality, and several Malays contracted a friendship for our author. His interview with Amadima, the king of Sabon, a neighbouring island, affords an opportunity of describing the manners and customs of the natives. Amadima proposes to exchange names with Peron in token of amity, and leaps for joy on obtaining the voyager's consent.

'This singular proposal,' says M. Peron, 'recalled the affecting

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custom of exchanging names so often mentioned by Cook as taking place in most of the South Sea islands, and which extends to the damp and foggy shores of New Zealand.'

The expedition remained eighty-four days at Timor, and M. Peron made use of that interval to collect materials respecting the topography of the island, and the history of the natives; he informs his readers that these acquisitions will form the subject of a distinct work. In other respects this long stay at Timor was very fatal to the crew; many fell sick, and several died; among the latter was the head gardener to the expedition, Anselme Riedlè, whose loss was deplored by all.

The third and last book in the volume contains the voyage from Timor to Port Jackson. They weighed anchor from Coupang bay on the 13th November 1801, and steered towards the south extremity of Van Diemen's land, which they came in sight of after a navigation of sixty days. Several of the sick died on the passage, and among the rest M. Levillain, one of the naturalists.

Here the author presents his readers with a great number of interesting facts principally relating to marine zoology. On the 13th of January 1802, the expedition anchored in Dentrecasteaux channel, in order to take in water; several landings were made with the view of finding a spring, and the author and M. Lesueur accompanied M. Freycinet, who was entrusted with the charge of visiting with this view the entrance of the river Huon and the Port of Swans. During the whole of the voyage the author had not seen a more picturesque or agreeable view than the latter affords, and the drawing he gives of it does great honour to his pencil. In their first excursion they had a very interesting interview with a family of natives, consisting of nine persons, one of whom, a young man, was particularly distinguished by a thoughtful and animated countenance, and by the attention with which he examined objects which were new to him. M. Peron on this occasion collected more than forty new species of mollusci, shells, crustaceæ and fishes. Their search after fresh water, however, was fruitless, after having spent much time they discovered a small river, abounding in trouts of a new kind, but it was so surrounded with marshes that it was impossible to fill the water-casks. Those of the crew who landed in other places were not more fortunate: the natives with whom they met were far from possessing that character of goodness and cordiality which the author found in the family above mentioned; notwithstanding the testimonies of friendship shewn them, and the presents which were heaped upon them they were treacherous to the last degree; indeed this was the general character exhibited by the natives wherever the voyagers landed when exploring these shores.

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Not having procured fresh water, the vessels penetrated farther up the channel. M. Peron landed on Isle Bruny accompanied by Messrs. Freycinet and Montbazin, and he brought off a great variety of new articles, particularly several species of coleopteras, of which, two appeared to be new genera, and a quadruped with palmated feet of a new description. In a second excursion to the same island he collected upwards of twenty new species of fishes, and twelve or fifteen species of new, or very scarce shells, among which was a trigonia valve *(trigonia antartica)* which had never been found alive before.

M. Peron accompanied M. Freycinet, who was ordered to ascend as far as he could the north river, the only one in this part of these countries which required a particular examination. They made several incursions into the country, and landed at several places up the river; they at last found a spring of water, at which they were able to fill their casks. They could not open a communication with the natives; but the author was able to extend still farther his collection in natural history.

During their stay in Dentrecasteaux channel, the author made several other landings at various points in Van Diemen's land, and the Island Bruny; he frequently took occasion, during this period to examine the natives of the country, and to collect details upon their manners, customs, arms, ornaments, language, &c.

M. Faurè had been detached for the purpose of examining the N.E. of the channel, and M. Peron gives his readers the result of these inquiries, with the view of correcting the vague geographical description given by admiral Dentrecasteaux.

After a stay of thirty-six days our navigators set sail from this channel on the 17th of February 1802, and steered to the S.E. of Van Diemen's Land. They anchored in the channel between this land and the Island Maria opposite Oyster Bay, when several landings were made by M. Marouard to make the line of this island, and to draw up a survey of it; he was accompanied by M. Boulanger, and the author; M. Freycinet, senior, was ordered to proceed southward to visit the whole of the coast of Van Diemen's Land comprehended between the cape opposite to the south point of Isle Maria, and cape *Frederick*. M. Freycinet, junior, was sent westward by the parallel of the most southward of the Schouten isles, in order to examine the whole of Van Diemen's Land opposite Isle Maria; finally M. Faure, accompanied by M. Bailly proceeded to lay down the geography of the Schouten islands.

While the latter were occupied upon the shores of a large bay, to which they gave the name of *Rieulè* Bay not far from Oyster Bay, with the geography of Isle Maria, the author penetrated into the interior of the country where he discovered a monument so far interesting as it had not been seen by any

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former voyager, and as it convinced him that the inhabitants burned their dead. This was a tomb, in the inside of which were ashes, and bones, with pieces of flesh still attached to them. The author discovered another next day, and after minutely describing both, he enters into a disquisition concerning the manners of the inhabitants. He then describes the enormous beds of fuci, which fringe a part of Riedlè bay; these beds are composed of one single species, namely the *fucus gigantinus*, the largest of all the marine vegetables, some having measured not less than three hundred feet in length.

On the 27th of February the ships again set sail towards the eastern coast of Van Diemen's Land. The Geographe entered Banks's and Bass's straits. The latter is the famous strait which separates New Holland from Van Diemen's Land. M. Peron describes it as about fifty leagues in length from north to south by an equal breadth. Banks's strait is a channel ten miles broad formed by Diemen's Land, and several islands at the eastern entrance of Bass's strait.

This strait led our navigators to a country entirely unknown before, and to which they gave the name of *Terre Napoleon*. This comprehends the portion of the south and south-west of New Holland, situated between Port Western, which M. Bass visited, and Nuyts's Land. The examination of this country was the principal object of the expedition; it having been fitted out to resolve the problem if New Holland was really one vast continent, and if there was any great river on its surface.

On the 29th of March the examination of this country was commenced, the Geographe having cast anchor in Port Western the day before. Forty three days were spent on this examination, and during this period two vast gulphs were discovered, which were called Gulph Josephine, and Gulph *Bonaparte*, the former of which penetrated one hundred, and the latter two hundred miles into the land. They discovered a very fine harbour upon the western shore of Gulph Bonaparte which received the name of Port Champagny, and which is described as one of the largest and safest in New Holland; more than one hundred and sixty islands, and an immense number of capes and bays, to all of which names were given, were also the result of this navigation, and they have been accurately laid down in Peron's charts. Upwards of a thousand leagues of coast were surveyed in this manner, including in this calculation all the various curvatures of the islands, and promontories. A great deal, however, was still wanting to render this examination complete; not only had several points of Napoleon Land escaped their notice, from the breakers and heavy gales preventing all access; but when, on the 30th of April, the expedition arrived near the island of Saint Pierre,

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(behind which it was necessary to penetrate before they could resolve the question respecting New Holland being one continent, by ascertaining the existence or nonexistence of the strait which had been supposed as existing there, and which opening into the bottom of Gulph Carpentaria, would cut New Holland into two large islands) they were unable to succeed, although several attempts were made for eight successive days, so much had they to contend against tempests, calms, and currents. The same obstacles had presented themselves to captain Flinders whose mission was of the same description, and whom they met on the 8th of April. A more ample examination of Napoleon Land would therefore have required a longer stay in these parts; but the crew of the Geographe, having been long reduced to a bad diet, and afflicted with the scurvy, was at this time in such distress, that it was necessary to put off the farther examination of these shores to another period, and to endeavour to reach the nearest anchorage.

On the 8th of May they steered for Port Jackson. The winter which had just commenced in the southern regions, and the epidemy which reigned on board the vessels imperiously dictated the shortest route possible, which was to run through Bass's Strait; but M. Baudin judged differently, and resolved to double the south point of Van Diemen's Land.

'So extravagant a resolution,' says the author, 'spread consternation on board, and the sad presentiments which it inspired, were, alas! too soon realized.'

In fact during this tedious passage, which lasted until the 20th of June, and which was almost continually accompanied with bad weather, not only a great number died, but the sick increased so much that at length only six men were able to keep on deck, and these were exhausted with fatigue.

On the 20th of May the commander brought up in Adventure bay, in order to take in wood and water, and land such of the sick as were capable of being moved. The author himself landed on this occasion to examine the bottom of the bay. This arm of the sea belongs to the east coast of Isle Bruny, which forms with Diemen's Land, the Dentrecasteaux channel; it is situated in 43° 20′ south latitude, and 145° 12′ longitude, from the meridian of Paris. Of all the points on Van Diemen's Land, and the islands adjoining to it, this is the best watered, and consequently the most interesting to navigators, as they may easily procure wood and water here at all seasons. The vegetable and animal productions here are precisely similar to those of the Dentrecasteaux channel. They found, however, a species of kangaroo smaller than that of Van Diemen's Land, and which in their opinion constitutes a particular species; they also discovered two new species of squali, six or eight feet

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in length, and some new species of mollusci, crustaceæ, and insects, to enrich their collections.

On the 22d of May they set sail; but such was the feeble state of their crew, that it required more than four hours to weigh the anchor. Our voyagers remained several days at the entrance of Port Jackson, without being able on account of the weakness of the crew to practice the necessary seamanship to enable them to enter the harbour. On the 20th of June, however, they succeeded in consequence of a supply of men being sent off from the shore. Scarcely had the crew landed when the sick began to recover with astonishing rapidity, excepting two who died the day after the ship had anchored. All the rest, who had been nearly on the brink of the grave, were restored to health in a few days. The author asks, what are the causes of the magical effect of revisiting Terra Firma, and of vegetables upon a disease against which the powers of medicine are in vain displayed on ship-board?

A few days after the Geographe anchored at Port Jackson the Naturaliste also arrived, from which she had again separated on the 8th of March.

The expedition remained at Port Jackson nearly five months, and the scientific gentlemen who accompanied it were not idle. They were warmly assisted and patronized by the government of the colony, and great praise is bestowed on the English residents for their politeness and hospitality.

'All who held official situations whether civil or military, indeed every inhabitant of the colony crouded around us to repair our losses and make us forget our misfortunes. Our sick were admitted into the government hospitals and were attended by English surgeons with the most affectionate care. Every thing the country could afford was placed within our reach. The governor having given us an unlimited credit upon the public treasury, our commander was furnished with printed cheques which he could fill up with any sum he pleased, and these cheques with the bare signature of the French commander attached to them were taken by the inhabitants with a confidence highly honourable to the character of the French nation. Our provisions, wine, biscuit, &c. were exhausted: every facility was afforded us for renewing our supply of these necessaries, and the magazines of the government were frequently opened in order to supply us with articles which the merchants could not furnish. By this powerful assistance, we were enabled to re-equip our two vessels and to purchase a third for the purposes of the voyage. At the same time our scientific researches received every possible encouragement. A guard of British soldiers was posted at our observatory, situated upon the north point of the eastern shore of Sydney Cove. The whole country was open to the excursions of our naturalists. The privilege of wearing arms, so seldom granted in these countries to the inhabitants themselves, was given to us and our suite:—guides

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and interpreters were supplied, and in short the proceedings of the English inhabitants were so full of magnanimity and generosity that I should be wanting in the common principles of honour and justice were I to omit thus publicly expressing the gratitude of myself, and colleagues.'

We are particular in quoting M. Peron's tribute of approbation to the British inhabitants of New South Wales, because it exhibits a striking contrast to the base and unmanly treatment of our enterprising and ingenious countryman captain Flinders by the French government. His little vessel was most wantonly captured at sea, and carried into the Isle of France; the crew were imprisoned, and the magnanimous French government have refused to confer a benefit upon mankind in general by releasing captain Flinders with his numerous charts and drawings of the regions he had explored!

The nineteenth chapter of M. Peron's narrative contains a minute description not only of the town of Sydney, the capital of the English colonies, but also the environs and the most remarkable circumstances connected with the other colonies. The parts of this description which seem to possess most interest are the observations of the author upon the physical constitution of New Holland in general, and chiefly the mountains, rivers, and winds: all these subjects present phenomena so extraordinary that they are directly contrary to all the principles which have been hitherto laid down in natural philosophy.

During their stay at Port Jackson, the commander of the expedition, instructed by experience that his ships, and particularly the Naturaliste, were too large for the geographical operations remaining to be performed on the shores of New Holland, took the resolution of sending the Naturaliste back to France, and purchased a galley of thirty tons burden, then on the stocks. All the healthy men belonging to the Naturaliste were taken out, and their places supplied by the convalescents and valetudinarians of the Geographe, and captain Hamelin was ordered to proceed to France with the former vessel to give an account of the voyage to the French government. The Naturaliste also carried with her to France the collection of natural history made during the voyage, M. Lesueur and the author were occupied three weeks in packing this collection, which filled thirty-three large chests, and contained upwards of 40,000 animals of all kinds.

The volume now before us brings down the author's narrative to the 18th of November 1802, the day on which the remaining part of the expedition sailed from Port Jackson, to continue their discoveries. Two chapters are, however, added on curious and interesting subjects. In the first M. Peron communicates to his readers the result of experiments made

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with *Regnier's dynamometer** upon the physical strength of the savages of Van Diemen's Land, New Holland, and the island of Timor, compared with that of Englishmen and Frenchmen. These experiments, from which it results that the French and English are far superior in bodily strength, are of great importance to physiologists, since they destroy in a decisive manner the opinions of those, who endeavour to extol savage nature at the expense of civilized society, by imputing to the savage a superiority in physical strength. M. Peron has published several comparative tables, and it may be worth while perhaps to inform our English readers that the strength of an Englishman is, to that of a Frenchman as 71 to 69, thus giving a superiority to the former. The natives of New Holland are rated at 51 in this scale. In accounting for the causes of the feebleness of the natives of Van Diemen's Land, New Holland, and Timor, the author states that with respect to the latter, as they enjoy all the necessaries and comforts of life in abundance their weakness must be ascribed to their warm and moist climate, and to their indolent habits of life. With respect to the people of Diemen's Land and New Holland, he ascribes their relative weakness to the badness and scantiness of their food, and to the excessive fatigue they undergo in order to procure it, but he also shews that this habitual famine is entirely produced by their savage state, and that in all probability the introduction of civilization might remedy this defect in physical strength.

We promise ourselves much gratification from a perusal of the continuation of this work. M. Peron's stile is elegant, and he is at all times instructive and amusing. This volume is accompanied with an atlas consisting of forty engravings. The subjects are plans, views, and portraits of the natives of Diemen's Land, New Holland, and the island of Timor, with representations of their houses, furniture, arms, &c. The drawings made of subjects connected with natural history have also been engraved, but the most valuable accompaniments to the work, in a scientific point of view, namely the maps and charts laid down during the voyage, have not yet made their appearance.

ART. VI. *Alphonse, ou le fils naturel; par Madame de Genlis. 3 Toms. 12mo. Dulau. 1809.*

IS there no bedlam in Parnassus? no private mad-house, at

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* For a description of this curious instrument, vide Philosophical Magazine, Vol. I. p. 399.

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least, to which outraged sense has the power of committing the most dangerous lunatics for her own protection? That

> 'Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders that he sung,'

fell a melancholy victim to the extravagance of his own imagination.—The 'mighty magician of Udolpho,' has added another sad example of the danger to be apprehended from an ungoverned fancy.—Yet, M. de Genlis whose daily reveries do more violence to the moral, than the wildest of romance-writers ever imagined against the natural world, is still suffered to range about at liberty, exhibiting to view in her Alphonses and Herminies, her Barons de Jussy, and Comtes de Melvil, monsters of human nature, such as would be sought for in vain in the cabinet of Buffon or Hunter's Museum.

All this she does too, under cover of the most cool and sage philosophy. To hear her talk in her preface, one would expect nothing at all more romantic than 'the Shepherd of Salisbury plain,' or 'Farmer Thoroughgood's last Legacy to his children.'

'If virtue were but a matter of agreement,' says our fair moralist, (and Mrs. Hannah More might have said as much), 'then secret vice, though wrapped in impenetrable mystery, would have no evil influence on the events of life: every bad action is attended with bad consequences; every act of disobedience to the divine law, is followed, sooner or later, by pernicious results. Vice overturns all things, even the most natural sentiments.'

(by the way, if this last effect is to be produced by vice alone, how consummately vicious must be the mind of Madame de Genlis!)—

'Vice engenders nothing but unhappiness and disorder in society while virtue alone can preserve its harmony.'—

The fair writer goes on to inform us that her present work was composed on purpose to illustrate principles so new and uncommon. The succeeding sentence, however, unfolds a little more of her true designs, although it will lead no person to conjecture the excessive extravagances and absurdities to which it is meant to refer.

'It has been my design,' she says, 'to conduct the heroes of my tale to happiness by the contradiction of all their passions, at the same time shewing the danger of wandering from the path of duty in delivering one's self up with enthusiasm to imaginary and fantastic virtues.'

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We really do not know what are, in Madame Genlis's opinion, the boundaries between real and fantastic virtue; but, for our own parts, sooner than live in such a society as that of the three happy pair of lovers who are dismissed at the end of the romance with the full approbation and benediction of the writer, we would commence sheep-stealers for the sake of being sent to Botany-bay at the expence of government.

Our amiable moralist goes on to inform us 'that persons have complained that the moral of her works is too severe and inflexible.' This we should not have expected, at least, from such as have read her 'Duc de Lauzun.' We must, however, in this respect allow her, she says, a few words of explanation.

'There is no compounding a matter with one's conscience, and no human consideration should prevent one from condemning formally that which is vicious. It is a crime, for example, while one is passing a general judgment, to say that knavery is excusable in certain cases, that adultery is often only an interesting weakness, &c. &c.'

Oh Madame de Genlis! Madame de Genlis! have you then abandoned that pattern of men, that mirror of princes, your once *idolized* Louis quatorze? Have you recalled those sentiments of tender sympathy which once inspired your breast in favour of the too amiable princess de Monaco, and of that most elegant and refined of courtiers who kicked Mademoiselle de Montpensier in the seat of honour?

Nevertheless, if Madame de G. has really renounced some of her past predilections, we cannot but applaud the change of her sentiments, and must acknowledge that in the novel now before us she has for the most part kept very properly up to her new principles of rigid morality.

We have another source of satisfaction in finding that Madame de G. herself seems, while she gives the reins to her extravagance of sentiment, to be well aware of the judgment which will be passed on her absurdities by persons of common sense; and in finding ourselves saved the disagreeable task of giving our censure in detail, by M. le Baron de Jussy, the only personage of her drama endowed with a particle of understanding, and on whom she therefore takes a severe revenge by making him commit, at the conclusion of her romance, the mot extravagant action that is performed in the whole course of it. We shall be readily excused for preferring the words of M. le Baron himself to any which we could substitute in the room of them.

'So at last, said he, repairing the imprudences you have

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committed by the most outrageous extravagance, guarding yourself against one act of shameful folly, only by delivering yourself up to a thousand follies of romance, you have found the means of spoiling at one and twenty the most brilliant prospects that the world can yield. A transcendent wit has never proved a source of happiness to woman: none of you are wise enough to employ it to your real advantage! you all abuse it, and turn it either to an unworthy, or an unfortunate account. You have not foreseen all that may take place. You know that it is not Zoè that Alphonse loves, but yourself;'—'yes, but without hope—he feels as well as I do the necessity which must for ever keep us apart.'—'Well—but you agree that time must be allowed to make him marry her.'—'Yes, for I know the grandeur of his soul well enough to know also that the fortune I give to Zoè will be to him only an additional reason to resist the proposed union.'—'Charming philosophy—exquisite good sense!—*Oh, how far preferable are the old beaten roads of sense and honesty to all those singular refinements of delicacy which one knows not whether most to condemn, to ridicule, or to wonder at! In this corrupt age, lively imaginations, and empassioned souls have thought it necessary to make a new code of love and friendship; and all is subtilized, all is outraged in this code:* HOW MUCH BETTER TO HAVE RE-ESTABLISHED THE OLD ONE!'

Notwithstanding these wise observations of the baron's, Madame G. contrives that at the end of the conversation, he should consent to become an actor in the *insensate* plan which he had so justly ridiculed. It is very possible, undoubtedly, for a beautiful girl of twenty to shake the sternest resolves of the wisest philosopher; but the victory will, in that case, not be the triumph of romance over sense, but that of female loveliness over human frailty.

What the absurd scheme was, into which M. le Baron de Jussy was so foolishly persuaded to enter, or what is the general plan of this extraordinary fiction, we must leave it to our readers to find out for themselves, and shall conclude our present article by presenting a specimen of Mad. de Genlis's talent in portrait-painting, which we think she generally exercises with good sense and discrimination: we shall select her description of one whom we have already introduced to our reader's acquaintance, 'the prudent, and phlegmatic Baron de Jussy.'

'This was a man, one of the coldest, and least susceptible of enthusiasm in all France. He had a mind full of observation, and capable of reflection, but having been employed in a diplomatic capacity for fifteen years, he had studied men only in the way of negociation, a light in which the most indulgent and the most penetrating will see them in shade and judge harshly of them. Too often do we attribute to individuals faults, which in fact, are those attached to their professions, to their employments in life, and are

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not at all connected with their characters: we know that nothing can give authority to evil; the most useful, the most sublime policy in the end must, without doubt, be a strict adherence to rectitude. But when a negociation is commenced, we are commonly so eager for its termination, so tempted to employ the most expeditious methods; and those are in general so dishonest. . . . . This is the reason that men of patient dispositions commonly conduct themselves with most integrity. The baron was of this description: his experience and observations had inspired him with so much contempt for men of lively and passionate minds, that enthusiasm, whatever might be its motive, always appeared to him to be something extravagant, or at least ridiculous. He did not esteem men; but his coldness preserved him from the misery of hating them: like all men of disappointed ambition, he was become *egoïste et frondeur*. This is the misanthropy of our age, and it has always been that of courtiers deceived in their expectations. His egotism was the effect particularly of his isolated situation: he had been possessed of sensibility; his heart was shut, but it was not hardened: it was difficult to penetrate it, but it might yet be touched. To finish our portrait of the baron, it must be added that, though he had much wit he was not at all *eloquent* in conversation; he always expressed himself in a very common and in a very laconic manner. He loved common places; he called them 'sentences consecrated by experience;' he had the particular talent of drawing from them sometimes the most striking consequences. Fine speakers, and people fond of phraseology, often took him for a fool: Thinkers, and those who looked a little deeper than the surface of things, soon perceived that he was not an ordinary character.'

ART. VII.—*Preussens Zukunft von H. B.* 8vo. *Prussia's Future State.* Berlin. 1807.

WHEN a well-written pamphlet becomes popular, it no more shows the course of the public mind, than a fly, walking on the water, teaches the course of the stream. But when a pamphlet of inferior intrinsic worth is hailed with fashionable applause, and passes through successive editions, it must be classed with the straws on the flood, and indicates the real direction of the current.

This declamatory address to the Prussians softly laments the past, and soothingly predicts the future; but as it has no very definite drift nor purpose, no very acute remarks nor splendid exhortations, its popularity is but a feature of the times, and, alas! it is a symptom of the general debility. Its inanity, however, may assist in appretiating the national character, which prefers patience to effort, palliatives to remedies, and compliments of condolence to the chance of cure.

Energy is often destroyed by refinement. The higher classes

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are the fittest governors in quiet times; they attain all their ends with less difficulty, and with a more comprehensive advertence to the multiplicity of petty interests, than the inferior and ruder classes. But where a great end is at stake; define it clearly to coarser minds, and they will take the straiter course for its attainment. Their very ignorance of the value of those moral, honourable, and pecuniary considerations which sway the civilized and educated world, causes them to snap asunder all those filaments which pull the national rope aside from its proper tug.

Prussia has suffered from the progressive refinement of the ruling power. With a more enlightened has been adopted a more timid policy. Rank, by engrossing every office, has superseded merit, and extinguished zeal. The noble command every army; the noble domineer in the judicial and administrative institutions; they do all this gratuitously or on lower terms than would suffice for talents in a less elevated sphere. But they are in consequence unable to purchase popularity at home, or to resist temptation from abroad. An exclusively privileged class is always an odious class; and those who do not possess, seldom care to deserve, the public confidence.

With a constitution, which nothing but high personal merit in the monarch could endear, with provinces so detached, with local institutions so dissimilar, with the national prejudice so habitually directed against the Austrians, with an army German indeed, but not Prussian, what was, during the late difficulties, to be hoped? Nothing. A consolidation of the national fragments must first be accomplished,—by means of some simple plan of representation, easily executed through the people themselves. Convene the deputies of the nation, and the authorities not in unison with the national interest, will shortly bend before an independent parliament. A patriot king, and hesitate? This sunken monarch has not republicanism to fear. From his extant deposition, from his prefecture under a foreign foe, it would be exaltation to resign himself into the hands of an assembly of national representatives. But a prince capable of so much true magnanimity could not be spared from the chieftaincy of the community.

Prussia with a constitution sufficiently free to tempt the accession and adhesion of those German provinces, which now, not irrationally, for transient interests prefer the protection of a French master, would speedily reconquer her lost territories; and would absorb the whole of protestant Germany.

This is a meagre and vapid performance.

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ART. VIII.—*Geschichte der drey letzen Jahrhunderte. Von Johann Gottfried Eichhorn. 6 Vol.* 1806.

History of the three last Centuries by J. G. Eichhorn, 8vo. Gottingen.

EICHHORN'S *Weltgeschichte,* which was intended to separate, in a purely historic form, the mass of his scriptural researches, his peculiar infreences respecting the antiquities of the Jewish and neighbouring nations, was noticed by us, vol. iii. p. 539.

His *Introduction to the New Testament,* which first disclosed those views concerning the origin of the three first gospels so interestingly defined by Mr. Herbert Marsh, was attentively examined by us, vol. x. p. 449.

These two works, which interest the theological more than the practical world, display profound learning, acute sagacity, a liberality of sentiment, and a candor of appreciation, which form an epocha in biblical criticism. His literary attentions are now turning to modern affairs.

Already, in the year 1799, he published two volumes entitled *Geschichte der Cultur,* or history of civilization, which begin at the darkest period of the middle age, and trace the progress of returning literature and illumination to the dawn of the reformation. This history of modern European *culture* (to employ his own word in a sense not yet thoroughly familiar in our language) marks the progressive evolution of letters, sciences, and the fine arts; describes their gradual migrations, and local revolutions; and records, in convenient chronological assemblages, the operations of those minds, which have illustrated the various nations of Europe, since the mixture of the Gothic race.

It must at all times have been interesting to the countries that have basked in the sunshine of European refinement, to look back on the causes which accelerated, or retarded, or modified, in different ages, the civilization which they have severally attained. It is now become peculiarly interesting (to repeat a melancholy simile) when the crimson rays of declining day begin to quiver on the gathering clouds; and when a garish brilliance overspreads the prospect only to announce its speedy disappearance; when, the palaces of our princes, the temples of our piety, and even the halls of our jurisprudence are menaced with the earthquake of revolution.

The professor divides this history of European improvement into three periods; the first advancing from 1100 to 1450, that is, from the very midnight of the dark ages to the invention of printing; the second extending from 1450 to 1650,

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that is from the era of the typographic art to the establishment of protestantism; and the third reaching from 1650 to 1789, that is from the completion of the reformation to the commencement of the French revolution. In fact these events have severally given a wholly new character to manners and to literature.

With the events of the three last centuries no one who lays any claim to general information can bend to be ignorant. Without an historic knowledge of preceding times, no correct idea can be formed of the events of the day: nor can even a newspaper be read with advantage. Neither the mere observer of the passing scene, nor the speculative and practical author, nor the man of political activity, can without sensible inconvenience, neglect such information. No valid excuse can be imagined for the omission; as the conquest of this department of history is attended with fewer difficulties, than the study of obscurer or remoter ages.

The history of the three last centuries forms in a peculiar degree a detached and independent whole; and requires for its explanation fewer retrospections into former times than any other period. It may therefore be understood and followed with a comparatively slight knowledge of the middle ages or of antiquity, by any one, who, without having received a learned education, has not wholly disregarded the cultivation of his mind.

Still this study cannot easily be conducted without some book, which should not merely give a general but a particular sketch of the events, in a natural order and in concatenated union. A middle path should be observed between too meagre an epitome, and too copious a detail; so as to present the incidents with distinctness and perspicuity. The style should be of that universally intelligible kind, which avoids all technical phraseology; and so much of reference to authorities should be included, as may facilitate the examination of any particular event, not sufficiently evolved in the narrative for the gratification of individual curiosity.

The writer, who attempts such a book, has to collect and to arrange a vast mass of dispersed materials: and he must possess judgment enough to pick out only what is essential, and to lay aside every thing that can be spared. In the course of his severe and toilsome tasks of selection, he must continually keep his attention fixed on his materials, yet without digressing into reflective dissertations. Shortness of delineation is not attained merely by parsimony of expression, but by the act of reducing every incident to those details, which are peculiar and characteristic.

Such a book on the events of the three last centuries had hitherto been wanting to the literature, not only of the Ger-

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mans, but of the surrounding European nations. 'Hence,' continues professor Eichhorn,

'I was led to look over my papers with a view to ascertain what remained to be provided for the due execution of such a task. My long historical studies, and my recent publications concerning modern history, had occasioned me to read and to abbreviate many series of events, which would here be in their place, but which I had formerly pursued beyond the point which I had then more particularly in view. I had insensibly methodized my collections; I had reduced them to more analogous proportions; and the blanks which remained to be filled up by new and appropriate enquiries and relations, ceased to appear so numerous or so formidable. And thus the book, which I now offer to the public, has grown up, with less of previous purpose on my part, than my former works.

'Imperfect I know it to be in a considerable degree; but it may serve to fill up a blank in our literature, until some man of stronger intellect, of more comprehensive knowledge, and of more cultivated talents shall supply the want of such a manual in a better manner than I am able to do. During the progress of my labour, I have especially kept in view the accommodation of the man of business, who, without the leisure to consult many books, wants a precise idea of the leading facts. I have kept in view the preceptor, who usually connects his instructions with some historic elementary book, the occasional deficiencies of which he himself supplies; I have kept in view the young author, who wants an historic manual of recent events, with abundant literary references for the further investigation.

'Probably it will not be unwelcome to educated men in general to renovate and refresh the acquirements of their early years, in company with a new observer of the world, whose points of view differ perhaps from those which they were instructed in youth to take; but which may harmonize more with the later inferences of individual intellect, or with the present tendencies of general opinion.'

Such is the plan which Professor Eichhorn designed to realize in the present work. We are sorry that we cannot bestow much praise on the execution. There are parts which evince the learning, genius, and sagacity of the writer; but it is on the whole a very careless and inaccurate performance. It appears indeed to be a sort of bookseller's job, and to have been written rather for pelf than for fame.

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Art. IX.—*C. M. Wieland's Sammtliche Werke*, 8vo. Leipzig.

C. M. Wieland's collective Works. 1804. &c. vol. XXXIII. XXXVII.

OUR communication with the continent has been so much interrupted, that we can only now continue the account of that new edition of Wieland's writings, of which preceding portions were reviewed in our second volume, p. 543, and in our third volume, p. 526.

The thirty-third, thirty-fourth, thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth tomes of Wieland's collective works are entirely and exclusively filled with the correspondence of Aristippus, which describes Greece in the age of Socrates.

Aristippus is the son of a rich merchant of Cyrene; who is sent by his father to make the tour of Greece and a stay at Athens; as our young men of fortune visit Italy and Paris. During his journey, he addresses letters to his different connections in which he describes the scenery and incidents of his way. We shall translate two of the letters as specimens of the work, from which our readers will probably derive a more just idea of the execution than from a dry analysis of the whole.

Letter xxxii. Aristippus to Hippias.

'Probably you have already seen Xenophon's Anabasis, which for some time past makes much conversation about itself and its author. If this be not already the case, you may get a copy from Miletus; the demand for this book is so universal, that the Bibliokapeli of Athens and Corinth have nothing more urgent than to employ all the copiers, who can be picked up in either town, upon the multiplication of it. I do not think I say too much of this work, confined as its topic is, if I compare it, in regard to the historic art, with the celebrated canon of the statuary Polycletus; and maintain that every history, on whose truth we are to depend, ought so to be written. The whole relation is like a landscape in full sunshine; every thing lies clear and open before our eyes; nothing is merged in shade, that something else may be rendered more prominent; all appears in its proper shape and colour, nothing enlarged, nothing embellished. On the contrary, the opportunities, however frequent, to give effect by colouring and illumination to the extraordinary incidents, have been purposely neglected, and the events have been so naturally connected with their causes and consequences, the actions with their motives and with the pressure of external circumstances, that the most unusual and wonderful facts become as intelligible and comprehensible as every day occurrences.

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A painter, or a poet, of whom this were to be predicated, would not feel flattered by the praise: but what in them would betray a want of genius and art, is, in my opinion, the highest praise of the historian. Xenophon has made it difficult, if not impossible, for his successors herein to surpass him. Nothing can be less affected or even less adorned, than the natural grace of his style; nothing more simple and unpretending than his method of narration; nothing cooler and more impartial than his delineations of character, which, with all their definiteness and distinctness of drawing, are still so softly illumined, that every disadvantageous trait seems an unwilling sacrifice to truth. However, I willingly own that all I have been saying to the praise of the Anabasis was absolutely necessary as the author is himself the hero of the piece. The simplicity and modesty in which is enwrapt what of great and praiseworthy truth obliges him to say of Xenophon, if they had not been natural to him, must have been affected, in order to withdraw, beneath the veil of the graces, from the eye of captious criticism, what of obnoxious and of suspicious belongs to the relation of one's own good or great deeds.

'That which renders this book so peculiarly agreeable to me, is the Socratic *sophrosyne* which it breathes from beginning to end; and which, in all that Xenophon makes himself think, say or do, is so vividly depicted, that while I read, innumerable recollections are excited, which by putting me in mind of things heard or seen in Socrates, awake trains of thought indescribably interesting to me; but these allusions must be lost to many. Still this book, which is single in its kind, must, even for those who have had no such near connexion with Socrates, always remain one of the most amusing which our language has to exhibit; and I am much mistaken, or it will continue to the latest times to be the favourite manual, and inseparable companion, of all great generals.

'During the last thirty or forty years, the Athenians, to their own misfortune, have intrusted themselves to a set of wild, upstart, untaught generals, who seem never to have imagined, that to conduct a war, and to preside over an army, is an art which implies much science, and which requires to be learned like any other. Xenophon's Anabasis, it may be hoped, will open the eyes of such *autoschediasts*, as Socrates used to call them, and render sensible to them, how rare a union of great gifts of nature with a number of acquired talents, belongs to the idea of a general as he should be. What strength and sublimity of soul, what presence of mind, what moderation and power over one's self, what a quick, steady, sharp glance over the far and near, what care for the manifold wants of an army, what attention to the minutest details, what foresight of all possible accidents, what readiness to turn favourable ones to immediate account, and to repair the damage of unfavourable ones, what skill in proving, guiding, and gaining the subordinate, and in accustoming them by wise severity to punctual and willing obedience, in one word, how *infinitely* much is requisite, before a mere volun-

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teer, as Xenophon was when he offered his services to Cyrus, can show himself to be so perfect a general, as he did in this unexampled undertaking. Nothing less was at stake, than to bring back into their own country an army of ten thousand men, scraped together out of all parts of Greece, who had nothing to depend on for any sort of aid but themselves and their weapons, and who were moved out of the heart of a hostile country, through a long row of barbarous and inimical nations, over inaccessible mountains and bridgeless rivers, along a distance of above twenty-five-thousand stadia. Perhaps the most important service to collective Greece, which Xenophon has rendered by writing this book, is, to convince the Greeks how formidable they are to the barbarians by their heavy-armed infantry, and by their discipline and tactics; and how easy a thing it would be, if they were agreed among themselves, with thirty or forty thousand Greeks led on by an Agesilaus, or a Xenophon, to conquer the whole monstrous empire of Persia.

'And how do you think, Hippias, that the noble and wise Athenians have shown their esteem for a fellow-citizen, who does them so much honor, and from whose talents and character they might derive such important advantages. They feel themselves offended by his partiality for the Lacedemonians, which is to them only mortifying not injurious; and so they have banished him in perpetuity from Attica!

'If, during your stay in the agreeable Miletus, you have a vacant hour to employ on your friend Aristippus, by addressing the letter at Rhodes to the care of Lykofon the son of Menalippus, I shall come to meet it. Farewell.'

Letter xxxiii. Hippias to Aristippus.

'Xenophon's Anabasis, which as the return constitutes the main matter might as well have been called the Katabasis, was already known to me, when your letter came to hand. I too have read it with pleasure; and although I think that something must be abated of the high worth, which you attach to the book, yet I acknowledge it would not be easy to relate so very extraordinary a history, as that of the expedition of the ten thousand Greeks, with less parade, and in a more sincere tone. And this is certainly the most infallible method of placing a tolerably unsuspicious reader in the agreeable illusion, that he is reading the purest truth, and is not at all the dupe of this unaffected tone of narration. I do not say this in order to render the sincerity of Xenophon questionable; yet I am certain that each of the principal people, who play a part in this history, would have related it with different circumstances, and would have seen many things in a different aspect. Now, if each of these had written a Katabasis, would not the reader often have been irresolute which to believe?

'This objection avails indeed against the absolute and entire credibility of every narration of events, in which, beside the narrator, many other men, differing from each other in opinion, moral cha-

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racter, views and interests, happen to be involved. It can the less be removed, as it has a foundation in human nature itself, and therefore hardly admits of an exception in favour of any single individual. All that we are entitled to require of such a narrator is, that he should be disposed to give us nothing for truth, but what he considers as truth. If we are nevertheless deceived, the fault will be ours, not his.

'I have no doubt that Xenophon was honestly disposed to give us nothing but pure historic truth; I even believe that, to this laudable determination, he sacrificed no small portion of that amusement, which he might have furnished, had he, like Herodotus, been willing to allow a larger share of his narrative to imagination. Nothing is easier than for a writer, out of mere anxiety for being strictly true, to become tiresome. Against this fault Xenophon has taken good precaution. It may, however, be taken for granted, that an author, who relates his own history and deeds, if he is not wholly without genius, will never be very tedious.

'But, Aristippus, have you not observed the trick, which that wonderful enchantress, whom, for want of a more appropriate name, we are reduced to call self-love, has played upon our Xenophon, probably without his knowledge or consent? As often as he relates, what *Xenophon the Athenian* thought, said, did, and willed, she very gently and imperceptibly substitutes the *Socratic idea of a perfect general.* Of this illusion he was no doubt the less sensible, because, in order to guard against it, he always speaks in the third person, and thought he had thereby taken an admirable precaution against the sly encroachments of egotism. That, during the whole of the expedition, he should have kept this idea, or pattern, ever present to his mind, and that he should steadily have endeavoured to attain it, was worthy of the former pupil and habitual friend of the wisest of men: but that he should so completely have realized it in his own person, has in it a mixture of the poetical, of which he might not be altogether conscious.

'Or are we in good earnest to credit him, when he so undisguisedly pleads guilty to the Socratic weakness, and acknowledges that he seriously believes in Jupiter Meilichios, and Hercules Hegemon? And again, when, with the strait-forwardness of a Bœotian boor, he relates to us his dreams, and other ominous things, which he ought to have blushed at repeating after his great grandmother? I could not help laughing aloud, when, in the fourth book, I read what happened one day, while they were engaged in a laborious march up the Karduchian mountain, during a very violent and cutting north wind, which blew full in their teeth, and had to work their way through such a great depth of snow, that many men and much cattle were lost. 'One of the augurs then advised us to slay a sacrifice to the wind:' says Xenophon with a simplicity, which one would take for Socratic irony, were it not that he immediately continues with apparent seriousness; 'we sacrificed, therefore, and it appeared to us all, that the severity of the wind abated.'

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'This history, however, admits of a tolerable explanation. The god Boreas, who has an altar, as you know, at Athens, and in many parts of Greece, is singularly venerated by the Arcadians at Megalopolis; now a full third of Xenophon's army consisted of Arcadians. The thought of the augur, to pacify this deity by an especial sacrifice, was not irrational, as it might serve to revive the drooping valor of the common man, and to weaken the operation of the wind, if it did not meanwhile relent, by the might of an antagonistic faith. This last seems to have been the case, for Xenophon does not say that the wind really softened, but only that it appeared to us all to abate.

'It is more difficult to reconcile the sound sense of this Socratic general, with his supererogatory belief in hieroscopy. In fact he carries this weakness so far, that one often wishes to doubt his sincerity; and to be able to ascribe his singular perseverance in looking every minute for advice into the bowels of the victims, as if with the blindest confidence in their decision, to a trick of state-craft, adapted, in his estimation, to overawe the obedience of a set of men gathered from so many different Grecian states, discontented at the result of their baffled expectations, out of humour with each other, mistrustful of their commander, and always disposed to murmur or to revolt; for as such the ten thousand exhibit themselves throughout the history. But one is every moment compelled to give up this hypothesis; so frequent are the instances, wherein, without supposing him thoroughly to have believed in this sort of divination, his conduct would be utterly unintelligible, and not the slightest motive can be imagined for rendering his common sense suspicious in the eyes of his readers by such needless proclamation of his internal *deisidæmonia*.

'The strongest circumstance is, that in this superstition he far outdoes the master whose authority weighs with him so much. Socrates was for recurring to the livers of victims, and to the hexameters of the Pythia, only in cases when the oracle of reason is silent. But Xenophon says to his assembled soldiers: 'I take counsel, as you perceive, in the bowels of the victims, as often and as much as I can; both on your account, and on my own, that I may speak, think, and do nothing, but what is most for our glory and good.'

'In the greater number of these cases was not his reason obviously his safest guide? You will, perhaps, answer that, notwithstanding this rare weakness, Xenophon showed himself, during the retreat, one of the most intelligent, brave, and skilful officers that ever were. But would he not equally have been so, nay in a far higher degree, without so ridiculous a whim? Still I willingly acknowledge that Xenophon, bating a little Socratic pedantry, was, for all situations and relations of public and private life, not only the fittest, most polished, and most moral of the Socratics, but perhaps of all the Greeks. And still in his fiftieth year he is one of the handsomest: I have met him more than once here at Miletus, in the suite of Agesilaus.

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'By the bye this king of Sparta seems on the point of realizing what you indicate as a very possible consequence of the retreat of the ten-thousand. But the evil dæmon of the Greeks is in secret concert with the guardian deities of Persia. Or, to speak without metaphor, the internal discord, and reciprocal jealousy of the Greeks, which ever since the Trojan war has been the source of all their misfortunes, will now again prove the defence of the Persians. And this will always be the case until some king arises in Greece, who first of all puts an end to the independence of these several petty republics, which make such a miserable use of their freedom. Some such king will ere long arise, and fall like a tempest upon them; who knows whether he be not already born in Sicily, in Thessaly, or in Macedonia?

'The longer I live here, the more I perceive that you did not praise without reason the way of living at Miletus: the inhabitants appear to me to deserve the preference you gave them over the Athenians. The Milesians have the good sense not to want to play a more splendid part in the world than that to which they are invited by the situation of their city; and they appear from disposition to acquiesce in the moderation, to which their municipal rank most naturally destines them. Miletus is all that it can be: it is one of the most important and most flourishing trading towns of the world; and to retain this well-being seems its highest ambition.'

As a continuation of the Athenian Letters of Lord Hardwicke and his coadjutors, the correspondence of Aristippus might aptly be translated into English, and edited with analogous splendour. Those depict Greece, and the connected states during the age of Pericles; these during the succeeding generation. Those include more of topography, and of historic detail; these more of anthropography (if we may so denominate the ethic delineation of distinguished individuals,) and of philosophic literature. Cleander, like a travelling stranger is attentive to every object of curiosity, which nature, art, or genius, had created, and celebrity consecrated; Aristippus, like a native of the community, regards less what it has of peculiar than what of excellent; and places his highest delight in personal intercourse with the living ornaments of society, whom he aspires to rival, or to refine. Cleander, with all his antiquarian knowledge, often betrays the foreigner; Aristippus is quite at home in Greek society, and sketches each of his acquaintance with the vivid illusion of a dramatist. Cleander is at times the modern; Aristippus is always in costume: in the fifty-second, for instance, of the Athenian Letters, Socrates converses on the banks of the Ilyssus—but his sentiments are those of a christian philosopher. Compare the twenty-third letter of Aristippus, where, in the shade of another such plane-tree, a conversation occurs, carefully modelled on

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the recorded information of Plato, and in every thing breathing the spirit of antiquity.

The travels of Anacharsis, though they bear less resemblance of manner or purpose to the correspondence of Aristippus, are more comprehensive, as to matter, more condensed, as to style. They aspire to include the whole compass of Greek archæology; and are rendered by the multiplicity of references more conveniently verifiable, and more definitely instructive. The description of places and temples, so frequent in Barthelemy, is here neglected. No account is given by Wieland of the works of the poets: nor of any historian, except Xenophon. The criticism of sculpture, and the delineation of the Greek sects of philosophy, and of their founders, are executed here with much discrimination, and perhaps with more profundity of knowledge than by the learned Frenchman.

Wieland keeps uniformly in view one grand moral object—the sketch of such a man, as the philosophy of Aristippus tended to form. To enjoy, yet look down upon enjoyment; to render every colour, condition, and circumstance becoming; without being above little things to be equal to great ones; to subject events to the evolution of the man, not the man to events; and in all things to know, to taste, and to do what is excellent; such are the favourite maxims, which in theory he professes, and in behaviour realizes, and by which he accomplishes the union of the philosopher and the gentleman.

ART. X.—*Serie de Testi di Lingua usati a stampa, &c.*

Series of Editions of Classical Works referred to in the Vocabularies of the Academicians Della Crusca, with the Augmentations made to other Editions by Writers of Eminence; to which are adjoined critical and bibliographical Observations. Bassano. 1808. Remondini. London. Dulau.

M. GAMBA is the name of the author of this attempt to instruct the collectors of books with respect to the best editions of standard classical works. He had been preceded in a similar work by an Italian scholar of the name of Bravetti who published his *Judice de Libri a Stampa* at Venice in 1775. This last work was limited, however, to the books referred to in the Della Crusca vocabulary, and merely mentioned the best editions, at times elucidating the uncertainties of that great work. M. Gamba has greatly improved upon his predecessor: it is

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but proper, however, to add that Bravetti's work is by no means rendered useless by M. Gamba's present performance.

As might naturally be expected from an Italian, M. Gamba is uniformly copious in his account of the literature of his native country, and the admirers of Italian literature will no doubt be much gratified with information respecting the best editions of their favourite authors.

The collection of books cited in the Della Crusca vocabulary furnishes some fine specimens of the typography of the 15th century, and the valuable and scarce editions of the Aldi; the Giunti, &c. of that period are noticed with proper encomiums.

M. Gamba does not seem to have confined his researches to the mere authority of book catalogues. He has on all occasions of importance collated the work itself with the description given in the catalogue, and added notes respecting the scarcity, price, &c.

In many cases the authors of the Della Crusca vocabulary have been under the necessity of referring to mutilated or imperfect editions of various works. M. Gamba has been fortunate enough in many instances to procure a sight of perfect editions, and has very properly marked with an asterisk such articles as are peculiar to himself and for which he holds himself responsible.

The best Elzevir, Baskerville, and Bodoni editions of the classics, and the subsequent editions of cotemporary printers are briefly noticed in succession.

Upon the whole there can be little doubt that M. Gamba's work will be peculiarly acceptable as a standard book of reference to book collectors, particularly with respect to Italian literature.

ART. XI.—*Tableau Historique de la Formation des different Etats, &c.*

Historical Sketch of the Formation of the various States which have been established since the Fall of the Roman Empire to the present Day; preceded by a cursory View of the principal Revolutions which have taken place on the old Continent, to which are subjoined an Enquiry into the Causes of the two first Changes in the Dynasty of France; an analytical Account of the States General, and Reflections upon Chivalry, Tournaments, Duels, and Crusades. By J. Barjaud, Paris, 1809. 1 *vol.* 8vo. Chez Genet. London. Dulau.

WE are informed in a modest introduction that this is the

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first literary performance of its author. He tells us that he has *considered history in the mass and neglected its details.* This is of course the legitimate object of a 'sketch' as he denominates his work. He may be fairly reproached, however, with having neglected many important facts and with relating others of little moment; besides omitting entirely to mention certain great personages, who ought always to form the most prominent features in an historical survey. In his arrangement he has sometimes fallen into repetitions from neglecting the example of Bossuet in pursuing a regular chronological series. M. Barjaud instead of contemplating the destinies of empires from an eminence, has descended to the plain and seized upon petty divisions. This plan necessarily implies perplexity: indeed after mentioning the Romans as rivals of the Carthaginians, the author is found afterwards to exhibit the latter as rivals to the former.

With all his faults, however, M. Barjaud is an entertaining and sometimes an eloquent writer. We give his notice of Joan of Arc as a specimen of the rapidity with which he skims the surface of modern history.

'A young girl, named Joan of Arc, and afterwards called the maid of Orleans, saved Charles (VII.) and his kingdom, raised the siege of Orleans, conducted him to Reims to be consecrated, and recovered for him every inch of ground he had lost. She was taken prisoner by the English and burnt at Rouen as a sorceress.

'The detail of the artifices employed to criminate her fill the mind with indignation. We can scarcely believe that cruelty and fanaticism could go such lengths. What is peculiarly revolting, is the infamous conduct of the English generals, who secretly planned her condemnation in revenge for her victories and their defeat, for her glory and their shame. They had not even courage enough to avow their thirst of revenge, they levelled their blows in the dark at a *female*, whom they durst not face in open day, of whatever nature was the power which heaved her arm, and the spirit which directed her, she evinced singular fortitude and devotion to her country and king. She was surely entitled to the honors of war and to the respect of her enemies.'

The coup d'œil given by M. Barjaud of the last years of the interesting reign of Louis XIV. is tolerably well drawn up, and although it has the faults peculiar to all juvenile compositions, will perhaps shew the knack of the author at cursory details.

'Colbert was dead.—Louis had descended to the tomb: Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, and Catinat were no more. Louis had to oppose all Europe. He made head against the storm and victory at first declared in his favour: to these transient visits of fortune,

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succeeded reverses, so much the more perplexing as they were difficult to repair. The faults of the cabinet were imitated in the field. A scarcity of men accompanied a want of money. Louis sues for peace which is offered him on humiliating terms: he rejects them, bears his misfortunes with firmness and proposes to march at the head of his nobility in order to defend his crown. Little selfish interests at this moment detached the queen of England from the common alliance. The coalition was weakened by the retreat of the duke of Marlborough who had always led his army to victory. There still remained with the allies Prince Eugene, one of the best generals of his age and who made Louis repent of his not having foreseen his future career of glory. Villers alone was able to save France. That command was once more given him of which he had been deprived by court intrigue. He was opposed to Prince Eugene. He fought at Denain and France was saved.

'Louis did not survive these victories long, and this monarch, who had been so haughty and absolute, descended to the grave unhappy and unregretted.

'His reign was that of the fine arts and of great men. With Condè it was only the work of a moment to march against the enemy, to attack and conquer: Turenne the first general in Europe, in the practices of marching and encamping, was equally distinguished for profiting by those of his enemies: Luxembourg triumphed four times over a prudent, courageous and obstinate enemy in the plains of Fleurus, Steinkerke, Leuse and Nerwinde; Catinat knew how to conquer and yet never spoke of his victories, lived as a philosopher at court, in the field, and in private life, and died in retirement with a celebrity which he obtained without asking it.'

The portraits of Christina Queen of Sweden and of Charles the XII. are delivered in the same hasty yet pleasing manner.

'Gustavus Adolphus, grandson of Gustavus Vasa, was one of the greatest men ever produced in the north. He ascended the throne and gained victories at the age of twelve, his abilities as a king and general were equally conspicuous. He knew how to choose his ministers, a first rate quality in a monarch, and the name of his chancellor Oxenstiern will descend to posterity along with his own. He gained a grand victory near Leipsic over the whole united forces of Germany, and was killed in another battle at Lutzen with the same enemies, but over whom he once more triumphed.

'His daughter Christina, assisted by Oxenstiern, preserved the preponderance which the Swedish government had gained in the affairs of Germany. At the age of 28, she abdicated the throne and retired to Rome, from which she travelled into France. She had not fortitude enough to continue a queen, nor had she even courage to remain in a private station; she had quitted the throne

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striking point of view. On these accounts we think that this work of the Barrister amply merits public encouragement and general circulation.—The 'Illustrations of the Four Gospels,' by Mr. Jones, which we examined at length in our number for June, evince a spirit of theological research which has already elucidated some obscure passages of the gospel; and which, if the learned author persist in the course which he has begun, will probably enable him to make great accessions to our stock of theological lore, and to place many controverted points in the Christian scheme in a new and more luminous point of view. In our review of Mr. Jones's work, we took the liberty of differing from him on one or two topics; but we bestowed warm and well-merited praise on the general excellence of his book.

HISTORY.

Poyer's "History of Barbadoes," will gratify the curiosity, and reward the perusal of those who have property or connections in that island. The political state of the island from the early period when it first became an English settlement, is very accurately, very copiously, and very impartially detailed. The author displays equal candour and research, and though the nature of his work is not calculated to excite general interest, it may yet be read with pleasure by those who are fond of contemplating the operation of the passions and the varied mixture of patriotism and selfishness, of ambition, of envy, and intrigue in small political bodies, as well as in larger communities.—In Bigg's 'History of Miranda's Attempt to effect a Revolution in South America,' we have, on the whole, a not uninteresting, though rather confused account of the fruitless endeavour of this notable adventurer. But the failure of one expedition may eventually lead to the success of another. It may shew the necessity of different arrangements, and suggest a more probable mode of success. Though Miranda possessed talents yet they do not seem to have been of that superior kind which qualified him to be either the subverter of an old system of government, or the founder of a new. The enterprize in which he had embarked greatly exceeded his ability to execute. He was one of those men whose vanity is perpetually operating as an incentive to their audacity, but whose audacity is perpetually prevented from performing any great atchievement by the want of a vigorous and well disciplined mind. Miranda was, besides, very destitute of those conciliating qualities, by which alone the leaders of such perilous expeditions can secure the good will of their followers, and engage them

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in the cause not only from the impulse of pecuniary hope, but of personal regard. There can hardly at present be a more interesting subject of political speculation than the future condition of South America. If Spain be ultimately subdued by Bonaparte, and we believe that there is hardly any man so sanguine as to expect a more fortunate issue to the present war in the peninsula; what is the connection which will continue to subsist between the South American colonies and the mother country? Must not one of three things happen? Must not the colonies either be forced to acknowledge the usurped sovereignty of the parent state? or be reduced under the sovereignty of Great Britain? or establish their independence? The first event does not seem very likely to take place, as this country can prevent the completion by her maritime superiority; and the colonies themselves have manifested a decided opposition to the new dynasty which Napoleon has set up in the mother country. The second event is improbable, not so much because the attempt would be contrary to the real interests of this country, but because the unfortunate expedition of Sir Home Popham, not to mention the disgraceful termination of that under General Whitelock, has excited such a jealousy and distrust of Great Britain, accompanied with such a general sentiment of hatred and detestation as must eventually frustrate the execution. What seems most probable therefore is, that Spanish South America will liberate herself entirely from the supremacy of the European powers, and will assert her independence. It is the interest of this country to lend her every possible assistance, and to form a close and cordial amity with the new governments which may arise in Mexico, Peru, &c. as an open trade with those rich countries would soon compensate the loss of that portion of the European market which the tyrannous policy of Bonaparte may cause us to abandon.—The 'Cursory View of Prussia, from the Death of Frederick II. to the Peace of Tilsit,' which is noticed in page 190 of this volume, contains some interesting particulars relative to its political administration during that period; and to the follies and the crimes of the court which precipitated the country into an abyss of ruin from which it is never likely to emerge.—The 'Annals of Great Britain from the Ascension of George III. to the Peace of Amiens,' are impartially executed. The writer does not seem to have had access to any sources of information beyond what the common documents will supply; but he has still accomplished his task in a manner which merits considerable praise.—The 'Letters of the Swedish Court,' are probably not *genuine*; or otherwise they would be an interesting composition, and throw some light on a critical period of the Swedish history.

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BIOGRAPHY.

It may perhaps be questioned whether we should class the "Memoirs of an American lady," p. 202, under the head of biography or travels. They contain a portion of both; and include bold delineations of character and manners as well as natural representations of local scenery. Mrs. Schuyler is the principal subject of the piece; but it also exhibits characters of several British officers who were distinguished in America previous or subsequent to the revolution.—"The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Percival Stockdale," p. 337, constitute two very amusing volumes, and contain many interesting particulars relative to the literaryhistory of the times. Young persons in particular may derive some instruction from the artless narrative which he has exhibited of his desultory life. It may teach them rather soberly to check, than thoughtlessly to indulge those *loco-motive propensities*, or that desire of what is called *seeing the world* which is the usual accompaniment of our early years, and is apt to involve the restless, the impatient, and the sanguine in numerous difficulties and disappointments. Mr. Meadley's "Memoirs of William Paley, D.D." p. 410, contains some interesting particulars of that judicious and reflective moralist and theologue. Mr. Meadley did not become acquainted with the subject of his biography till the later period of his life, when he was pastor of Bishop Wearmouth, but he appears to have spared no pains to procure intelligence of his earlier years. Though many persons might possess more ample materials and more requisite qualifications for delineating the life of Dr. Paley than the author of these memoirs, yet Mr. Meadley has performed his task with as much impartiality as any writer could have displayed. His details are sufficiently ample and correct to enable any reader of judgment to appreciate the character of Paley.—In the volume of his "Dormant and extinct Baronage of England," Mr. Banks has evinced the laudable diligence of an historical and biographical genealogist; and his work, which contains a large assemblage of interesting and amusing particulars, would have had much higher claims to our approbation if his industry had been equalled by his elegance. But the verbose, puerile, and conceited style of Mr. Banks often deforms his otherwise valuable work.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Goede's "Memorials of Nature and Art," p. 19. which have been translated from the German by Mr. Horne, contains many valuable observations of a well-informed and enlightened foreigner, on the manners, customs, literature, &c.

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of this country. The remarks of an intelligent foreigner on these subjects are always interesting, and may be useful, as such a person sees, with a quick and intuitive glance the absurdity and inconvenience of modes, to which long use has reconciled the natives. The criticisms of Mr. Goede on the manners and occupations of different classes in this country are calculated to convey both instruction and amusement; and they have been translated by Mr. Horne with perspicuity and elegance. —The "Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney," &c. p. 49, are adorned with numerous engravings, which, in some measure compensate for the want of taste, of spirit, and discrimination which are too visible in his letter-press descriptions.—Sir Richard Colt Hoare's "Journal of a Tour in Ireland," p. 137, is neither a very entertaining nor a very instructive work. The general remarks which are attached to the journal, are the most interesting part, and the information which the author collected by the way may be useful to those who pursue the same route, and enjoy what Sir Richard supposes to contribute so much to the real *instruction* of travelling,—the luxury of a chaise and pair.—Mr. Ashe's "Travels in America," page 246, contain many amusing details, and much useful information relative to the rivers of that extensive region. —We have not often to notice a book of travels of more interest and information than the account which Mr. J. Grey Jackson has published of the empire of Marocco, page 394. Mr. Jackson has furnished a very ample and circumstantial account of the present state of West Barbary, without any superfluous digressions. He has exhibited a distinct and satisfactory account of the animal and vegetable productions of the country; and a long and extensive intercourse with the natives enabled him to form a correct estimate of the manners and character of the inhabitants. Mr. Jackson has also added to the value of his work by a distinct account of the route of the caravans across the great desert from West Barbary to Tombuctoo, or, as he constantly spells it, Timbuctoo. He has at the same time furnished much information respecting this capital of central Africa.—The "Letters from Portugal and Spain, by an Officer," page 423, present us with some animated and picturesque descriptions of the country through which the author passed, with some lively details of the manners of the people, and the march and retreat of the army.

POLITICS.

The author of the "Dangers of British India from French invasion and Missionary establishments," p. 98, has advanced some very strong arguments against the recent attempts to sub-

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vert the antient faith of the Hindoos by the instrumentality of Calvinistic Missionaries. He has placed the impolicy and the danger of such an undertaking in a very striking point of view.—The "Essay on Government," by Philopatria, Mrs. Lee, of eccentric memory, is a performance which exhibits many marks of no ordinary intellectual power, and cannot but be considered as a singular literary curiosity.—The author of "Political, commercial, and statistical Sketches of the Spanish Empire in both Indies," p. 212, very strongly enforces, and very clearly elucidates the benefits of an intimate commercial union between this country and the Spanish colonies.—Mr. Parnell has thrown much light on the Catholic question, by his accurate "History of the Penal Laws against the Irish Catholics." p. 215.—The folly and injustice of the wanton and unprovoked attack on the marine and the capital of Denmark in 1807, will, we think, be conceded by all impartial enquirers who will peruse C.T. Hellfried's "Outlines of a Political Survey of the English Attack," &c. p. 324.

MEDICINE.

Russell's "Treatise on Scrophula," p. 183, has not thrown any new light on the nature, nor the cure of that wide-spreading and wide-wasting malady. Neither the theory nor the practice of medicine in this particular disease will be much benefited by this present treatise of Mr. Russell. As a general treatise on scrophula, it is very defective, as the author has entirely overlooked many forms of the disease. His descriptions are confined almost entirely to the soft parts, while those of the bones, of the knee, and the hip, are left unnoticed.—Dr. Davis has displayed a commendable share of learning and ingenuity in his "Enquiry into the Symptoms and Treatment of Carditis," p. 221; but the matter is more suited to an academic thesis, than to a formal treatise adapted to general circulation.—Dr. Chisholm deserves the warmest thanks of the friends of humanity, for the pains which he has taken (see p. 309) to extirpate the errors which have been disseminated by some of the American physicians relative to the infectious nature of the yellow fever; and to enforce the necessity of a rigid system of quarantine upon all vessels coming from places where the contagion prevails. Dr. Adams has evinced an inquisitive and benevolent mind in his "Enquiry into the Laws of different epidemic diseases with the view to determine the Means of preserving individuals and communities from each, and also to ascertain the probability of exterminating the small pox." p. 428.

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POETRY.

The name of Mr. Campbell, author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' would perhaps have occupied a more exalted niche in the temple of fame, if his late publication, 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' had never appeared. The Pleasures of Hope which were we believe written when the author was at the early age of sixteen, exhibited a promise of future excellence, which has unfortunately never been realized, but which his recent performance is calculated most grievously to disappoint. The degree of poetical inspiration which Mr. Campbell appears to have possessed at a more juvenile period, seems to have experienced a gradual diminution as he advanced in life; and though Gertrude of Wyoming is a very short poem, of only ninety stanzas, and has been carefully revised and re-revised during several years it yet contains numerous passages which are either insipid, languid, intricate or obscure. The composition exhibits uncouth inversions, affected and ungrammatical diction with harsh and unmusical verse. The great object of poetry is to please; but pleasure is always diminished by the want of perspicuity. We were obliged to read some of Mr. Campbell's stanzas several times before we could make out what he meant, and sometimes we found it more easy to believe that he had a meaning than to prove what it was. It is the province of good poetry to be perceived quickly, and to be felt forcibly. We do not always expect metaphysicians to write so clearly as to be understood at first sight; but we do expect the poet to exhibit his ideas in such clear and lucid language, that he may instantly convey to our minds and bosoms the thoughts and feelings which are passing in his own. Mr. Campbell's poem possesses a few, though but a few beauties; but these are greatly out-numbered by its deformities.——Mr. Macneil's "Pastoral or Lyric Muse of Scotland," p. 67, contains some passages which prove that he is not altogether deficient in the grace and feeling of poetry, but it is totally destitute of any clear and consistent plan, and there is a great want of spirit in the general execution.—The satire, which is entitled 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' p. 78. is, on the whole, a very animated production. The verse is flowing and energetic; and the writer evidently possesses considerable richness of fancy and felicity of diction. —We have perused Mr. Bland's Four Slaves of Cythera, with much amusement in many passages and with high delight in others, but with occasional sensations of languor and indifference, and not seldom of disappointment and disapprobation. The best passages are superior to any of those which we for-

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merly admired in his 'Edwy and Elgiva,' and 'Sir Everard,' but, at the same time, we were sorry to notice in the present work instances of carelessness and caprice, and to perceive weighty objections to the design and conduct of the fable.—Mrs. West's didactic poem 'the Mother,' p. 318, is neither happily imagined nor successfully executed. Aware of the dry metaphysical nature of the subject she had chosen, she has vainly attempted to diversify it by episodes and digressions. But though episodes and digressions may often judiciously be brought in aid of the main subject, yet that subject must either be very devoid of embellishments in itself, or be very coldly and unskilfully treated where the main interest of the piece is concentrated in the episodes and digressions.—Mr. Wright's poem inscribed 'Horæ Ionicæ,' p. 355. is a descriptive poem of more than ordinary merit. In the mind, which has been refined and enriched by the literature of ancient Greece, it will revive the most agreeable recollections and infuse the most exquisite delight. It exhibits the genuine impression of local scenery blended with a variety of historical associations upon the mind which is enriched by knowledge and inspired with the genuine feeling of poetry.—Considerable praise is, on the whole, due to Mr. Elton's new poetical version of the remains of Hesiod, p. 371; though it is interspersed with instances of languor, of redundancy, and amplification. Mr. Stawell in his Translation of the Georgics of Virgil has preserved only a few faint traces of the spirit, the elegance, and the harmony of the original. But some of the notes which he has appended to the work, illustrate the different state of ancient and of modern agriculture, and afford proof of industry and research.

NOVELS.

Mr. Lathom has displayed some talent in his 'London, or Truth without Treason,' p. 179; but the story itself is expanded over too wide a surface. The interest, we do not mean that of a pecuniary kind, might have been greatly increased by more density and compression in the narrative.—Captain Williamson's Romance of 'The Dominican,' will reward the perusal of those who are fond of this kind of reading; and at any rate it has no vitiating tendencies.—Mr. Lucas's 'Travels of Humanius in search of the Temple of Happiness,' p. 439, are a spirited, a well conceived and well preserved allegory. The young and the presumptuous may peruse it with considerable benefit.—Florian's 'William Tell,' which has been translated by Mr. Hewetson, p. 440, is a very animated and interesting tale.—Mr. Cumberland's 'John de Lancaster,' p. 59, though it is wanting in nice discriminations of character, yet affords a pleasing proof that the intellectual powers may be preserved unimpaired to a very advanced period of life.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Pittman's 'Excerpta ex variis Romanis Poetis, &c.' p. 44. are calculated to supply a desideratum in our public schools. Mr. Pittman has illustrated his judicious selections with some useful notes.—Mr. Jones's 'Grammar of the Greek tongue,' p. 52, is a work on which we have bestowed high praise, but not higher than it deserves. It is a performance of singular sagacity and erudition; and we hope to see it generally introduced into our classical schools.—Mr. Rose in his 'Observations on the historical Work of the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox,' p. 225, has adduced various charges of historical ignorance, misrepresentation, unfairness, and political partiality against that revered and deplored statesman, which we have examined in detail, and found, for the most part, destitute of any satisfactory proof. Though we are among the warmest of Mr. Fox's admirers, yet we think that the small portion of his history, which he had finished before his death, is chiefly valuable as a legacy of his genuine unreserved sentiments on some of the most important questions which can occupy the minds of politicians. Had Mr. Rose even established the majority of his accusations, the work which he has attacked would not have lost much of its value as a hallowed repository of the political principles of one of the greatest statesmen in this or any other age; But when we find that the prying sagacity of Mr. Rose, has not been able to detect a single perversion of truth, or misrepresentation of facts in this posthumous, imperfect, and unfinished history, and that all his attempts to do this have proved vain, and all his objections, when examined, have been found futile, it certainly does reflect additional honour on Mr. Fox, as it establishes his fidelity and truth, and as it confirms what Mr. Rose has fruitlessly laboured to subvert, this honourable conclusion, that when Mr. Fox took up his pen to write history, his object was rather to state the truth as it was, and to relate facts as they were, than to exercise the blind partialities or resentments of a partizan. Whatever might be Mr. Fox's party attachments, no one can peruse his historical work, without being convinced that he had a strong regard for the *general principles* of liberty; and if he had lived to extend his history to a longer period, he would have more clearly shown how those principles which are embodied in the constitution of the moral, are confirmed by the events of the political world; and that their sacred observance conduces as much to the real interest of sovereigns, as to that of the people, who are subject to their sway.—A new edition of Lord Somers's 'Scarce and valuable Tracts,' p. 267. has been 'revised, augmented, and arranged,' by Mr. Walter Scott. Mr.

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Scott has evinced his qualifications for the office of editor by a more judicious arrangement of the tracts, by historical introductions to most of the pieces, and by occasional notes and illustrations. He has also added some pieces to the original miscellany. Mr. Scott would have increased the value of his editorial toils, if he had omitted those pieces in the collection, which had no interest nor importance to induce a republication; and if he had, at the same time, corrected those numerous and gross typographical errors which deformed the original work. But the editor has not only preserved these blunders with religious scrupulosity but has suffered the number to accumulate with a negligence, which, defies all extenuation or excuse.—The 'Doctrine of the Greek article,' p. 363, by J. F. Middleton is an elaborate performance. It displays ingenuity and learning; but these qualities have been vainly employed in supporting a baseless theory. The theory itself appears to be the product of a preconceived theology; and hence we are the less surprised that it has generated incongruity and error rather than consistency and truth. The author is evidently unacquainted with the general principles of language; and the want of this philosophical knowledge has left his mind to the arbitrary guidance of certain prejudices which perplex the understandings, contract the research, and cloud the perspicacity of philologists and theologues.

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AN

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

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from self-love, she regretted it from pride, and shewed herself equally imbecil in her abdication and retreat. Charles Gustavus her cousin was nominated her successor ;—under his son Charles XI. the government of Sweden became despotic.

'Charles XII. next ascended the throne at the age of fifteen and exhibited the utmost firmness. The kings of Denmark, Poland and the Czar were leagued against him in order to profit by his inexperience. He quitted his capital never to return. He arrived before Copenhagen and compelled the haughty Dane to sue for peace. He turned his arms against Russia. At the head of 8000 Swedes, near Narva, he beat 80,000 Russians commanded by Peter the Great. He advanced towards Poland, made himself master of Warsaw, pursued Augustus elector of Saxony and king of Poland into Saxony, forced him to abdicate and elected a Polish nobleman(Stanislaus) in his stead. He returns against the Russians, leaves Poland and plunges with his army into deserts where his troops perished one by one from hunger and fatigue. The Czar attecks him at Pultowa and gains a complete victory, Charles XII. is wounded and takes flight; he arrives at a Turkish town thirty leagues from the field of battle, is received with great respect and takes up his residence at Bender not far from the frontiers of Poland. He refuses to depart without obtaining an army from the Grand Seignior. This is refused him and he determines to remain. War breaks out between Turkey and Russia. Peter the Great, on the point of being beaten upon the banks of the Pruth, escapes by the address of Catherine afterwards Empress and the treason of the Grand Vizier. Charles XII. infuriated against this minister seeks every opportunity of being revenged. The former threatens to remove him by force from the Turkish States. He is besieged in his house with 300 Swedes by 20,000 Turks furnished with mortars and heavy guns. He resists all their efforts for a long time, is at last taken prisoner and conveyed to Demotica, ten leagues from Adrianople. He counterfeits sickness to avoid being the first to visit the new vizier, who wished to converse with him, remains ten months in bed although in good health, tired of this lazy life, demands a passport and money and departs. He proceeds to Stralsand, sustains the siege until the place was a heap of ruins and is among the last men who evacuate it. He arrives in Sweden, carries the war into Norway and is killed at the seige of Fredericshall. We shall say nothing of the character of this monarch, the above recital which omits none of the circumstances descriptive of the human mind is the best portrait that can be drawn.'

The author has told us in his preface that it is necessary to be acquainted with history before his work can be read with advantage ; even without the aid of historical acquirements, however, we do not think his book can be perused without a considerable degree of profit.

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Art. XII.—*Dictionnaire Français et Grec Modern, &c.*

Modern Greek and French Dictionary. By M. Gregorios of Thessalonica. 1 vol. 8vo. Tilliard. Paris. 1809.

WE are informed that an opulent Greek merchant has been at the expence of publishing this useful book, and that three thousand copies of it have been distributed gratuitously among the literati of the continent.

It modestly purports to have been compiled particularly for the use of the natives of the Levant, who are in the habit of visiting Europe for mercantile purposes, but it is evident that its use will be still more general and extensive. The modern Greek language, for instance, gives names to a great variety of plants and animals, which are also to be found in the ancient Greek writers, but no effort of modern erudition has hitherto succeeded in giving their real interpretation. The analogy between thetwo dialects will no doubt greatly assist us in elucidating these difficult subjects.

M. Gregorios prefaces his dictionary with a very copious discourse in which he strongly urges his countrymen to the study of the European languages. He afterwards takes up the subject of idioms in general, and proceeding to those of the French language in particular, endeavours to shew the mutual advantages which both the modern Greek, and the former language might derive from a critical knowledge of their respective idioms. While treating on this branch of his subject M. Gregorios displays a profound acquaintance with the laws of grammar in general, and his logic gives him an equal title to our praise.

It is an opinion too widely diffused that the modern Greek is essentially different from the ancient. It has been generally supposed that there is the same difference between these two languages as between the Latin and its derivative idioms. Obstacles have thus been thrown in the way of the enterprising students which can only be removed by a few minutes perusal of such a work as this. The modern Greek language in fact presents a most striking resemblance in almost every particular with the language spoken and written three thousand years ago. All the words, according to M. Gregorios, have remained the same, with the exception of a few familiar expressions which have undergone the contraction to which the necessity of expressing ideas rapidly in conversation has condemned every oral language. In this respect, the modern Greek is, properly speaking, only a dialect of the antient. Syntax and pronunciation are the only branches in which any differences are conspicuous. In fact, the manners of the East have undergone almost no change; the institutions,

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customs and habits have remained indelible, and seem to have depended in some measure, on the serenity of the sky, and the fertility of the soil which witnessed their origin. We believe it to be a fact attested by every traveller who has visited Greece, Egypt, and Arabia, that the Copts of the present day, are the Egyptians of Herodotus, and that in the Syria and Morea of modern times we recognize the Peloponnesus of Homer, and the Land of Promise of the book of Genesis. Of this we shall mention a single instance which brings us once more to the preliminary discourse of M. Gregorios' work, and which affords a singular peculiarity.

It has generally been supposed that the pompous titles of *majesty, highness, holiness, &c.* by which we designate a civil, political, or religious potentate, have been inventions of modern refinement, and that they have been originally employed by persons of inferior rank, who have been anxious to pay their superiors a just tribute of homage and respect. The introduction of these distinctions has been attributed to Diocle-sian, as well as that of *you* instead of *thou*. M. Gregorios attempts to shew that these distinctions of rank are coeval in antiquity with the Greek language. The title has merely changed, he informs us, according to the various epochs at which any particular talent, virtue, or quality, were more necessary, and consequently more honoured. In the heroic ages, for instance, those of the Argonauts and the Trojan war, when strength of body and courage were the most useful qualities, the honorary titles of princes and kings were derived from these sources. The expression then was: the strength of Hercules, the sacred courage of Alcinous, the vast glory of Ulysses! instead of saying Hercules, Alcinous, Ulysses, &c.

In the present day in Greece they say, your science, your probity, your celebrity, to distinguish a scholar, a merchant, and a soldier. M. Gregorios is of opinion that it is this custom which has introduced into the Greek poems that exuberance of epithets, such as the admirable Alcmènes, the brave Amphytrion, Electryon, the saviour of the people, and a thousand others. He thinks that to a similar cause his country owes the discarding of the insignificant word 'Sir,' employed throughout all Europe, and the substitution of epithets appropriated to every talent, employment, and rank in life; thus instead of saying Mr. Such a one, the Greeks write, or say, the useful, the learned, the honest, the honourable, the noble, the illustrious, accordingly as the person addressed is a banker, a man of letters, or at the head of some civil employment. To the same principle also our author ascribes the introduction of the singular periphrasis which in order to distinguish an illustrious individual, admits of the plural article joined to a preposition. This method of speaking is to be found in Homer,

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Xenophon, &c. where we find the periphrasis employed. *Those around Priam, those around Cyrus*, to designate Priam, and Cyrus, with more honour, and whom we must thereby suppose to have a numerous train of attendants. M. Gregorios asks the question, may not the Germans have borrowed from the Greeks the idiom which is peculiar to them, using the third person plural instead of the second person singular? To shew more clearly the similarity between the antient and modern Greek, it may not be amiss to take the analogy between the Latin and Italian languages. In the Italian every word and every grammatical form is generally corrupted; in the modern Greek, on the contrary, all the words employed must be regular in their termination, and formed according to all the rules of grammar; for this reason no foreigner, nor even a modern Greek can speak the language well unless he has studied ancient Greek; in fact, the inhabitants of modern Greece have never been accustomed to regard their idiom as a different language. They have not even adopted a grammar for modern Greek, and the forms of the ancient grammars are always used in their schools.

M. Gregorios seems anxious for the publication of a grammar of the French language expressly adapted for his own countrymen in which the grammatical differences between the two languages should be carefully pointed out. He lays down the basis for an abridged grammar adapted to a numerous class of Greeks, and to whom the knowledge of many of the forms of ancient grammar would be useless; such as the dual, which had fallen into desuetude among the ancients themselves even in the days of Pericles.

The differences presented by the French and Greek languages in the termination of nouns are three only. The author compares them with the ancient grammatical forms, discusses the question in an impartial manner, and in deciding upon the comparative merits of the ancient and modern Greek language, or rather of the two dialects of one and the same language, he gives the preference to the form which can most contribute to perspicuity in discourse.

It is a curious fact, although perhaps not generally known, that notwithstanding the introduction of some new ways of expressing themselves, the grammatical forms of the ancient Greeks have never ceased to be used, and have been adopted promiscuously with these new methods. It is very easy to attain a knowledge of the differences which exist between the nouns, but the verbs require a more serious attention; and on this last branch of his subject, M. Gregorios has displayed the most profound and extensive learning. Suffice it to say that he compares the Attic dialect with that now in use, which last, he

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affirms, varies as little from the former, as the Attic in its turn varies from the Doric and the Eolian.

In the course of his comparisons he sometimes takes the liberty of pointing out defects in the ancient Greek, opposes it to the modern, and repeatedly gives the preference to the latter in point of perspicuity; he then boldly advises his fellow-countrymen to prefer the modern grammatical arrangement, or as he calls it, the form used by the people, to that which has been recommended by so many great authorities. He informs his readers that the modern tongue is abundantly rich in expressions with which to make up for the dismissal of defects, which a blind attachment to antiquity has consecrated.

Notwithstanding the partiality of M. Gregorios for the modern Greek, he regrets the dismissal of the infinitive, and insists upon its being restored to the rank it formerly held. In exhorting his countrymen to preserve the purity of their dialect he enthusiastically exclaims;—

'If we wish our nation to exist for ever, our language must be carefully preserved: upon this depends all our future hopes—it is our language, which being kept pure and uncorrupted, that will assist us in regaining and rekindling the torch of glory of our fathers! This is the only inheritance they bequeathed to their children—the only tie which preserves and unites them. A number of other nations have the same creed, but not possessing the same language, they never can form with us an homogeneous alliance; so long as we preserve this divine language, this sacred fire, pure and uncorrupted, the race of the Greeks will be immortal. We and our descendants will always bear the marks of the nobility of our origin, and shew the universe that we are the pure offspring of those Greeks who laid the foundations of true civilization in Europe. Where are the descendants of those Greeks who peopled Asia, who cultivated Africa, who reigned over Sicily, and a great part of Italy? Having abandoned the language of their fathers, they have lost their name and their glory, they have lost even the right of boasting of their origin. But why should we go so far for examples? Those who in modern Greece are called Turks, are they not for the most part descendants of the Greeks? Are they not our brethren? Are they not Greeks? All these millions of Turks now spread over Greece, neither came from Mount Caucasus nor from the shores of the Caspian sea; but the moment they abandoned the language and the name of their forefathers, they renounced all share in their glory!

'Where is the Athenian who now glories in the prudence of Themistocles, or the Macedonian who is proud of the bravery of Alexander? Who preserves faithfully by his lips, and in his ears, the language of these great men? Alas! we lament as for the loss of our inheritance when we see our brethren trampling under foot the monuments of the taste and genius of their ancestors; but at the same time we give immortal thanks to the maternal care of our holy church as the preserver

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of that language which has supported the nation, and it is the nation which preserves religion and the church.'

Our readers will infer from this short extract that M. Gregorios is one whose 'patriotism would gain force on the plains of Marathon,' notwithstanding the cold grammatical discussions upon which he has entered. In one place he hails the day as not far distant when pure Greek will be the vernacular language of the habitable globe! an idea by far too poetical for a humble grammarian.

M. Gregorios is a warm advocate for the revival of the ancient Greek pronunciation, which, in his opinion, far exceeds the modern in richness and variety of inflexion. He gives several instances of the perplexities which occur in reading and pronouncing the modern Greek in consequence of the departure from the original standard. His admiration of the ancient Greek, however, is confined to the pronunciation, it remains to be determined whether the panegyrics he has bestowed on the modern dialect of the Levant are ill or well merited, in the mean time the dictionary cannot fail to prove a highly valuable acquisition not only to commercial but literary readers.

ART. XIII.—*Philodemus, von der Musik. &c.*

A Treatise on Music. By Philodemus. Being an Extract from his Fourth Book on that Science. Translated into German by Christoff Gottlieb de Murr from a Greek Roll of Papyrus found at Herculaneum. To which is added, a Specimen of a Hymn in the Ancient Græcian Music. With two Copper Plates. 4to. Berlin. 1806.

IT is somewhat curious that the very MS. now translated into German was the first which was unrolled and deciphered out of nearly 1700, discovered on the 3d of November 1753 in the ruins of Herculaneum. The MS. itself, consisting of forty columns on music, was printed or rather engraved at Naples in 1793, in the first volume of *Herculanensia volumina quæ upersunt*, upon thirty-nine leaves, accompanied by one hundred and eighty pages of folio letter press, being annotations by Rozini. M. de Murr, the present editor and translator, published a work at Strasbourg in 1805, with the title, *Commentatio de papyris seu voluminibus Græcis Herculanensibus*: with this work he gave engravings of four of the original manuscript columns. These plates are now republished with the German translation. In his introduction, De Murr, after mentioning the authors who have spoken of Philodemus, enters upon a learned disquisition upon the

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subject of ancient music, in which he displays all that profundity of research for which the German schoolmen are famed. The preface, (for besides an introductory essay, the work has an appendage of this description also), is perhaps, the only article likely to be dipped into by the generality of readers, and it will amply repay the trouble of its perusal.

It commences with the history of the discovery of Herculaneum manuscripts, and an account of the various methods taken of unrolling them. The substance of which these rolls are made, their form, the ink and pens used in writing them, are copiously described; and the specimen of Græcian music, which terminates the work is a curiosity unique in its kind. It is a melody of the first eight verses of the first Pythian ode of Pindar. This precious relic of antiquity was found by Father Kircher in the famous library of the convent of Saint Saviour near Messina in Sicily, and was published by him in his *Musurgia*, but with a number of faults—these were afterwards corrected by Burette in his *Dissertation sur la melopée de l'ancienne musique*. De Murr confesses himself under great obligations to Forkel's General History of Music; and he has certainly produced an entertaining *melange*, so far as his preface is concerned.

ART. XIV.—*Sulle Ossa Fossili di grandi animali terrestri et marini.*

On the Fossil Bones of huge terrestrial and marine Animals. By Counsellor Cortesi, Judge of the Criminal Court of Piazenza. 1 *Vol.* 4*to. Plates.* Milan. 1808.

THIS is the first time we believe, that fossil bones of an enormous size, so frequently found in northern regions, have been discovered and described in Italy.

The Plaisantin mountains in the states of Parma, where the author resides, furnished abundant materials for an examination of antediluvian zoology. Among other curiosities in osteology, which these mountains contain, M. Cortesi found the bones of an elephant of enormous size, a rhinoceros, a dolphin, and a whale. The relics of the elephant consisted of a tusk, a thigh-bone, a tibia, and the head. According to our author's opinion, there are no grounds for supposing that these bones belonged to one of Hannibal's elephants, which died in the Appenines, or one on its way to be exhibited in the Circus at Rome. They have rather been, as M. Cortesi thinks,

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brought there by some great terrestrial revolution at a very distant period.

The bones belonging to the skeleton of the dolphin are the head, neck, and vertebræ. This animal seems to bear no analogy with any at present known.

In describing the head of the rhinoceros, the author thinks it has been a native of Africa, and it is somewhat singular, that the Appenines should contain the remains of animals belonging to countries so far distant from each other as Asia and Africa.

The work is dedicated to M. Locepede, and is adorned with plates, several of which are well engraved upon stone, a novelty on the continent as well as in this country.

ART. XV.—*Allgemeine Geographische Ephemeriden, &c.*

General geographical Ephemerides for the Year 1808. *Edited by F. J. Bertach.* Weimar. 1808.

THE industry of M. Bertach in collecting geographical memoirs, has been annually conspicuous for a long period, and has from time to time been noticed in former volumes of this work. His present volume does not fall short of any of the preceding in point of the interest it excites, nor in variety of matter. It commences with a copious memoir upon the caravans which proceed over land to India and other eastern countries, containing the history of these expeditions in ancient and modern times.—In the map department we are favoured with an analysis of M. Spaeth's map of Nuremberg, and its environs.—An account of a map shewing the changes which Poland has undergone from 1772 to 1807.—A new map of Italy and Dalmatia, by M. Mannert, and a map of Jutland by M. Gussefield.

ART. XVI.—*Lettres d'Eraste a Eugene ou Annuaire du Departement des Hautes Alpes, &c.*

Statistical Annals of the Department of the Higher Alps for the Years 1806, 1807, *and* 1808. 3 *Vols.* 8vo. Gap. 1808.

THIS laudable periodical undertaking of an author as

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yet anonymous, is founded upon the plan of the voluminous work of Sir John Sinclair relating to Scotland. The French work is thrown into the form of letters, in compliance, perhaps, with the taste of the author; but it is not the less respectable on that account, a vast variety of subjects having been brought under the public eye with more than epistolary copiousness. The arrangement is methodical, and the description of the different localities is always instructive. The details now published comprehend the general aspect of the departments, valleys, mountains, and rivers, population, and present state of the inhabitants, with the productions of the soil and manufactures; of all these subjects the pictures here drawn are flattering, and we hope faithful. The volume for 1808 contains descriptions of the town of Gap, and the environs, Embrun, Briançon the road from Grenoble to Turin—the vallies of Clarée and Gironde, Cervieres, Mont Viso, and of the manners, customs, and languages of these places. One letter is entirely devoted to a review of the labours of the Society of Emulation of the Higher Alps, which is somewhat similar to our society of arts, and it is not unlikely that the author or authors of the Letters from Erastus to Eugenius may be members of the former institution.

ART. XVII.—*Papiri diplomatici descritti ed illustrati d'all Abb. Gaetano Marini, &c.*

Diplomatic MSS. written upon the ancient Papyrus, discovered at various Periods. By Abbé Gaetano Marini, chief Keeper of the Vatican Library, and Manager of the Secret Archives of the Holy See. Rome *printed at the Propaganda Press.* 1806.

THE ancient papyri manuscripts on the subjects of diplomacy and statistics have been almost entirely neglected by antiquarians, their researches after MSS. having been confined to subjects connected with classical erudition, or the polite arts.

The Marquis Maffei was among the first who published something like a system on diplomacy, and in 1787, he produced two books 'de Arte Critica diplomatica,' but the encouragement he received was too cold to induce him to continue his labours.

He had awakened the attention of the public, however, to the subject, and although he had published but a very few unedited manuscripts, yet the explanations he gave of the ancient

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characters laid the foundation for a system by which manuscripts might be read and interpreted with more certainty. Several works have been since published with the view of following up Maffei's plan, but something was still wanting as a classical work upon the *Papyri*, and M. Marini has made the attempt with some success. His extensive correspondence, and the high respectability attached to his character, afforded him the means of procuring the diplomatic papyri of all countries transcribed with the greatest exactness. His travels in Italy enabled him to inspect almost all those existing in that country: and his official situation in the Vatican gave him access to the repositories of that building, which were much richer previous to the establishment of the Clementine cabinet. In short M. Marini possessed every requisite both of mental and adventitious qualifications for the enterprise upon which he entered at an early period of his life. In the work he has now published he has given several MSS. transcribed in modern characters, and twenty two engravings exhibiting the ancient characters themselves. In a separate part of the work engravings are given of parchment writings exhibiting the characters of various ages, in order to enable the learned to compare them with the ancient papyri.

The whole work contains one hundred and fifty-seven diplomatic papyri, consisting of papal bulls, acts of sovereign princes, and papers respecting sales of property: to each of these M. Marini adds some valuable notes upon the names, customs, laws, and manuscripts in use at each distinct period.

In his preface, he speaks of the Greek papyri and some manuscripts upon papyrus, of other countries. His learning extends also to monumental inscriptions, and he has displayed a fund of entertaining and instructive anecdote.

One of the papyri which he produces at the end of the preface, contains a Greek unpublished fragment of a sacred homily. The author is unknown: it is written on both sides, and was found in ten pieces in the royal paper closet of Florence, among other rarities. It had been preserved as a specimen of the plant from which the ancient paper was made. The pieces were joined together, and placed in a frame with glass on each side.

Number 117 in the collection is a deed dated in the year 541 of the Christian era whereby *Duæ unciæ* (one sixth of an acre) of land were sold by one *Minulus, clericus legis Gothorum*; i.e. the Arian religion then professed by the Goths in Italy, and tolerated by Justinian. It is a singular document, and not devoid of the senseless verbiage of modern conveyancing.

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To those who are engaged in examining the ancient records of Great Britain, (and we believe there is a parliamentary committee of this description.) M. Marini's book will be of inestimable value. It may not be amiss to mention that Marini speaks highly of the assistance given him by perusing the work of a contemporary antiquarian, Count Fantuzzi, who recently published six volumes under the title of *Monumenti Ravennati.* We do not think this work has as yet found its way into this country. Fantuzzi has published the above, and other splendid works at an enormous expence with no view of pecuniary recompence. M. Marini acknowledges himself as also under obligations of this description to Count Fantuzzi for his own work.

ART. XVIII.—*Irenèe Bonfils, sur la Religion de ses Peres and de nos Peres.* 8vo. *Paris.* Didot. 1808.

THE tendency of this performance is to unhinge all respect for the religions of every country, and to unsettle the principles which every civilized human being imbibes in his infancy. Irenæus hearing the injunction continually repeated, 'that we should follow the religion of our fathers,' begins with enquiring what was the religion of his ancestors two thousand years ago. In the time of the patriarchs, he tells us, the heads of families were the only priests; two thousand years afterwards Japhet, one of his ancestors was a Druid; Cæsar introduced the religion of the Romans among the Gauls: Christianity was afterwards established, and the ancestors of Irenæus belonged to various sects. The author of this performance courts obscurity, and has, therefore, withheld his name: his literary reputation we are humbly of opinion would gain nothing by the present publication. He is evidently one of those mushroom *philosophers,* who sprung up from the dunghill of the French revolution. His version of the scriptural injunction, which he takes as his text is evidently false: the expression is proverbial, and merely injoins an obedience to our immediate parents by following their footsteps in our approaches to the altar of that Deity, who, as a great man once expressed himself, is 'neither a calvinist nor a lutheran, of the high church nor of the low, but alike the father and benefactor of us all!'

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DIGEST OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

THEOLOGY.

UNDER this head we are happy to rank the third part of the Barrister's "Hints on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching." These hints of the Barrister have evidently produced a strong impression upon the numerous body of religionists, to whom they more immediately refer. We will not say that this impression has been that energetic conviction of truth which leads to an immediate dereliction of error; but still it is an impression which promises some salutary consequences. It is likely to cause the more thinking part of this religious fraternity to examine the practical tendency of the doctrines which they so earnestly inculcate, and so exclusively recommend. If they will do this with only ordinary fairness and attention, we doubt not but that they will perceive those doctrines to be so injurious to the best interests of society as to cause at least some doubt of their truth to spring up in their minds. For doctrines which cannot be embraced in the spirit and in the letter, without annihilating the all important distinctions of right and wrong, without confounding the nature of innocence and guilt, and indeed rather inciting to sin than deterring from the practice, cannot ever have been communicated to mankind by a special revelation from the wise author of the universe. The advocates for this irrational and consequently spurious species of Christianity, cannot, we are convinced, be brought calmly and dispassionately to examine the real practical drift of their principal tenets without being convinced that they are erroneous and absurd. All that is wanting to dissipate the delusion is the vigorous use of the intellectual faculty. Let the opinions themselves, with all their immoral tendencies, all their practical deformity, be held up to the light of reason and of conscience, and their warmest admirers will soon turn with aversion and disgust from the loathsome spectacle. The several parts of his "Hints," which the Barrister has hitherto published, have certainly been in a great measure directed to this end, and have served to place ANTI-MORAL as opposed to MORAL Christianity in a most

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— continued above, after p 526

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